

1. Janury 1, 1907 - MARK TWAIN AND TWIN CHEER NEW YEAR'S PARTY

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Humorist in a Siamese Twin Act
at His House.

TWO JOINED BY A RIBBON

Twin Gets Drunk and the Joy of It
Penetrates to Twain While Lec-
turing on Temperance.

The last-thing Mark Twain did in 1908 was to get drunk and deliver a lecture on temperance, and the first thing he did in 1907 was to glory in the fact that he would be able to rejoice over other dead people when he died in having been the first man to have telharmonium music turned on in his house—"like gas."

Of course Mark Twain did not really get drunk any more than he delivered a real lecture on temperance. He imitated a drunken man and a temperance lecturer at one and the same time, and took all the glory for the lecture to himself while he blamed his Siamese brother for the jag.

Those who have never heard that Mr. Mr. Clemens has a Siamese brother, must be told that he only had such a relative for one night only, and the occasion was a party given to a few friends in honor of Miss Clemens, at the author's home, 21 Fifth Avenue, last night, or partially this morning, for all well-regulated cases of intoxication last more than fifteen minutes, even the imitations and the imitation given last night and given in such style that even the most ardent admirer had to admit that Mark was at least a close observer, resulted in what might be termed colloquilly a "hold over." During the hold over Mr. Clemens had something to say about politics.

The score or so of guests who had passed the evening playing charades and other games were surprised to see Mr. Clemens enter the drawing room on to the little stage, at 11:30, dressed in the white suit he wore recently on Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington.

With him, in a similar white suit, came a young gentleman whom the author introduced to the company as his Siamese brother. The two had their arms about

brother. The two had their arms about each other, and their suits were fastened together with a pink ribbon supposed to represent a ligature. Twain was rather short and broad and his hair was snow white. His brother was very tall and very slight and had black hair. It was easy to see that they were brothers. Mark remarked on the close resemblance almost as soon as he came into the room.

"We come from afar," said Mark. "We come from very far; very far, indeed—as far as New Jersey. We are the Siamese twins, but we have been in this country long enough to know something of your customs, and we have learned as much of your language as it is written and spoke as well as the newspapers."

"We are so much to each other, my brother and I, that what I eat nourishes him and what he drinks—ahem!—nourishes me. I often eat when I don't really want to because he is hungry, and, of course, I need hardly tell you that he often drinks when I am not thirsty.

"I am sorry to say that he is a confirmed consumer of liquor—liquor, that awful, awful curse—while I, from principle, and also from the fact that I don't like the taste, never touch a drop."

Mark then went on to say that he had been asked to take up the temperance cause and had done so with great success, taking his brother along as a horrible example.

"It has often been a source of considerable annoyance to me, when going about the country lecturing on temperance, to find myself at the head of a procession of white-ribbon people—so drunk I couldn't see," he said. "But I am thankful to say that my brother has reformed."

At this point the Siamese brother surreptitiously took a drink out of a flask.

"He hasn't touched a drop in three years."

"Another drink."

"He never will touch a drop."

"Another drink."

"Thank God for that."

Several drinks.

"And if, by exhibiting my brother to you, I can save any of you people here from the horrible curse of the demon rum!" Mark fairly howled, "I shall be satisfied."

Just then apparently some of the rum or the influence of it, got through the pink ribbon. Mark hiccupped several times.

"Zish is wonderful reform—"

Another drink.

"Wonder'l 'form we are 'gaged in."

"Glorious work—we doin' glorious-work-glori-o-u-s work. Best work ever done, my brother and work of reform, reform work, glorious work. I don' feel jus' right."

The company by this time was hysterical was laughter. Mark was staggering about on the improvised stage, apparently horribly under the influence. His brother still held the bottle and was still putting it to the use for which it was made.

The laughter became so great that it was impossible for the old man to carry on the little farce any longer, and in a few minutes the Telharmonium music, played a mile and a half away up on Broadway, was turned on and it was playing "Auld Lang Syne" when the New Year was ushered in.

MORE HEALTH THAN HE NEEDS

Mark Twain Home from Bermuda Has It to Give Away.

"I could not stay away any longer. Literature is in a bad way. Mr. Shakespeare is dead, and my old friend, Mr. Milton, has passed away, so I had to come home," declared Mark Twain as he came ashore from the steamship Bermudian yesterday.

The author made the round trip on the steamship for a rest.

"Please don't say I have been away for my health," he said. "I have plenty of health. Indeed, I'll give some of it away to anybody who needs health."

Mr. Clemens said that the trip had been a benefit in one way. It had given him a chance to create a sensation in Bermuda by wearing the famous white suit in which he appeared in Washington some time ago. He added that the costume suited both his complexion and style of beauty.

Mr. Clemens was accompanied by Miss Isabel Lyons, his secretary, and his friend, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Twitchell of Hartford, Conn.

CALLS MARK TWAIN OUR GREATEST NOVELIST

Prof. Phelps Puts Him Above
Holmes and James.

INSPIRATION IN HIS WORK

Yale Lecturer Says It Will Live
Longer Than That of His
Many Contemporaries.

Special to The New York Times.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Jan. 11.—“The fame of Mark Twain will live longer than that of Oliver Wendell Holmes,” said Prof. William Lyon Phelps of Yale, who lectured here to-night. “Twain is easily the greatest American novelist in the history of this country's literature.”

Among his first memories of Mark Twain Prof. Phelps told of the grammar school graduation exercises, when Twain addressed them. His subject was “Methuselah.” He said:

“Boys and girls, Methuselah lived to be 969 years old, but he might just as well have lived to be 10,000 years old. You will live longer than Methuselah.”

“At that time,” said the professor, “I did not understand what Mark Twain meant. But I think he develops this idea through all his work. He has a profound belief in to-day and great hope in the future. He believes that to-day rather than the Middle Ages, is the time of romance and wonders. He believes that the magicians of mediaeval Europe could not begin to do the tricks that you and I can to-day. He is a firm believer in the present. His humor is the humor of progress.”

“By some Twain is regarded as a novelist. He is something more than a humorist. If he can be regarded as a novelist I think he can be called the greatest living American novelist. There is more genuine inspiration, more power in him than there is in Howells and James. I say this with due respect to Howells and James, not wishing to detract from them.

“He is like Bret Harte and Whittier in being thoroughly American. He is more American than Whitman, whom Europeans consider very much of an American.

“He has great common sense. The foundation of humor is common sense. Just as the caricaturist often gives us a truer picture than the photographer, so the humorist shows us the philosophy of life.

“Democracy is Mark Twain's political, moral, and religious creed. We find in his humor roaring mirth, not the gentle, indirect, playful wit of Addison or Washington Irving. But we come, as Milton says, to ‘Laughter holding both her sides.’ This is the result of his Americanism.”

4. January 13, 1907 - A LINCOLN MEMORIAL

A LINCOLN MEMORIAL.

A Plea by Mark Twain for the Setting Apart of His Birthplace.

There is a natural human instinct that is gratified by the sight of anything hallowed by association with a great man or with great deeds. So people make pilgrimages to the town whose streets were once trodden by Shakespeare, and Hartford guarded her Charter Oak for centuries because it had once had a hole in it that helped to save the liberties of a Colony. But in most cases the connection between the great man or the great event and the relic we revere is accidental. Shakespeare might have lived in any other town as well as in Stratford, and Connecticut's charter might have been hidden in a woodchuck hole as well as in the Charter Oak. But it was no accident that planted Lincoln on a Kentucky farm, half way between the lakes and the Gulf. The association there had substance in it. Lincoln belonged just where he was put. If the Union was to be saved, it had to be a man of such an origin that should save it. No wintry New England Brahmin could have done it, or any torrid cotton planter, regarding the distant Yankee as a species of obnoxious foreigner. It needed a man of the border, where civil war meant the grapple of brother and brother and disunion a raw and gaping wound. It needed one who knew slavery not from books only, but as a living thing, knew the good that was mixed with its evil, and knew the evil not merely as it affected the negroes, but in its hardly less baneful influence upon the poor whites. It needed one who knew how human all the parties to the quarrel were, how much alike they were at bottom, who saw them all reflected in himself, and felt their dissensions like the tearing apart of his own soul. When the war came Georgia sent an army in gray and Massachusetts an army in blue, but Kentucky raised armies for both sides. And this man, sprung from Southern-poor whites, born on a Kentucky farm and transplanted to an Illinois village, this man, in whose heart knowledge and charity had left no room for malice, was marked by Providence as the one to "bind up the Nation's wounds." His birthplace is worth saving.

The above article by the author and humorist refers to the movement on foot to make of the Lincoln Birthplace Farm a National park of patriotism.

The farm consists of 110 acres in the rolling blue grass region of Larue County, Ky. It is crossed by a picturesque stream, has many shady groves, and possesses the famous rock spring near which it is proposed that the Lincoln statue shall be erected. But a short distance away, along the turnpike, stands the old mill where Lincoln used to go with his father, the boy seated astride a rack of corn on the broad back of the old mare.

Instead of appealing to a wealthy few to carry out the work, the association has given its cause to the whole people, asking "every man, woman, and child in whose heart is the love of country and a reverence for the memory of Lincoln" to become a member. Each member is called upon to contribute whatever amount he or she wishes, provided it is not less than 25 cents or more than \$25.

The officers and Board of Trustees of the Lincoln Farm Association, which has its offices at 74 Broadway, New York City, include Joseph W. Folk, President; Joseph H. Choate, ex-Ambassador to England; Henry Watterson, Cardinal Gibbons, Edward M. Shepard, August Belmont, Horace Porter, William Travers Jerome,

DINNER TO SENATOR CLARK.

A dinner was given in honor of Senator W. A. Clark by the Art Committee of the Union League at the clubhouse last night as a mark of appreciation for the loan exhibition of the Senator's pictures which recently closed there. Among the other guests were Mark Twain, Frank R. Lawrence, President of the Lotos Club; George R. Sheldor, Robert C. Ogden, and Albert H. Wiggin.

There were thirty canvases in Senator Clark's exhibit, representing \$1,000,000 in value. The members of the Art Committee who gave the dinner were Col. H. B. Wilson, Herbert S. Carpenter, Paulding Farnham, Thomas E. Kirby, Col. Harrison K. Bird, and A. A. Anderson.

AID FOR HARTE'S DAUGHTER.

Miss Robson Sends Money and Will Give a Benefit.

Funds to provide comfort for Mrs. Jessamy Steele, daughter of Bret Harte, who is in the almshouse at Portland, Me., were sent from this city yesterday by Miss Eleanor Robson. The actress also made plans for a testimonial benefit for Mrs. Steele, to be given at the Liberty Theatre in the week of Feb. 11.

Miss Robson is personating one of Bret Harte's characters in "Salomy Jane," and when she read yesterday of the straits of Mrs. Steele she immediately took measures for relief. She telegraphed the Mayor of Portland, asking about the woman, and received this reply:

"Mrs. Steele is in Portland almshouse. She is without money and unbalanced mentally. Her case a most pitiful one."

Miss Robson in reply asked what money would be needed and said she would give the benefit. She had meanwhile communicated with Mark Twain, Edward J. Gannev, President of the California Society in New York, and the publishers of Bret Harte's works. All promised co-operation. Mark Twain wrote:

I feel that the American people owe a debt of gratitude to Bret Harte, for not only did he paint such pictures of California as delighted the heart, but there was such an infinite tenderness, such sympathy, such strength, and such merit in his work that he commanded the attention of the world to our country, and his daughter is surely deserving of our sympathy.

It was learned yesterday that the publishers of Bret Harte's works have in their possession and in their own right all the copyrights to the Harte works, and that Mr. Harte never at any time had an agreement with them upon a royalty basis. He got \$10,000 a year, and never would listen to a royalty arrangement.

Mrs. Jessamy Steele was married to Frederick Dorr Steele in 1900, but they have not lived together in some time. Mr. Steele is a well-known illustrator in this city.

TWAIN VISITS BINGHAM.

Delights Police Headquarters by Wearing His White Flannel Suit.

Wearing a white flannel suit, just like that in which he first appeared on Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, Mark Twain went to Police Headquarters yesterday. When he alighted from his carriage at the curb on the Mulberry Street side of the building a tattered man, who looked as though he might have strayed from a Bowery saloon, yelled:

"Hello, Mark!"

The humorist looked at the man, smiled genially, called back "Hello" in a pleasant tone, and hurried up the steps.

After spending about fifteen minutes in Commissioner Bingham's office Mr. Clemens returned to his carriage. Before entering it he explained that it was just a social call he had made on the Commissioner, whom he knew very well, he said, having met him in Germany and several times in Washington. No, he had not found any fault with the department, he said. He did not think the police needed advice so much as some members of the highest legislative body in the land.

Andrew W. Foster.

Andrew W. Foster, owner of the Hotel Delavan and the Foster House at Sayville, L. I., died yesterday at his home there. He had been ill several weeks, following a stroke of paralysis.

Mr. Foster was 79 years old. He was one of the pioneer gold hunters of California and prospected in other parts of the west. At one time he was associated with Mark Twain in the business of searching for hidden treasure in the Humboldt Mountains. His stories of his adventures with the humorist were known to thousands of friends who visited his Long Island home or hotels, and his daughter, Louise Forssland, incorporated some of his experiences in stories which she wrote. For many years Mr. Foster was a dealer in Long Island real estate.

WANTS A BUSINESS MAN IN THE HALL OF FAME Chancellor MacCracken Says He'll Be There Eventually. WHEN PATRIOTISM GOVERNS

He Tells School of Commerce Diners Plunger's Sway is Passing--Women Students at Dinner.

[This story has been edited to include only the portion of it related to Mark Twain.]

The fourth annual dinner of the New York University School of Commerce, Accounts, and Finance was held last night at the Hotel Astor, and more than 250 guests listened to various speeches upon the general topic of "business."

Col. George Harvey, editor of The North American Review, told a story in the course of his address that threw light upon the relationship that exists between Mark Twain and H. H. Rogers of the Standard Oil Company. According to Col. Harvey he overheard a conversation between the two over a telephone, which was carried on through the aid of the author's servants.

"I found Mark Twain in bed--as usual," said Col. Harvey, "and as I went into his room I gathered that he was carrying on a conversation with some one over the telephone. As I waited I heard Mr. Clemens say to his servant, 'You tell

Henry Rogers that I am not feeling very well this evening and that I should like to take dinner with him at his home.'

"The servant went to the telephone, and returned saying that Mr. Rogers had replied he would be glad to have Mr. Clemens as his guest at dinner.

" 'Well, you ring up Henry Rogers again and tell him that I have a cold and can't go unless he sends his automobile for me.'

"The servant did as he was bid, and returned with a satisfactory answer.

" 'Now, you ring up Henry Rogers again, and tell him that I can't go unless there is a bed convenient; it's too cold for me to return in the night air.'

"Again there was a satisfactory reply, and I believed that negotiations were at an end, but I was in error.

" 'You ring up Henry Rogers again,' said Clemens, 'and ask whether I shall fetch night robes, or shall we waive etiquette.' "

9. February 15, 1907 - KEATS-SHELLEY MEETING PLEASES
(This edited article includes only segments relevant to Mark Twain)

KEATS-SHELLY MEETING PLEASES

Much Money Obtained for the Purchase of the Memorial in Rome.

A NOTABLE PROGRAMME

Mark Twain, E. C. Stedman, the Rev. Dr. Van Dyke, and Others Heard--Hall Thronged.

The literary and musical matinee in aid of the Keats-Shelley Memorial in Rome, held yesterday afternoon in the main ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria, was a great success. It brought in, so far as could be estimated, between two and three thousand dollars. The room was thronged by persons prominent in society literature, and art.

The three centre boxes in the first tier facing the stage were draped with American, English, and Italian flags. In the centre box sat Mrs. Grover Cleveland, wearing a brown street suit and pink blouse, and on either side in the adjoining boxes were representatives of the English and Italian Embassies.

On the stage, the decorations of which were arranged by Carroll Beckwith, the artist, were Edmund Clarence Stedman, who presided; Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart, Miss Julia Marlow, Miss Beatrice Herford, S. L. Clemens, (Mark Twain,) the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, F. Hopkinson Smith, and Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, all of who took part in the exercise. They are on the Honorary Committee of the memorial.

The programme was one of much interest. Mark Twain read Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark." The poem, he said, was associated with the happiest period of his life, when he read it more than any other to his wife. He also read Browning's "Ah, did you once see Shelley plain?"

TRIBUTES TO POET BY MEN OF LETTERS

Mark Twain Tells of His Visits—W. D. Howells, Dr. H. C. van Dyke, Col. Higginson, and John Bigelow Add Interesting Opinions.



T was about the time of the publication of "The Innocents Abroad" that Mark Twain came East to lecture. His lecture

tours took him to New England, where he soon came in contact with the poet Longfellow. To a TIMES reporter he relates as follows his recollections of the latter:

"I first lectured in New York in '67. The next year I lectured in Boston—I was always lecturing in those days. But on that first Boston occasion there was no Longfellow present, so far as I can remember. On that visit I called on Holmes. Again, another time, soon after that, my wife and I called on Emerson. Nothing happened. But—yes, yes, we went once, Mrs. Clemens and I, just about that time, and took luncheon with Longfellow at Craigie House. And then there was another time, during the same visit, when I was present at a little dinner given in Boston to Wilkie Collins. Longfellow was there, and Emerson, Whittier, Holmes, Whipple, J. T. Field, and J. T. Trowbridge. Trowbridge survives. I also survive—ostensibly. The others are dead. I used to meet all those men with some little frequency—before they had passed away, of course—in those early days at Fields's house, both before and after Fields's death. Unhappily for the purposes of this Longfellow reminiscence, there was no striking incident, so far as I can recall, connected with my contact with Mr. Longfellow; whereas, with those others it was different. In my various contacts with them things happened to happen that have left little landmarks in my memory and which might be edifying to relate if we were not on the subject of Longfellow.

"In my mind's eye, however, I only see Mr. Longfellow. I see his silky white hair, his benignant face, as he appeared to me surrounded by his friends. But I don't hear his voice. It may be that things happened in his case, also, that left an impression in my memory. But at the present mo-

ments. But I don't hear his voice. It may be that things happened in his case, also, that left an impression in my memory. But at the present moment I can't recall them.

"I remember that there were dinners in those days, just as there are now. One dinner that I especially recall took place just thirty years ago. This dinner was given in honor of Whittier's seventieth birthday. I was invited to attend. I thought I was going to do one of the gayest things in my whole career. But things happened differently, and before I left I had turned that dinner into a funeral. What did I do? The time has not yet come for a recital of those painful events. I will publish a full account of it, however, in my 'Autobiography,' which is running along indefinitely in The North American Review. The feeling of remorse for the part I took on that festive occasion has gone away now. But I confess that for two years after that dinner I used to kick myself regularly every morning for half an hour on account of what I had done.

"Speaking of affairs of this kind, I have one most poignant recollection connected with Mr. Longfellow. This was not a dinner. It was a thing that happened not long after his death, when there was a Longfellow Memorial Authors' Reading in the Globe Theatre, in Boston. This reading was to begin at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. I was number three in the list of readers. The piece I was to read would ordinarily take twelve minutes to finish; but by art and hard work I reduced its length to ten and a half minutes before I carried it to Boston. My train was to leave Boston for New York at 4 o'clock. I vacated the stage of that theatre the moment I had finished my brief stunt, and I had only barely time left in which to catch that train. When I left, third in the list, as I have said, that orgy had already endured two hours. Six other readers were still to be heard from, and not a man in the list experienced enough in the business to know that when a person has been reading twelve minutes the audience feel that he ought to be gagged, and that when he has been reading fifteen minutes they know that he ought to be shot. I learned afterward—at least I was told by a person with an average reputation for trustworthiness, that at 6 o'clock half the audience had been

carried out on stretchers, and that the rest were dead—with a lot of readers still to hear from."

11. March 3, 1907 - HALSTEAD'S GOLDEN WEDDING

HALSTEAD'S GOLDEN WEDDING.

Mark Twain Sends a Letter and Mrs. McKinley a Present.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, March 2.—The golden wedding anniversary of Murat Halstead and his wife was celebrated to-night at the family home here. Nearly all of the eight children and fourteen grandchildren were present. Congratulatory messages and presents have been received from all parts of the country.

Mark Twain sent a letter, Mrs. William McKinley a gold lorgnette, and Postmaster General Cortelyou, Gen. J. Franklin Bell, and other prominent people messages.

12. March 4, 1907 - SAY CZAR'S DOOM IS NEAR AT HAND

SAY CZAR'S DOOM IS NEAR AT HAND

Peasant Leaders Tell Meeting a Great Revolution Is Impending.

NO FAITH IN THE CROWN

Mass Meeting to Aid Russian Freedom to be Held To-night.

[This article has been edited to include only the portion relevant to Mark Twain.]

Alexis Aladin, formerly leader of the Peasant Party in the Russian Duma, and N. W. Tchaykovsky, "Father of the Russian Revolution," talked of impending revolution in Russia before the Ethical Culture Society in Carnegie Hall yesterday morning. Mr. Tchaykovsky said that the Russian autocracy is "dancing over the crater of a volcano," and that even now it is too late to avoid violence and bloodshed.

A reign of terror had begun in Russia, he said, and the responsibility for it all rests justly on the Russian Government.

It was announced that a mass meeting would be held in Carnegie Hall to-night to arouse sympathy and interest for the people of Russia in their struggle for liberty. Dr. Lyman Abbott will preside at the meeting, which will be addressed, among others by William Schieffelin, Dr. Felix Adler, George Kennan, Mr. Tchaykovsky, Mr. Aladin, Senator La Follette of Wisconsin, and Dr. Parkhurst.

The mass meeting to-night will be under the auspices of the Society of the Friends of Russian Freedom. According to

Mr. Tchaykovsky, who will speak at the meeting, 84 out of 87 provinces of Russia are now under martial law.

To-night's meeting is to be essentially a meeting to express indignation and encourage the fight for Russian freedom and not a meeting to raise funds. The boxes and reserved seats were given without charge to those who applied and any unallotted seats may be obtained without charge to-day at the headquarters of the society at 500 Fifth Avenue. General admission tickets for the balconies also may be obtained at the same place.

The list of persons who have sought and received boxes includes Mark Twain, Jacob H. Schiff, Dr. Parkhurst, William Jay Schieffelin, Isaac N. Seligman, William H. Maxwell, Bishop Greer, St. Clair McKelway, George McAneny, Dr. Felix Adler, Cyrus Sulzberger, Prof. E. R. A. Seligman, Alton B. Parker, E. R. L. Gould, Judge Samuel Greenbaum, Robert E. Ely, Nathan Bijur, Robert Underwood Johnson, Howard S. Gans, F. M. Stein, Edward L. Lauterbach, the Rev. Joseph Silverman, Charles Sprague Smith, W. Franklin Brush and many others.

13. March 5, 1907 - ALADIN APPEALS TO UNITED STATES

ALADIN APPEALS TO UNITED STATES

Thousands Cheer Champion of Russia's Downtrodden at Carnegie Hall.

A STORY OF DESPOTISM

Speaker Fears a Big Upheaval Soon -- Dr. Abbott Speaks for a Protest.

[This article has been edited to include only the portion relevant to Mark Twain.]

In the name of Russian freedom 3,000 people met in Carnegie Hall last night. At the end of two hours and a half of oratory there was little doubt in their minds why the peasant members of the late Duma chose Alexis Aladin as their leader in the fight made for a recognition of the people's rights. For Aladin, peasant though he is, self-educated in a Russian prison, had made a speech that brought the cheering audience to its feet.

Aladin spoke for an immediate constituency of 1,500,000 people whom he represented in the Duma, but in a broader sense he spoke for the millions of his fellow-countrymen who are looking forward into the political uncertainties of the next few months, praying, as Aladin said he was last night, that some providential thing may happen to bring the Government of the Czar to its senses. . . .

America's Duty to Protest.

The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbot presided at last night's meeting, and on the stage and in the boxes were many well-known New Yorkers, among them Samuel L. Clemens, Issac N. Seligman, William H. Maxwell, Jacob H. Schiff, J. M. Price, Bishop Coadjutor Greer, St. Clair McKelway, Cyrus Sulzberger, R. A. Seligman, Alton B. Parker, Oswald G. Villair, the Rev. Percy S. Grant, E. R. L. Gould, Horace

Deming, Chauncey Stillman, Robert Underwood Johnson, William D. Howland, Louis Marshall, and Howard S. Gans.

...

The meeting adopted the sense of the resolutions presented in Congress yesterday by Representative Bennett of New York calling upon Congress to protest against the perverted use of governmental functions. The resolutions were signed by the following:

New York: Dr. Lyman Abbott, Dr. Felix Adler, Samuel L. Clemens, R. Fulton Cutting, A. S. Frissell, E. R. L. Gould, Justice Samuel Greenbaum, George Kennan, Bishop Henry C. Potter, Jacob H. Schiff, Wm., Jay Schieffelin, Charles Stewart Smith.

Boston: Rev. Charles G. Ames, Louis D. Brandeis, Edward Clement, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Joseph Lee.

Philadelphia: Bishop Whitaker, S. Innes Forbes.

Pittsburg: H. D. W. English, F. R. Babcock, Julian Kennedy, Judge Josiah Cohen, Dr. J. C. Lange, Chancellor W. J. Holland, Rev. S. Edwards Young, Rev. J. Leonard Levy, Rt. Rev. Bishop Regis Canevin, A. Leo Well, Senator Wm. S. Woods, Prof. J. A. Brashear.

Mr. Aladyn and Mr. Tchaykovsky will lecture to-night at the City Club on conditions in Russia.

WON AT BILLIARDS BY SINGLE POINT

**Gardner Beat Conklin in Na-
tional Tournament Game
300 to 299.**

MARK TWAIN WAS THERE

**Night Winner Made Highest Average
and Run of the Series at
Liederkrantz Club.**

Dr. Leonidas L. Mial and Edward W. Gardner were the winners yesterday in the continuation of the National amateur billiard championship tournament at 14.2 balk line. Dr. Mial worked a reversal of form by defeating J. Ferdinand Poggenburg 300 points to 200 in the evening contest, while Gardner, the present champion, defeated Charles F. Conklin 300 to 299 at the matinée session. The former's average was 13 1-23, while Gardner, in a long-drawn-out game, fell to 6 24-46.

Mark Twain, attired in a pearl-colored sack suit, witnessed the greater portion of the Gardner-Conklin match, in the concert hall of the Liederkrantz Club, Fifty-eighth Street, near Park Avenue. He arrived while Gardner was at the table, and the cheering so disconcerted the champion that he missed an easy carrom. Mark Twain waved his hands and smilingly acknowledged the greeting. He watched the play, and at the good shots puffed furiously at a big black cigar.

There was scarcely time to brush off the table and repolish the balls between the afternoon and evening contests. In fact, several spectators in evening dress witnessed the tight finish of the Gardner-Conklin match with its pyrotechnical carroms at the end. The competitors of the evening match, Poggenburg and Dr. Mial, were on time, however, the latter winning the bank and opening with a pretty cluster of 10 after selecting the white ball.

15. March 8, 1907 - HONOR CROSBY'S MEMORY

HONOR CROSBY'S MEMORY.

Cooper Union Crowded to Hear Tributes to Writer and Philanthropist.

[This edited article includes only the portion related to Mark Twain's letter, the text of which did not appear in this article.]

Cooper Union was crowded last night with men and women who went there to join in a tribute to the memory of Ernest Howard Crosby. Hamlin Garland, the Rev. Dr. Leighton Williams, John S. Crosby, Abraham Cahan, A. J. Boulton, and Dr. Jane E. Robbins made speeches, Edwin Markham read a poem composed for the occasion, the choir of St. Thomas's Church sang, and many prominent men, among them Count Leo Tolsty, William Jennings Bryan, Mark

Twain, William Dean Howells, and Edmund C. Stedham sent letters.

When Lawson Purdy called the meeting to order there was not an empty chair in the auditorium, and many persons were standing. Mr. Purdy read a few of the hundreds of letters received from persons who were nable to be present.

...

COUNT SPIRIDOVITCH GIVES A LUNCHEON

Russian General Entertains at St.
Regis, Eulogizing Czar
in a Speech.

LAUDS THE UNITED STATES

Nobleman Expresses His Country's
Appreciation of American Sympa-
thy—Distinguished Guests.

Count A. de Icherep-Spiridovitch, a Major General in the Russian Army, and President of the Slavonic Society of Russia and also of the Latino-Slavic League of Paris and Rome, gave a luncheon yesterday at the St. Regis to a number of guests, among whom were Samuel L. Clemens, (Mark Twain,) Gen. Nelson A. Miles, Gen. Grant Wilson, Russian Consul Baron Schilling and Baroness Schilling.

After Mr. Clemens had paid some compliments to Count Icherep-Spiridovitch, the latter said:

"I thank you for your sympathetic interest, which I attribute to my having come from Russia, that old and sincerest friend of the United States.

"While I, as a soldier, would willingly die for the Czar, the liberal-minded and brave Emperor prefers that every one of his people should live for the progress of not only Russia, but the whole human race. He has already immortalized himself in history first by declaring against wars in the world outside and bringing about the creation of The Hague conference, and in the second place by granting to his people a Constitution regardless of dangers and obstacles.

"The Constitution has been definitely introduced, but necessarily half a thousand politically trained men to work in the Parliament cannot be produced in a day. We must wait a generation. Andrew Carnegie, one of your best men, has already materialized the idea of the Czar by building a Temple of Peace in The Hague.

"The Russian people remember that the American Nation is formed from the cream of the best European peoples, and Russia is infinitely more proud of every expression of American sympathy than of all other expressions."

17. March 31, 1907 - MARK TWAIN'S WANDERINGS AT AN END

MARK TWAIN'S WANDERINGS AT AN END

In His Seventy-third Year He Prepares to Build a Home of His Own and Settle Down - Strange Record of Temporary Sojourn in Many Places and Countries.

Mark Twain is at last to have a home of his own building. He has wandered around the world for fifty years. Some of the time he had no home at all. In other years Missouri, Nevada, London, Paris, Berlin, Florence, and Vienna claimed him as their own. For a long time he had houses in Buffalo, New Haven, and New York, where his family lived. Still he wandered around the world, writing and lecturing. So numerous were these abiding places that a reporter sought him at his residence in lower Fifth Avenue one evening last week to straighten the matter out. The famous author explained the doubtful points. He chatted of art for a while. He exploded some of the stories told about himself - or rather put them in a way that robbed them of their traditional point.

Mark Twain, or Mr. Samuel L. Clemens in private life, made a distinction between a dwelling place and a home.

"If a man spends a month or two in a place," he said, "the surroundings grow too familiar. Yet he may not feel at home. If he spends a couple of years there he may come to look on the place as his home."

First there were Mark Twain's boyhood homes in Missouri. To have been ignorant of them would have proved an ignorance of "Huckleberry Finn" and "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer." The reporter had read them as often as most Americans, to say nothing of thousands speaking half a dozen different languages.

There is more to be told of Mark Twain's early days in Missouri, however, than is found in these stories of boy life. Not every one knows that the old house in Florida, Monroe County, Mo., which has been gradually torn to pieces by relic hunters under the belief that it is Mark Twain's birthplace, is not the house where the author was born. The real birthplace is some distance away - a two-story wooden dwelling that was materially changed after the Clemens family left it. Here the author was born seventy-two years ago.

Mark Left Behind.

Mark Twain did not carry away with him vivid recollections of this house. He was three years old when his father moved. A story is related of his life there, however, which is probably the first the author told at his expense. Mrs. J. W. Greening of Palmyra, Mo., Mr. Clemens's cousin and old playmate, was responsible for it. Mrs. Greening described how the family prepared to leave the Florida house, and continued:

"The household goods had all been loaded on one wagon, and after it had been stated the family all piled into another wagon. After Uncle John (Mark Twain's father) had nailed up the doors and windows of the deserted house, he mounted the seat, clucked to the horses, and drove off, leaving little Sam making mud pies on the opposite side of the house. A half hour later my grandfather, Wharton Langston, came riding along and saw Sam busy making mud pies. He lifted the boy up in front of him, drove after the movers, and when he traveled seven or eight miles caught up with them. The matter was taken as a huge joke by all concerned."

The family moved to Hannibal, Mo. Their home is still standing at Hill and Main Streets - a comfortable two-story wooden dwelling. Mr. Clemens found very few changes in it when he visited Hannibal a year or so ago, except, as he said, the house seemed to have shrunk in some unaccountable way since he was a boy.

Hannibal is the land of Tom Sawyer and "Huck" Finn. Fully half the adventures of these popular American boys were taken from Mark Twain's own life. To repeat them would be like quoting paragraph after paragraph from the stories. Hannibal fronts on the brown waters of the Mississippi, churned up in Tom Sawyer's day by the splashing wheel of many river boats. Beyond are the islands where Tom and "Huck" found adventures - the swimming pool, Lover's Leap, Mark Twain's cave, and the slopes where the hunts

for wild turkeys were so exciting. About them volumes of anecdotes are told by the townspeople.

Years of Wandering.

Mark Twain's next home was in Buffalo. He moved there in 1870, when he married Miss Olivia L. Langdon of Elmira, N.Y., and his father-in-law, Mr. Jervis Langdon, bought a one-third interest in The Buffalo Express. Between Hannibal and the new home on Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, were years of ceaseless wandering. Mark Twain had been a printer's devil in Missouri and a pilot for five years on Mississippi river boats. He served five weeks in the Confederate Army, and tried gold mining in Nevada. He built a house for himself there, which was hardly a home under Mr. Clemens's classification. As he described the shack in "Roughing It," the dwelling was built in a crevice between two rocks. The roof was of canvas, left open at one corner to serve as a chimney. Cattle tumbled through the hole every now and then, smashing his furniture and disturbing his slumbers.

Mark Twain again became a wanderer. He wrote for The Virginia City Territorial Enterprise, a Nevada newspaper, journeyed to the Sierras in 1865, went to Honolulu in the following year, returned to America, crossed the continent to New York, and sailed in 1867 for Europe on the Quaker City. "Innocents Abroad" was the result of the trip. He met Miss Langdon on the boat and married her. [Historically inaccurate.]

"The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras," one of Mark Twain's most noted stories, brought him fame in 1867. The chat drifted to this little masterpiece.

"You attribute much of your success in telling the story to the pause before the last words, do you not?" asked the reporter.

"There is a knack in telling such a story," Mr. Clemens replied. "You must know exactly how long to hold your audience before coming to the point of the joke. After some experience I could tell how long the pause should be to the moment. The length of such a pause differs from time to time and with different audiences. Circumstances may alter it. Even such a little thing as a person coughing in an audience will hurry the point."

"It is the same principle, then that governs an actor when he gains the attention of an audience by moving, or 'holding a scene,' as he calls it?"

"That is the idea exactly. One of the best examples I remember was Mr. Herne's acting in the last scene of 'Shore Acres.' You remember there was a long silence before the curtain fell. The actor's movements and expression were telling the story. Then came the final moment - an absolute pause, a final impression conveyed by it. That is the best way I can illustrate the value of a pause."

The conversation turned again to the home in Buffalo. Mr. Clemens told recently how he had been married to Miss Langdon in Elmira, and journeyed to his new home with the wedding party. Reaching Buffalo, Mr. Clemens was driving in a sleigh through the snowy streets on a ride that he thought would never end. This was a ruse to give the rest of the family time to go to the new house on Delaware Avenue, light the gas and kindle the fires. When Mr. Clemens was finally driven up to the door, he found his home complete in every detail, even to his easy chair and a servant.

"Most of your admirers when they think of the Buffalo house," said the reporter, "will recall a favorite story about your life there. Mrs. Clemens, so the anecdote goes, urged you to pay a neighborly call on a family across the street. You put it off from day to day. Finally you strolled across the street to visit them. It was ~~Sunday~~ and several of the family were sitting on the front verandah. They rose to welcome you. 'We're so glad you called,' one of them said. Then you replied: 'I should have come before. I've dropped over now to say your house is on fire.'"

It didn't happen in exactly that way," Mr. Clemens replied. "I certainly did tell them their house was on fire. Perhaps I did stroll across the street. Nowadays I would probably run. Age makes a lot of difference when you're telling your neighbors about a fire."

Mark Twain was an editor in Buffalo about two years. He said he "couldn't live in Buffalo because of the frequency of fur overcoats." In 1871 his comfortable home in Hartford, Conn., was purchased. Here the family lived for more than fifteen years, while Mr. Clemens wrote some of his most important books, became interested in a publishing business, lectured, and wandered in foreign lands.

The Hartford home is the one most closely identified with his name. So is a story of Mark Twain and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, one of his neighbors. Mr. Clemens's version of this anecdote exploded the popular conception of the yarn. It also gave an insight into a humorist's idea of humor.

"The version I've heard," said the reporter, "is that you called on Mrs. Stowe one day to find you your return that you had neither a collar nor a necktie on. Then, it is said, you wrapped a collar and a necktie in paper and sent it to Mrs. Stowe with the message that here is the rest of me."

"The incident was not like that," replied Mr. Clemens. "Mrs. Stowe and my family were neighbors and friends. We lived close to each other, and there were no fences between. I had a collar on when I made the call, but found when I got back that I had forgotten my necktie. I sent a servant to Mrs. Stowe with the necktie on a silver salver. The note I sent with it was ceremonious. It contained a formal apology for the necktie. I'm sorry now I didn't keep a copy of that letter. It had to be ceremonious. Anything flippant on such an occasion and between such friends would have been merely silly."

The life in Hartford, with its successes and personal sorrows, ended twelve years ago in financial complications that made Mark Twain a wanderer again. Mr. Clemens became interested in the publishing house of Charles L. Webster & Co. He sank his fortune in the business, and in an ingenious but impracticable typesetting machine.

Mark Twain's declaration twelve years ago that he would pay his debts by a lecture tour around the world is well remembered. He was a man of 60 at the time. In some ways his task was more difficult than that of Sir Walter Scott when he wrote some of his greatest novels under a burden of debt.

But Twain was very popular as a lecturer. Theatres and halls were not large enough to hold the crowds that gathered at the doors. The proceeds of the lecture tour, the book "Following the Equator," that grew out of it, and his other publications not only paid his debts but replenished his fortunes. After his lecture tour came the years of residence in Europe.

"I suppose you could call the dwellings we occupied in Europe our homes. In England we lived near London and the home of Mr. Gladstone. Two years were spent in Paris. That house was a fine one. It had been built by a man who was both an architect and an artist. What fine large rooms there were! And everywhere were suggestions of a painter's home.

"Then there were the two years in Vienna and about the same time in Berlin. It was while we were living there in 1891 that the Emperor William asked me to dinner. Yes, I meant what I wrote about that dinner. The Emperor did most of the talking. If I could entertain him I would feel I had a right to talk most of the time, too.

"In Florence we spent about two more years. We occupied La Capponcina, a villa near the city with a beautiful view of the Pistoria Mountains. 'Joan of Arc' was written in Florence. The villa is now occupied by the Italian poet D'Annunzio."

Mark Twain's wanderings seemed to have ended, as he sat in the drawing room of his residence at Fifth Avenue and Ninth Street. The color of his shock of hair and flowing gray mustache was repeated in a suit of spotless white. But the deep-set black eyes

were as piercing as ever; his laughter as hearty and contagious. His movements and conversation created the impression of ceaseless activity of mind and body.

There is a connection between Mark Twain's wanderings and the new home he will build for himself near West Redding, Conn. The architecture will suggest the Italian villa Mr. Clemens occupied near Florence - a home sought for the benefit of Mrs. Clemens, then an invalid, and surrounded by many pleasant memories. The new home will also contain many mementos of the author's travels. The loggia was suggested by a villa of the Medici near Florence. A building in Milan inspired the decorations of the main entrance and some of the architectural details. Mr. Clemens will furnish a number of plaques in the Della Robbia style of faience that will be inserted in the walls. A mantel and fireplace bought many years ago by Mrs. Clemens in Scotland will be a feature of the living room.

Mr. Clemens's younger daughter is an invalid much of the time, and the site of the house near West Redding, Conn., was chosen so that the author might give his family a permanent home for both Summer and Winter that would be accessible from New York. Added this motive was Mark Twain's ambition to have his family about him in what may be the closing scenes of his life.

So Mr. Clemens bought a 180-acre farm in Connecticut, and chose a hilltop for his new home. The plans of the house recently approved by Mr. Clemens were drawn by J. Mead Howells, relative of William Dean Howells. There will be a rectangular pavilion with wings on either side, the walls of cream-colored stucco, and the low Italian roof covered with copper-colored tiles. Across one end will be the living room, with windows on three sides and walls paneled in dark wood. The large organ, heretofore in Mr. Clemens Hartford home, will be built into one end. In the centre is to be the fireplace from Scotland. The living room will open on the Italian loggia, with a beautiful view of the surrounding country.

As a visitor enters the house by the main doorway in the central pavilion he will find himself in a large hall with a billiard room on the right, the living room on the left, and the entrance to the dining room opposite. Three long windows in the dining room will open on a terrace overlooking the garden. Here a number of small spruce trees, resembling the cypresses of Italy, recall the days Mark Twain spent in a Florentine garden. The office of Mr. Clemens's secretary, the kitchens, and pantries occupy the rest of the first floor. On the second there will be Mr. Clemens's bedroom in one corner, the apartments of his family, and several guest chambers.

The farm near West Redding is called The Glen. In one of the valleys, however, is a noted natural fountain known as Beech Spray Spring. This will not only furnish a water supply of exceptional value, but will probably give a name to the country house.

MARK TWAIN TELLS OF BEING AN ACTOR

He Sees His Own "The Prince and the Pauper," and Relates Story of 22 Years Ago.

STAGE SPEECH CUT SHORT

He Managed to Narrate, However, That Once He Played Miles Hendon—Sees Educational Alliance Show.

Samuel L. Clemens—"Mark Twain"—in his white suit, sat in the audience that witnessed yesterday afternoon the Educational Alliance's performance of the play made from his book, "The Prince and the Pauper," in the theatre of the Alliance Building in East Broadway. Beside him was William Dean Howells, and nearby Daniel Frohman, and Miss Clemens. The rest of the audience, some 800 in all, was composed largely of the children of the neighborhood.

After the second act, the curtain was raised to disclose Mr. Clemens in his white suit. He made a speech in which he referred to his own playing of the rôle of Miles Hendon, and complimented the Alliance on its theatre. He was about to tell a story which he said had been told by his friend Kate Douglas Wiggin, when from the players, looking out at him from the wings and entrances to the set, applause came. Mr. Clemens looked about, puzzled for a moment, when a young woman, entering by the left upper entrance into full view of the audience, went quite close to him and began to talk to him in an undertone.

"I must apologize," said Mr. Clemens. Again the young woman said something in a tone not audible to those in front.

Anxious to Tell His Story.

"I only want to tell this story and then I'll stop," Mr. Clemens said to her.

After he had told a story about a negro who had got a marriage license with the wrong woman's name in it, and had then decided to marry that woman rather than pay two dollars for a new license "as there wasn't two dollars' difference between the two women," he left the stage

tween the two women," he left the stage and the curtain was lowered.

The speech that had been interrupted began in a vein of family reminiscence.

"I have not enjoyed a play so much, so heartily, and so thoroughly," said the author, "since I played Miles Hendon twenty-two years ago. I used to play in this piece with my children, who, twenty-two years ago, were little youngsters. One of my daughters was the Prince, and a neighbor's daughter was the Pauper, and the children of other neighbors played other parts. But we never gave such a performance as we have seen here to-day. It would have been beyond us.

"My late wife was the dramatist and stage manager. Our coachman was the stage manager, second in command. We used to play it in this simple way, and the one who used to bring in the crown on a cushion—he was a little fellow then—is now a clergyman way up high—six or seven feet high—and growing higher all of the time. We played it well, but not as well as you see it here, for, you see it by practically trained professionals.

Never Remembered His Part.

"I was especially interested in the scene which we have just had, for Miles Hendon was my part. I did it as well as a person could who never remembered his part. The children all knew their parts. They did not mind if I did not know mine. I could thread a needle nearly as well as the player did whom you saw to-day. The words of my part I could supply on the spot. The words of the song that Miles Hendon sang here I

did not catch. But I was great in that song."

Then Mr. Clemens hummed a bit of doggerel that the reporter made out as this:

There was a woman in her town,
She loved her husband well,
But another man just twice as well.

"How is that?" demanded Mr. Clemens. Then resuming:

"It was so fresh and enjoyable to make up a new set of words each time that I played the part.

"If I had a thousand citizens in front of me I would like to give them information, but you children already know all that I have found out about the Educational Alliance. It's like a man living within thirty miles of Vesuvius and never knowing about the volcano. It's like living for a lifetime in Buffalo, eighteen miles from Niagara, and never going to the Falls. So I had lived in New York and knew nothing about the Educational Alliance.

"This theatre is a part of the work and furnishes pure and clean plays. This theatre is an influence. Everything in the world is accomplished by influences which train and educate. When you get to be seventy-one and a half, as I am, you may think that your education is over, but it isn't.

Theatres Public Educators.

"If we had forty theatres of this kind in this city of 4,000,000, how they would educate and elevate! We should have a body of educated theatregoers.

"It would make better citizens, honest citizens. One of the best gifts a millionaire could make would be a theatre here and a theatre there. It would make of you a real Republic and bring about an educational level."

Then Mr. Clemens went on to quote from a speech of Kate Douglas Wiggin, when he was interrupted.

In the cast of "The Prince and the Pauper," the performance of which Mr. Clemens watched closely and frequently applauded, there were three young women—scarcely more than girls—who shone. Rhoda Rosenblum played Tom Canty, the pauper boy who by force of circumstances changes his station with Prince Edward, with a touch of ingenuousness that was spontaneous.

The small part of Nan Canty, Tom's sister, undertaken by Sara E. Novick, a girl with humorous natural methods, was heartily applauded, while Helen H. Schwartz, as the Prince, sketched well the range of her rôle.

MARK TWAIN FUSS IN ACTORS' FAIR

Mrs. Rosenfeld, Christian Scientist, Didn't Want Him at Her Booth.

FROHMAN TO THE RESCUE

Puts Mr. Clemens with the Players, but Trouble Is Brewing for Playwright's Wife.

Christian Science has got into the plans which are being made for the Actors' Fund Fair to open for a week next Monday at the Metropolitan Opera House. Things became so complicated yesterday in fact that Mark Twain was threatened with a request to abandon his intention of helping out at the Century Theatre Club booth, but has been transferred to the Players' booth instead.

Besides all this, the 400 members of the Century Theatre Club are divided into factions over whether or not the resignation of its President, Mrs. Sidney Rosenfeld, an Eddyite, who started all the trouble, shall be accepted if it is offered or asked for if it isn't. Mrs. Rosenfeld was willing to retain the Presidency, it was said, on condition that Mr. Clemens should not be present either in person or through his books at her club's booth.

A meeting of the entire membership of the club was hurriedly called yesterday afternoon after a stormy meeting of the Booth Committee. The meetings are usually held at 10:30 o'clock at the Hotel Astor. The 400 members were requested by postal yesterday afternoon to be on hand this morning "for important business." A member said last night that they would certainly be there—"all of us, too."

The Actors' Fund Fair is one of the most popular functions of the year. The Century Theatre Club, an organization formed "to band together intelligent theatregoers," agreed to take charge of a booth. The Booth Committee searched around for something that would make the club's counter one of the most "tak-

the club's counter one of the most "taking" at the fair.

The committee considered it a stroke of genius when Mr. Clemens was persuaded to lend himself to their booth. It was planned that he should send autograph copies of his books for sale. Some mottoes and maxims of his should be shown off by electric lights. He himself agreed to come and serve at the booth at stated times.

Daniel Frohman, President of the Actors' Fund organization, complimented the committee. He thought that they had done a great thing. It was expected that wherever Mr. Clemens was there would come much money.

But he reckoned without Mrs. Rosenfeld, the President of the club. She is an ardent Christian Scientist. Several years ago when Mrs. Eddy issued her proclamation against clubs she withdrew from all to which she belonged except the Century.

Mrs. Rosenfeld did not hear of the Mark Twain stroke until a few days ago. Then she sat down and wrote Mr. Clemens a letter hinting that it would be well for him not to connect himself with the booth according to the plans of the committee. She also offered him, so it was said last night, an easy way to get out of his promises. Mr. Clemens's secretary replied that he was out of the city.

So yesterday Mrs. Rosenfeld called together the Booth Committee. She remonstrated with them for inviting Mr. Clemens to exhibit himself, his books and his mottoes for the benefit of the Century Theatre Club's booth. She reminded them from a long typewritten statement she had prepared that she was a Christian Scientist, and that the committee should have known that.

Then she said she would rather give up her post than be associated with an organization whose booth made Mark Twain, belittler of Christian Science, its headliner. Finally she issued an ultimatum to the effect that either Mr. Clemens would have to be cut out of the club's booth at the fair or she would cut herself not only out of the Presidency, but out of the club itself.

Daniel Frohman, President of the Actors' Fund Fair and diplomat in all affairs theatrical, was consulted. A member of the organization said last night that he was furious. He was even willing, so it was said last night, that if Mrs. Rosenfeld offered her resignation it should be accepted. Some members of the committee agreed with Mr. Frohman.

Mr. Frohman himself said last night that he couldn't see how Christian Science and the Actors' Fund Fair were in any way connected, and he thought that it had been a grave mistake to connect them at all. He decided at once to transfer Mr. Clemens to the Players' booth if he should continue willing to help at the fair.

Mrs. Rosenfeld was said to be "out of town," and likely to be out.

"Mrs. Rosenfeld was very much affected at the committee meeting this morning," said a club member last night, who declared that she was present at the time. "She told the members that her Jesus and Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy were dearer to her than any club or anything else in the world,

any club or anything else in the world, and that she would rather give up anything than be associated with persons who had publicly said about Mrs. Eddy such things as Mark Twain had said. The committee was simply dumfounded. After the members recovered most of them were in favor of her resigning, though they did not say so right out."

WARM APOLOGIES TO MARK TWAIN

Women's Theatre Club Turns
Down Its President, Mrs.
Rosenfeld.

A BELOVED INSTITUTION

Letter of Apology Calls Him and Puts
Him Next but One After the
Constitution.

The members of the Actors' Fund Fair Committee of the Century Theatre Club held a fervid meeting yesterday morning in the rooms of the Woman's Professional League, in the Berkeley Lyceum Building, and voted that it was a shame that Christian Science and Mark Twain had come into collision over the fair. They had little sympathy for Mrs. Sidney Rosenfeld, President of their society, who wrote to Mr. Clemens asking him not to assist at their booth because of his hostility to Christian Science.

The women yesterday morning elected no less than three committees; one to call on Mr. Clemens and apologize for Mrs. Rosenfeld's action; one to explain to the newspapers how all the trouble began, and one to hold a conference with Mrs. Rosenfeld. Mrs. Rosenfeld, when conferred with soon afterward, insisted that her action in the matter of writing to Mr. Clemens was entirely personal and not in her capacity as President of the club. At the same time, she strenuously declared that she would rather resign from the club than apologize for her action or permit Mr. Clemens to aid at the society booth at the Metropolitan Opera House.

A formal resolution of apology to Mr. Clemens was adopted at the general meeting. It said:

Resolved, That the Chairman of the committee representing the Century Theatre Club at the Actors' Fund Fair be hereby instructed to prepare a special report containing complete information concerning the invitation to Mr. Samuel M. Clemens to take special part with

information concerning the invitation to Mr. Samuel M. Clemens to take especial part with the Century Theatre Club in the work for the fair; the information to include copies of all letters and other correspondence, written or received by officers of the Century Theatre Club or others bearing upon said invitation to Mr. Clemens, said special report to be presented to the next business meeting of the Century Theatre Club.

Resolved, That the members of the Auxiliary Committee of the Actors' Fund Fair, appointed from the Century Theatre Club, do herewith express their fullest confidence in Mrs. Edith Ellis Baker, Chairman of said committee, and unqualifiedly approves every and all executive acts of her's while Chairman of this committee, and further appreciate and thank her for her intelligent, energetic, and successful direction of the Century Theatre Club's portion of the work for the Actors' Fund Fair.

The particularly significant part of this was that it upheld Mrs. Baker, Chairman of the Committee, who had revolted from Mrs. Rosenfeld, and insisted on doing the square thing by Mr. Clemens. Considerable correspondence passed between Mrs. Baker and Mrs. Rosenfeld on the subject. Both are Christian Scientists, but Mrs. Baker could not see how the presence of Mark Twain at the society booth would wreck her faith in the teachings of Mrs. Eddy. These letters were presented as exhibits in the case yesterday.

Exhibit 1, dated April 24, was a letter from Mrs. Rosenfeld, C. S., to Mrs. Baker, in which Mrs. Rosenfeld explained that she had just heard of the invitation to Mr. Clemens, and felt that if the humorist appeared at the booth she would have to withdraw from the presidency on religious grounds.

Exhibit 2, the result of a protest in answer to the first letter, was a similar document from the same to the same, in which Mrs. Rosenfeld says: "Now, remember that there is no 'concord between Christ and Belial.' We must choose between truth and error. Mark Twain the man is nothing to me. I have no objection to him as an individual—but Mark Twain as the avenue through which error has striven to attack and destroy truth, is Belial to me, and I can have no dealings with him."

Exhibit 3 is a letter from Mrs. Baker to Mrs. Rosenfeld, in which Mrs. Baker insists that, far from inviting Mr. Clemens without consulting Mrs. Rosenfeld, she spoke to her about it three times before seeing the author, and she, therefore, resented any affront offered Mark Twain in the name of the 400 members of the club.

"The club is not a religious organization," writes Mr. Baker. "In its membership are people who are as bitter and vituperative in their statements regarding

vituperative in their statements regarding Christian Science as Mr. Twain. In your drawing room I was ridiculed and sneered at for defending my belief in the truth by a member of the club and a dear friend of yours. I love you too much not to deplore the attitude you are taking. If either alternative that you lay down is followed it will bring absolute ridicule on all Scientists."

Exhibit 4 is a letter of apology from Mrs. Baker to Mr. Clemens, disclaiming that the club had any knowledge of the President's action, and expressing regret for the occurrence. "Mrs. Rosenfeld," says the letter, "is an Englishwoman, and does not understand that, after the Constitution and the Emancipation Proclamation, you are our biggest native document and our best beloved institution."

As announced last night, Daniel Frohman has saved the situation by transferring Mr. Clemens to the Players' Booth. Though the club now has a special committee to apologize, it scarcely expects the beatific honor of getting the prize humorist—who is a bit of a prize pig at the fair—back to its particular booth. Mr. Clemens himself is still out of town, and probably glad of it. Mrs. Rosenfeld was reported to be at her Scientist church last night, but at her home she was said to be out of town also. There is to be a meeting of the club later to talk about its President.

TWAIN AND YACHT DISAPPEAR AT SEA

Humorist and the Kanawha Miss-
ing from Hampton
Roads.

H. H. ROGERS IS WORRIED

Sends Out an Alarm for His Boat and
His Guest—No Record of
Her Passing.

Special to The New York Times.

NORFOLK, May 3.—Mark Twain and the yacht Kanawha are missing. The services of the wireless station and the Weather Bureau at Cape Henry and Hatteras have been appealed to by H. H. Rogers to assist in locating the missing craft on which Mr. Clemens is a guest.

Last Monday Mr. Rogers and his son left the yacht and went to New York by rail. Mr. Clemens declined to make the railroad trip. The yacht was fogbound. For two days Mr. Clemens fretted and fumed, all alone on the vessel. On Wednesday afternoon the fog cleared for a few hours, the humorist went aboard, and the yacht disappeared from the Roads. It was reported that she went out of the Capes bound for New York. It is now denied that there is any official record of her passing out.

As there have been several severe storms in this section recently, Mr. Rogers is concerned about the safety of his vessel and its guest.

For two or three days following the opening of the Jamestown Exposition, Mark Twain was marooned off Old Point. On Tuesday he was moving around the Hotel Chamberlain, complaining that his fellow-travelers had gone away and that the fog off the capes had delayed the departure of the Kanawha.

"Here I am, all, all alone on H. H. Rogers's yacht anchored out there, and not a saint to look down in pity. Rogers has gone home, his son Harry has gone, and the only remaining guest that came down to this Exposition opening says he is going back to New York to-night, but I cannot go."

Mr. Clemens then explained that in the face of the fog that had enveloped the capes for at least two days the yacht's navigator declined to risk the passage. The humorist himself then declared that the situation was rendered acute by his own peculiar brand of obstinacy. "I simply will not go back by train," he remarked.

"I declare that I feel like 'the Man Without a Country.' I pine for Fifth Avenue and the dear old coaches, to say nothing of the arch in Washington Square."

MARK TWAIN INVESTIGATING,

And If the Report That He's Lost at Sea Is So, He'll Let the Public Know.

Mark Twain was hard ashore and pounding heavily on the front lawn of the Tuxedo Club last night. The people of Norfolk, Va., who had taken more interest in him than they had in the big naval review at the opening of the Jamestown Exposition, were informed of the fact and were breathing easily again.

Mr. Clemens, given up for lost by the host of friends he made in Norfolk on his visit to that city with H. H. Rogers aboard the latter's yacht, Kanawha, will be the hero of that Virginia community should he ever return there. The fact that the yacht slipped out of Hampton Roads during a fog and started north caused the report to spread through Virginia that the Kanawha had not been reported as having passed the Capes safely, and the friends of the humorist in the South feared mightily for his life. And all the time Mr. Clemens was safe in his rooms in Fifth Avenue.

Editor Harvey Wilson of The Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch sat up all night with an "extra" ready and with his heart in his mouth. He is an old-time admirer of Mark and has "read after him," as they say in Virginia, these many years. In the Virginia Club in Norfolk, and in the Westmoreland in Richmond, the negro servants were kept busy rushing messages to the telegraph offices, while the most expert of the julepers of the Southland worked their arms off cracking ice and plucking the tender leaves of the fragrant herb in the preparation of a certain famous concoction guaranteed to dispel sorrow and lighten hearts that are heavy.

Mr. Clemens heard all this yesterday, but took it calmly.

but took it calmly.

"You can assure my Virginia friends," said he, "that I will make an exhaustive investigation of this report that I have been lost at sea. If there is any foundation for the report, I will at once apprise the anxious public. I sincerely hope that there is no foundation for the report, and I also hope that judgment will be suspended until I ascertain the true state of affairs."

To his friend, Milt. Goodkind of 121 West Forty-second Street, Mr. Clemens sent the following telegram as soon as he had read a report from Norfolk telling of the fear there that he was lost on the bosom of the briny deep:

Latitude 43 degrees 5 hours and 41 seconds west by southeast of Central Park West. Kanawha heading toward nowhere; terrific cyclone raging; all the houses down in our vicinity; trees and telegraph poles interfering with our progress; vessel leaking badly; passed a school of whales and several elephants at dawn. Fire Department badly crippled; extension ladder out of commission; water very low; two of our crew lost overboard last evening. Please send airship and some bock beer at once; crew starving.

Deny report that I am dodging Mrs. Eddy or Actors' Fund Fair. Ship sinking; send financial relief at once. MARK TWAIN.

Being slightly puzzled by the telegram and the dispatch from Norfolk, Mr. Goodkind in the afternoon sent to the newspapers a notice offering a reward of \$50 for the capture of Mark Twain, alive, drowned, or half drowned. But the humorist had taken refuge at Tuxedo and his rescue from the cruel clutches of the sea was being celebrated there.

ACTORS' FUND FAIR OPENS WITH VIM

Roosevelt Presses the Button
and Then Mark Twain
Makes a Speech.

SEEK TO RAISE \$250,000

First Two Tickets Bring \$1,500—
Actresses Preside Over Many
Attractive Booths.

At exactly 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon President Roosevelt, in Washington, pressed a button; the lights of the Metropolitan Opera House here, which had been extinguished, flashed on again; cannon boomed; the band played; Mark Twain made a speech; and the Actors' Fund Fair was declared open to the public. Even while the building was reverberating with the report of the cannon a shower of tiny American flags fluttered from the roof down into the village street of Stratford-on-Avon, the central highway of the ba-
baar.

As soon as the sound of the cannonade had died away, the officers of the fund filed on to the platform at the western end of the Opera House. Daniel Frohman, President of the fund, made the opening address.

"Nothing is more appropriate than that we should begin with the playing of 'The Star-Spangled Banner,'" said Mr. Frohman. "We intend to make this a banner week in the history of the fund. The Actors' Fund is not a restricted institution. It takes a broad and sympathetic interest in every one on the stage—whether he be actor, singer, dancer, or workman. Since the time of the last fair at Madison Square Garden the fund has expended from \$500 to \$600 weekly in its charities. In other words, we have spent more than \$40,000 a year."

Mr. Frohman, after briefly describing the nature of the fund and citing the nec-

Mr. Frohman, after briefly describing the nature of the fund and citing the necessarily precarious living of the actor, continued: "Charity covers a multitude of sins, and it also reveals a multitude of virtues. We are grateful for the help of Mr. Roblee, and his assistant, Mr. Price, and Mrs. A. M. Palmer, who has taken up the work that her husband would have done had he remained with us. We are grateful to all who have assisted in bringing preparations to a successful conclusion.

"At the opening of the former fair we had the assistance of Edwin Booth and Joseph Jefferson. In their place we have to-day that American institution and apostle of wide humanity—Mark Twain."

Mark Twain's Plea for the Actor.

Mark Twain, whose famous white suit and white hair had made him a conspicuous figure from the minute he entered the hall, was received with general applause. He spoke tersely and deliberately.

"As Mr. Frohman has said," the humorist began, "charity reveals a multitude of virtues. This is true, and it is to be proved here before the week is over. Mr. Frohman has told you something of the object and something of the character of the work. He told me he would do this—and he has kept his word! I had expected to hear of it through the newspapers. I wouldn't trust anything between Frohman and the newspapers—except when it's a case of charity!"

"You should all remember that the actor has been your benefactor many and many a year. When you have been weary and downcast he has lifted your heart out of gloom and given you a fresh impulse. You are all under obligation to him. This is your opportunity to be his benefactor—to help provide for him in his old age and when he suffers from infirmities.

"At this fair no one is to be persecuted to buy. If you offer a twenty-dollar bill in payment for a purchase of \$1 you will receive \$19 in change. There is to be no robbery here. There is to be no creed here—no religion except charity. We want to raise \$250,000—and that is a great task to attempt.

"The President has set the fair in motion by pressing the button in Washington. Now your good wishes are to be transmuted into cash.

transmuted into cash.

"By virtue of the authority in me vested I declare the fair open. I call the ball game. Let the transmuting begin!"

\$1,500 for the First Two Tickets.

Though the fair was not formally opened until 2 o'clock, the doors were thrown open to the public at 12:30. Even before that the building was thronged with women—and some men—putting final touches on the booths. The first two admission tickets were bought by Marc Klaw and Abraham L. Erlanger, each of whom paid \$750 for the privilege of entering the enchanted ground.

OXFORD DEGREE FOR TWAIN.

University Will Make Humorist a Bachelor of Letter.

Special to The New York Times.

ANNAPOLIS, May 10.—Samuel L. Clemens, Mark Twain, who is a guest here of Gov. Warfield, announced to-day that he was going to England to be honored by a degree.

"I got a cablegram from the other side telling me that if I went over to Oxford University, the degree of Bachelor of Letters would be conferred on me," he said. "I wrote a telegram accepting the honor, and saying that I would sail in the latter part of June."

The humorist visited the Naval Academy to-day in company with Mrs. Warfield and a party of friends.

The party went through the hall to where the body of Paul Jones lies flanked on one side by a painting of the Revolutionary hero by Miss Cecilia Beaux.

"That," said Commander Dayton, "is the body of Paul Jones."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Twain, innocently. "I know Miss Beaux, who made the painting, very well, and remember perfectly the day Jones sat for this picture. I met her later in London, and on the other side of the table—I was always eating in those days—was Whistler, the great painter. I was talking thirteen words to the dozen and Whistler was talking fourteen. Finally I got tired of his interruptions, and, turning to Miss Beaux, I said, 'Who is that noisy person over there?' 'That's funny,' she replied, 'he just asked me the same thing about you.'"

While puffing a cigar and looking at two cannons captured from the French, the guard warned the humorist of rules against smoking.

"Arrested again!" Twain exclaimed, but he clung to his cigar behind his back. "Constituted constabulary will run this country yet." Then, as he thought it over, he said: "Still, that's right. I might set fire to this place, smoking around this stone and cannon and inflammable stuff."

ELECT A SUCCESSOR TO MRS. ROSENFELD

Century Theatre Club, After Its
President Adjourns Ses-
sion, Reconvenes.

MARK TWAIN FOR PEACE

So Everybody Agrees to Forget the
Actors' Fair Incident—Office
Made for Mrs. Rosenfeld.

The Century Theatre Club held its annual election yesterday afternoon, confessed its sins, and received absolution. The summary treatment of Mark Twain by its President, Mrs. Sidney Rosenfeld, is a thing of the past. The club is now prepared to live happily with Mrs. Rosenfeld as Past Honorary President.

Since Mrs. Edith Ellis Baker, Chairman of the Actors' Fund Fair Committee of the Century Theatre Club, invited Mark Twain to be the feature of the Century Club's booth at the fair, only to have him requested to stay away by the President because he did not share her reverence for Christian Science, the Century Club's feelings have been in a soda water state of effervescence.

The situation was saved by the Players' Club, which, with great joy and gladness, took the venerable humorist to its booth, while the Century Club begged pardon for its President, as well as it could, and the President stayed at home from the fair and matters were as little complicated as possible.

It should also be noted that Mr. Clemens appeared at the Century Theatre Club's booth at the fair yesterday, doing his share in burying the hatchet.

But the election, which was scheduled for yesterday, with Mrs. Rosenfeld's name up for President, was looked forward to with much interest. Club members said they could not possibly elect Mrs. Rosenfeld to office again, and it was rumored that word came from the Rosenfeld household that Mrs. Rosenfeld would not think of resigning.

Pouring rain did not keep the members away from the meeting. They were out

Pouring rain did not keep the members away from the meeting. They were out in full force, and Mrs. Rosenfeld, as President, opened the session with a statement of her side of the matter. It was an executive meeting, only members being admitted, but, according to the statement given out at the end, Mrs. Rosenfeld said something like this:

"Members and Dear Friends: I wish to ask your pardon for the stand I have seemed to take in this unfortunate affair. Christian Science is my religion. I must stand up for it, and I should do again anything that might be necessary to uphold it. But I have intended to act only as a private individual, and in seeming to act for the club I have been in the wrong."

"I love every member of the club and I feel that they love me, but I cannot again accept the office of President; I would not wish to do so unless I was unanimously elected, and so I withdraw my name from the ticket."

"I would propose that this meeting be adjourned and the election be postponed until Fall."

Mrs. Rosenfeld had been much affected in speaking, and in the excitement which followed the close of her remarks some one called from the floor:

"I second the motion."
"All in favor will please say 'Yea'; opposed, 'Nay'—it is a vote," said the President. Stepping then from the platform, she moved out of the door and was gone before any one knew that she had left the meeting.

Mrs. Grace Gaylor Clarke, who plays the rôle of Mother in "The Rose of the Rancho," at once arose and exclaimed:

"Ladies, this is unconstitutional. We must remain in the name of justice, if not as members of the club."

Mrs. John Livingstone Niver, First Vice President, then took the floor, while the wondering club was catching its breath, and said:

"Why, we can't adjourn in this way, because it isn't parliamentary. The President's suggestion was not a motion, and anyway there were more nays than yeas."

"It will be constitutional to reconvene the meeting," said Philip Dillon, so the meeting began once more.

There followed the reading of the Actors' Fund Fair reports by Mrs. Baker, with the correspondence concerning the Mark Twain affair. She was frequently applauded.

A final letter from Mr. Clemens himself was read to close the incident, a communication benign and kindly in tone, in which the humorist declared he harbored not one whit of ill-feeling toward anybody.

Mrs. Henry W. Hart of Brooklyn, who has been in no way connected with the fair trouble, finally proved acceptable to all sides, and she was nominated and elected as President, after several women had declined the nomination.

An amendment to the Constitution was made providing for the office of Past Honorary President, and Mrs. Rosenfeld was elected to fill it as a "tribute to her splendid ability and untiring work for the club."

"We were perfectly satisfied with the outcome of the meeting," said one member. "We are all very fond of Mrs. Rosenfeld and we are glad to have her

MIGHTY MARK TWAIN OVERAWES MARINES

He Tells How the Minions of
Government Quail as They
Plan His Arrest.

POTTER A GREAT MAN, TOO

Philosopher Has Motorman's Author-
ity—Good Grows Out of the "With-
drawal" of a Watermelon.

Special to The New York Times.

ANNAPOLIS, May 11. — "Yes," said Mark Twain, with an air of conscious importance, "I have been arrested. I was arrested twice, so that there could be no doubt about it. I have lived many years in the sight of my country an apparently uncaught and blameless life, a model for the young, an inspiring example for the hoary-headed. But at last the law has laid its hand upon me.

"Mine was no ordinary offense. When I affront the law I choose to do so in no obscure, insignificant, trivial manner. Mine was a crime against nothing less than the Federal Government. The officers who arrested me were no common, or garden, policemen; they were clothed with the authority of the Federal Constitution. I was charged with smoking a cigar within a Government reservation. In fact, I was caught red-handed. I came near setting a stone pile on fire.

"It is true that the arrest was not made effective. One of the party whispered to the marines what Gov. Warfield was going to say, and did say, in intro-

was going to say, and did say, in introducing me to the audience at my lecture—that I was one of the greatest men in the world. I don't know who proposed to tell that to the marines, but it worked like a charm. The minions of the law faltered, hesitated, quailed, and to-day I am a free man. Twice they laid hands upon me; twice were overcome by my deserved reputation.

"Perhaps I ought not to say myself that it is deserved. But who am I, to contradict the Governor of Maryland? Worm that I am, by what right should I traverse the declared opinion of that man of wisdom and judgment whom I have learned to admire and trust?

"I never admired him more than I did when he told my audience that they had with them the greatest man in the world. I believe that was his expression. I don't wish to undertake his sentiments, but I will go no further than that—at present. Why, it fairly warmed my heart. It almost made me glad to be there myself. I like good company.

Potter's Claim to Greatness.

"Speaking of greatness, it is curious how many grounds there are for great reputations—how many different phases, that is to say, greatness may take on. There was Bishop Potter. He was arrested a few months ago for a crime similar to mine, though he lacked the imagination to select United States Government property as the scene of his guilty deed. Now, Bishop Potter is a great man. I am sure he is, because a street car motorman told me so. A motorman is not a Governor of Maryland, but then Bishop Potter is not a humorist. He could hardly expect a certificate like mine.

"I rode with the motorman one day on the front seat of his car. There was a blockade before we got very far, and the motorman, having nothing to do, became talkative. 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'I have a good many distinguished men on this trip. Bishop Potter often rides with me. He likes the front seat. Now there's a great man for you—Bishop Potter.'

a great man for you—BISHOP POTTER.

"It is true," I responded. "Dr. Potter is indeed a mighty man of God, an erudite theologian, a wide administrator of his great diocese, an exegete of—"

"Yes," broke in the motorman, his face beaming with pleasure as he recognized the justice of my tribute and hastened to add one of his own. "Yes, and he's the only man who rides with me who can split in the slot every time."

"That's a good story, isn't it? I like a good story well told. That is the reason I am sometimes forced to tell them myself. Here is one, of which I was reminded yesterday as I was investigating the Naval Academy. I was much impressed with the Naval Academy. I was all over it, and now it is all over me. I am full of the navy. I wanted to march with them on parole, but they didn't think to ask me; curious inattention on their part, and I just ashore after a celebrated cruise.

"While I was observing the navy on land," said Mr. Clemens, "I thought of the navy at sea and of this story, so pathetic, so sweet, so really touching. This is one of my pet stories. Something in its delicacy, refinement, and the elusiveness of its humor fits my own quiet tastes.

"The time is 2 A. M., after a lively night at the club. The scene is in front of his house. The house is swaying and

lurching to and fro. He has succeeded in navigating from the club, but how is he going to get aboard this rolling, tossing thing? He watches the steps go back and forth, up and down. Then he makes a desperate resolve, braces himself, and as the steps come around he jumps, clutches the handrail, gets aboard, and pulls himself safely up on the piazza. With a like manoeuvre he gets through the door. Watching his chance, he gains the lowest step of the inside staircase, and painfully makes his way up the swaying and uncertain structure. He has almost reached the top when in a sudden lurch he catches his toe and falls back, rolling to the bottom. At this moment his wife, rushing out into the upper hall, hears coming up from the darkness below, from the discomfited figure sprawled on the floor with his arms around the newel post, this fervent, appropriate, and pious ejaculation, 'God help the poor sailors out at sea.'

"I trust this matter of my arrest will not cause my friends to turn from me. It is true that, no matter what may be said of American public morals, the private morals of Americans as a whole are exceptionally good. I do not mean to say that in their private lives all Americans are faultless. I hardly like to go that far, being a man of carefully weighed words and under a peculiarly vivid sense of the necessity of moderation in statement. I should like to say that we are a faultless people, but I am restrained by recollection. I know several persons who have erred and transgressed—to put it plainly, they have done wrong. I have heard of still others—of a number of persons, in fact, who are not perfect. I am not perfect myself. I confess it. I would have confessed it before the lamentable event of yesterday. For that was not the first time I ever did wrong. No; I have done several things which fill my soul now with regret and contrition.

Withdrawing a Watermelon.

"I remember, I remember, it so well. I remember it as if it were yesterday, the first time I ever stole a watermelon. Yes, the first time. At least I think it was the first time, or along about there. It was, it was, must have been, about 1848, when I was 18 or 14 years old. I remember that watermelon well. I can almost taste it now.

"Yes, I stole it. Yet why use so harsh a word? It was the biggest of the load on a farmer's wagon standing in the gutter in the old town of Hannibal, Missouri.

in the old town of Hannibal, Missouri. While the farmer was busy with another customer, I withdrew this melon. Yes, 'I stole' is too strong. I extracted it. I retired it from circulation. And myself retired with it.

"The place to which the watermelon and I retired was a lumber yard. I knew a nice, quiet alley between the sweet smelling planks and to that sequestered spot I carried the melon. Indulging a few moments' contemplation of its freckled rind, I broke it open with a stone, a rock, a dornick, in boy's language.

"It was green—impossibly, hopelessly green. I do not know why this circumstance should have affected me, but it did. It affected me deeply. It altered for me the moral values of the universe. It wrought in me a moral revolution. I began to reflect. Now, reflection is the beginning of reform. There can be no reform without reflection—

"I asked myself what course of conduct I should pursue. What would conscience dictate? What should a high minded young man do after retiring a green watermelon? What would George Washington do? Now was the time for all the lessons inculcated at Sunday School to act.

"And they did act. The word that came to me was 'restitution.' Obviously there lay the path of duty. I reasoned with myself. I labored. At last I was fully resolved. 'I'll do it,' said I. 'I'll take him back his old melon.' Not many boys would have been heroic, would a clearly had seen the right and so sternly have resolved to do it. The moment reached that resolution I felt a strange uplift. One always feels an uplift when he turns from wrong to righteousness.

I arose, spiritually strengthened, renewed and refreshed, and in the strength of the refreshment carried back the watermelon—that is, I carried back what was left of it—and made him give me a ripe one.

"But I had a duty toward that farmer as well as to myself. I was as severe on him as the circumstances deserved. I did not spare him. I told him he ought to be ashamed of himself giving his—his customers green melons. And he was ashamed. He said he was. He said he felt as badly about it as I did. In that he was mistaken. He hadn't eaten an ounce of the melon. I told him that the instance was bad enough, but asked him to consider what would become of him if this should become a habit with him. I pictured his future. And I saved him

I pictured his future. And I saved him. He thanked me and promised to do better.

Farmer's First False Step.

"We should always labor thus with those who have taken the wrong road. Very likely this was the farmer's first false step. He had not gone far, but he had put his foot on the downward incline. Happily, at this moment a friend appeared—a friend who stretched out a helping hand and held him back. Others might have hesitated, have shrunk from speaking to him of his error. I did not hesitate nor shrink. And it is one of the gratifications of my life that I can look back on what I did for that man in his hour of need.

"The blessing came. He went home with a bright face to his rejoicing wife and I—I got a ripe melon. I trust it was with him as it was with me. Reform with me was no transient emotion, no passing episode, no Philadelphia uprising. It was permanent. Since that day I have never stolen a water—never stolen a green watermelon."

MARK TWAIN SAILS FOR OXFORD HONORS

To be Made a Doctor of Literature
by the English
University.

TELLS OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Humorist Says It Will Make Some
Persons "Sit Up and Take
Notice."

Samuel L. Clemens, known to everybody best as "Mark Twain," sailed for England yesterday on the Atlantic Transport liner Minneapolis. On June 26 he will receive from Oxford University the degree of Doctor of Literature, though, as he remarked, that did not mean that he intended to doctor literature.

Mr. Clemens did not wear his famous white suit, and there was a faint suspicion of moisture in his eyes as he declared that this might be his last visit to London.

"I may never go to London again," he said, "until I come back to this sphere again after I am dead, and then I would like to live in London. I spent seven years there, and I am going back to see the boys."

"Do you enjoy idleness?" he was asked.

"Splendidly. I put in two hours a day dictating my autobiography, but I don't want it published until after I am dead. And I want to be thoroughly dead when it is published. No rumors, but really dead. I have made it caustic, flenish, and as devilish as I possibly can. It might be what you call a sensation, for I have spared no one. It will occupy many volumes, and I will go right on writing until I am called to the angels and receive a harp.

"The story of my life will make certain people sit up and take notice, but I will use my influence not to have it published until the children of some of those mentioned in it are dead. I tell you it will be something awful. It will be what you might call good reading."

"Have you included all of Mrs. Eddy's friends?"

"Yes, you will find them all there all right."

At this point the author fished a dilapidated cigar from his pocket and finding it of no use threw it overboard, declaring that he would not smoke again. A moment later he begged a cigar from a friend.

A number of Mr. Clemens's friends hunted for him, quite overlooking him as he stood at the rail. Finally they caught sight of him, and after salutations had been exchanged said: "Where is the white suit? We had been looking for the suit and quite overlooked you."

"Well," said the author, "I have discarded the suit for the moment, but your fears may be set at rest, for I am going to wear it again. I am wearing this overcoat to keep out the heat which isn't here, and as for the style of my clothes they are always selected with due regard to my peculiar style of beauty."

Mr. Clemens will return on the Minneapolis.

SHAW MEETS TWAIN AND EXPLAINS HIM

English Reporters Learn That He
Always Writes with Serious Intent.

THEY TAKE COPIOUS NOTES

And Twain Tells Them How He Goes
Through His Day and Other
Things.

Special Cablegram.

Copyright, 1907, by THE NEW YORK TIMES CO.
LONDON, June 18.—“A number of these pests,” said Bernard Shaw to Mark Twain, indicating by a gesture that he was referring to a great congregation of English newspaper reporters who stood about him and Twain in a great circle, “just asked me whether you were really serious when you wrote ‘The Jumping Frog.’”

Thus was opened a brief conversation that followed the introduction of Mr. Shaw to Mr. Clemens by Prof. Victor H. Henderson. Mr. Clemens had come to receive a degree from Oxford University. Prof. Henderson had crossed with him on the Minneapolis and had come up to London with him on the boat express. Mr. Shaw had come to St. Pancras station to meet Prof. Henderson, who is an old friend of his.

“Yes,” Shaw went on, “these pests asked me that, and I told them what I thought to be the truth.”

“No doubt,” broke in Twain, “I’m sure that you did me full justice. I have every confidence that I was quite safe in your hands.”

“Certainly you were,” asserted Mr. Shaw. “I told them that I had read everything good that you had written, and I was able to give them the fullest assurance that you always wrote seriously.”

“Mr. Shaw,” said Twain, “I assure you that I can return the compliment.”

“Mr. Shaw,” said Twain, “I assure you that I can return the compliment.” With this Twain winked at the English journalists, who at once burst into laughter that somewhat disturbed Mr. Shaw’s equanimity. He did not know that Twain was loaded.

Just as the merriment was subsiding, a nondescript individual with a basket under his arm broke through the journalistic circle and invited attention to a young bull pup.

“‘Arf a guinea buys ‘im, Guv’nor,” he insinuatingly remarked to Mr. Shaw. “‘Arf a guinea, only two dollars ‘n ‘arf for the best bull pup in England. Larst one I’ve got, Guv’nor.”

“I’m not an American,” protested Mr. Shaw. “Sell him to Twain. He has got American money.”

But Twain, although he deeply longed for the bull pup, resisted the temptation to buy. Directly he had got rid of the pup peddler, he bade good-bye to Mr. Shaw and moved to a cab. By that time he had been more than three hours under the examination and cross-examination of the newspaper men, but he was not tired. He seemed to enjoy every minute of the time.

It was my fortune to meet him on the deck of the Minneapolis while he was taking his ante-breakfast promenade. I gave him the latest copies of THE NEW YORK TIMES and received his thanks.

“I always like to read THE NEW YORK TIMES,” he said. “It prints only the news that’s fit to print, and as I have been told I am in my second childhood, I like to read a paper which I know will not exert any contaminating influence on me. Old men cannot be too careful, you know.”

Before he could say any more the London reporters got at him, every man with a notebook in his hand. Twain had a delightful time with them. They fired all sorts of questions at him, and he fired back all sorts of answers, every one of which was religiously recorded in the note books.

“Is the world growing better?” one youthful scribe inquired, and Twain solemnly answered.

“Yes, I think so. You know, I have been here almost seventy-two years, and—but, really, you must not ask me

and—but, really, you must not ask me to say more on this subject. I am a very modest man, and prefer not to speak of my achievements.”

Some of the other questions reminded me of passages in “Innocents Abroad.”

In the course of the morning Twain gave out a new scheme according to which he regulated his daily life. He asked the reporters to be very careful to take down his words accurately, as the publication of the scheme might be brought to be helpful to others.

“Every morning,” said he, “as soon as I’m up, I smoke a cigar, and then have breakfast at 8 o’clock. After breakfast I smoke another cigar, and then go back to bed. At half past 10 I smoke another cigar and start dictating to my stenographer. I finish at 12 o’clock, and doze off till 1. I smoke another cigar and eat lunch. Then I go back to bed and read what the newspapers have to say about me. I smoke more cigars until half past 6. Then three assistants dress me for dinner, evening parties, &c., after which I associate with elite society till 1 o’clock in the morning. I never go to bed till my daughter turns out the lights, and then I smoke in the dark.

“My constitution is improving all the time.”

MARK TWAIN LONDON'S LION.

**He Is Inundated with Invitations, but
Won't Tire Himself Out.**

LONDON, June 19.—Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens) is receiving as much attention as would a European potentate. The newspapers are devoting columns to his sayings and doings, and he has been inundated with invitations, many of which he has reluctantly been forced to decline, as he is determined not to tire himself out. His engagement book is already filled up with acceptances, chiefly for quiet luncheons and dinners with personal friends, while his afternoons will be spent resting and driving in the parks of London.

Mr. Clemens's engagements include a bachelors' dinner, to be given by Ambassador Reid on June 21; The Pilgrims' luncheon, on June 25; the Lord Mayor's dinner at the Savage Club, on June 29, and the dinner of the American Society on July 4. He will give a dinner in honor of the Earl and Countess of Portsmouth on July 5.

Mr. Clemens will also be entertained by the Lord Mayor of Liverpool before his departure. He will go to Oxford on June 25, remaining there until the 29th. He will lunch with the Chancellor of the University after the conferring of the degree, and on the following day there will be a dinner in his honor. On June 28 the Rhodes scholars will give a reception to Mr. Clemens. In his own words, he "will break the Sabbath" by spending the afternoon of June 23 with Archdeacon Wilberforce.

TWAIN STARTLES LONDON.

Strolls in Bathrobe and Bare Legs
from Hotel for a Plunge.

Special Cablegram.

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LONDON, June 20.—Mark Twain exhibited himself as an eccentric to-day, and every staid Londoner who witnessed the exhibition fairly gasped. A little after 8 o'clock this morning he appeared in the foyer of Brown's Hotel garbed in a blue bathrobe and slippers, with about three inches of bare legs showing.

A slight, elderly gentleman, with bushy, white hair, in this unconventional costume, startled the patrons of the hotel and worried the employes tremendously, but Mark Twain coolly surveyed those who were staring at him, and, accompanied by his secretary, R. W. Ashcroft, walked out of the front door of the hotel into Dover Street.

The sidewalks were thronged with pretty shop girls on their way to work. They stopped short and gazed in astonishment at the great American humorist as he made his way toward the Bath Club, nearly opposite the hotel.

After his bath Mark Twain returned to his hotel in his three-piece costume of one bathrobe and two slippers, and had the pleasure of making a lot more people open their eyes very wide. The manager of the hotel was aghast as he saw Twain enter the hotel, but didn't make a fuss. His feeling was that a great man like Mark Twain must be allowed to do as he pleases.

Mark Twain professed to wonder at the excitement he had caused. "I simply wanted to take a bath," he said, "and did the same thing I'd often done at the seaside. London is a sort of seaside town, isn't it?"

Mark Twain to-morrow will renew his acquaintance with King Edward, having a special invitation to the King's great garden party at Windsor. He met King Edward first a number of years ago in Homburg, where the King had a jolly laugh with him over a passage in one of his books in which he commented on the fact that Edward, at that time Prince of Wales, had passed him on the Strand without stopping for a chat with him. The Prince, he later explained, was in a carriage, while he was on top of a penny 'bus.

Secretary Ashcroft and two assistants were as busy as bees to-day answering communications from public bodies, public men, and personal friends of Mark Twain, who desire to entertain him. There could be no better evidence of his great popularity in England.

MARK TWAIN IS REID'S GUEST.

Ambassador Invites a Distinguished Company to Meet Him.

LONDON, June 21.—Ambassador Reid gave a dinner to Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens) at Dorchester House this evening.

The guests included John Hicks, the American Minister to Chile; Lord Tennyson, President of the Royal Literary Fund; Sir Edward John Poynter, President of the Royal Academy; Sir Ernest Waterlow, President of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colors; Sir George D. Goldie, President of the Royal Geographical Society; Lord Glenesk, President of the Newspaper Press Fund; Sir George Reid, ex-President of the Royal Scottish Academy; Prof. Hubert Von Herkomer, R. A.; Alfred Austin, the Poet Laureate; Lord MacNaughton, Treasurer of Lincoln's Inn; Edward Cooper Willis, Treasurer of the Inner Temple; Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Anthony Hope Hawkins, Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, Edwin Austin Abbey, Sidney Lee, Henry W. Lucy, ("Toby, M. P.") August Belmont, Bram Stoker, O. J. W. Comyns Carr, Isaac N. Ford, Harry Brittain, John R. Carter, Secretary of the American Embassy, and the editors of several of the London papers.

There were no speeches at the dinner. Later the guests inspected the pictures and other treasures of Dorchester House.

The staff of Punch is arranging a special dinner in honor of Mark Twain. The date has not yet been fixed.

TWAIN AMUSES KING AND QUEEN

**Tells Jokes to Edward and Would
Buy Windsor Grounds
from Alexandra.**

MEETS SIAM'S RULER, TOO

**Offers to Speak for Bashful Prince
Arthur of Connaught—Many No-
tables at Garden Party.**

LONDON, June 22.—Mark Twain was the centre of attraction at the King's garden party at Windsor this afternoon, and besides meeting the King and the royal party, had a handshake with several hundred notables in the course of the afternoon. Upon his return from the garden party he declared that he was not a bit tired, and had thoroughly enjoyed himself.

He was accompanied to Windsor by John Henniker Heaton, the "Father of Imperial Penny Postage," who introduced him to many of the King's guests on his way to the party, including Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Fridtjof Nansen, Sir Henry Mortimer Durand, and Ellen Terry. He heartily congratulated Miss Terry on her recent marriage, the two shaking hands enthusiastically.

After tea, which was served on the lawn, Ambassador Reid presented Mark Twain to King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and the King and the humorist spent a quarter of an hour in conversation, the King laughing heartily at Twain's jokes. The Queen also joined in the conversation, and was much amused when Twain jokingly asked if he could buy the Windsor Castle grounds from her Majesty. Then the King called on him to meet the other guests. He introduced Twain to the King of Siam, the Duke of Connaught, Prince Arthur of Connaught, and others.

Prince Arthur is to receive a degree at Oxford at the same time as the American humorist, and the Prince remarked that he would collapse if called upon for a speech. Thereupon Twain offered to undertake to speak for him.

Mark Twain wore the regulation frock

coat and silk hat at the garden party. Speaking of his reception there, he said:

"His Majesty was very courteous. In the course of the conversation I reminded him of an episode sixteen years ago, when I had the honor to walk a mile with him when he was taking the waters at Homburg. I said I had often told about that episode, and that whenever I was the historian I made good history of it and it was worth listening to, but that it had found its way into print once or twice in unauthentic ways and had been badly damaged there. I added that I should like to go on repeating this history, but that I should be quite fair and reasonably honest, and while I should probably never tell the story twice in the same way, I should at least never allow it to deteriorate at my hands."

"His Majesty intimated his willingness that I should continue to disseminate that piece of history and added a compliment, saying that he knew good and sound history would not suffer at my hands and that if this good and sound history needed any improvements beyond the facts he would trust me to furnish those embellishments."

"I think it is no exaggeration to say that the Queen looks as young and beautiful as she did thirty-five years ago, when I saw her first. I didn't say this to her, because I learned long ago never to say an obvious thing, but to leave an obvious thing to commonplace and inexperienced people to say."

"That she still looks to me as young and beautiful as she looked thirty-five years ago is good evidence that 10,000 people already have noticed this and have mentioned it to her. I could have said it and spoken the truth, but I have been too wise for that. I have kept the remark unuttered, and that has saved her Majesty the vexation of hearing it for the ten thousandth and one time."

"All that report about my proposal to buy Windsor Castle and its grounds is a false rumor—I started it myself."

Mr. Clemens has announced that he will be a passenger on the steamer Minnetonka sailing for New York July 13. This prolongation of his stay abroad has enabled him to accept a few of the hundreds of invitations that are pouring in on him. The staff of Punch invited him to a dinner at the Savoy on July 9, but he intimated his preference to dine in the famous Punch Room at the Punch offices, and the dinner will be given there. Mr. Clemens considers this one of the greatest honors of his visit.

HIS HAT ON BEFORE KING.

Mark Twain Kept Covered, but by the
Queen's Order.

Special Cablegram.

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LONDON, June 23.—“Is it true that you kept your hat on when you met the King yesterday, and slapped him on the back while you were talking and laughing with him?” I asked Mark Twain this afternoon, directing his attention to a paragraph in a London Sunday paper, in which these solecisms were good-naturedly alleged against him.

“I'll tell you just what took place,” said Mark Twain. “When I renewed my acquaintance with the Queen I took off my hat and made my lowest bow. ‘Put on your hat; put on your hat,’ said the Queen, fearing, I suppose, I'd catch cold. But I didn't obey her, and we continued our conversation, I remaining uncovered.

“Presently the Queen told me again to put on my hat, and her tone was such that I couldn't, with gallantry, longer disregard her injunction.

“Almost immediately thereafter I was presented to King Edward, and, remembering the Queen's command, kept my hat on. I didn't feel at liberty to do anything different.”

“And did you slap the King on the back?”

“No; of course I didn't. The King put his hand on my arm, and, not to be outdone, even by a sovereign, I went a bit higher and laid my hand on his shoulder. Each of us meant to honor the other in this laying on of hands.”

Mark Twain has received a number of letters from English people who don't understand his humor, or, rather, the sorry remains of it that get into their newspapers through the medium of the English reporters. After showing me several letters of this sort he had received, in some of which he is strongly upbraided, Mark Twain smilingly remarked:

“It all comes to this: England is the home of wit; America the home of humor.”

33. June 25, 1907 - TWAIN IN THE COMMONS

TWAIN IN THE COMMONS.

Listens to Debate and Holds Informal Reception In Lobbies.

LONDON, June 24.—Mark Twain spent the afternoon in the House of Commons and listened to the debate on the House of Lords from the Ambassadors' gallery. From there he made his way to the lobbies, where he held an informal reception, meeting numerous members of the House, including David Lloyd-George, the President of the Board of Trade, and Winston Spencer Churchill, Under Secretary for the Colonies.

Premier Campbell-Bannerman invited Mark Twain to his private room, where they conversed together for some time.

34. June 26, 1907 - MARK TWAIN HUMOR APPROVED BY PUNCH & PILGRIMS HONOR MARK TWAIN

MARK TWAIN HUMOR APPROVED BY PUNCH
A Big Cartoon Dedicated to Him and the Staff Will Dine Him.

GUEST OF THE PILGRIMS
Notable Luncheon Given, to Which 1,000 Notable Vainly Ask to be Bidden.

Special Cablegram.

Copyright, 1907, by THE NEW YORK TIMES CO.

LONDON, June 25. - Mark Twain will go back to America duly certificated [sic] as a humorist. Punch, which regards Americans generally as lacking in the sense of humor, does not consider Mark Twain deficient in that respect. He is one of their own kind. The Punch people think, and they are kittening to him with their whole hearts. They exhibit their feeling for him in a full page cartoon in today's issue, which is dedicated to him. Mark Twain appears seated at a table, on which stands a big steaming punch bowl. Mr. Punch, who is placed in the foreground, drinks to Mark Twain's health, the toast being:

"Sir, I honor myself by drinking to your health. Long life to you and happiness and perpetual youth."

Mark Twain expects to have a grand time at a dinner which The Punch people will give to him. They asked him which he would rather do, "Go to a hotel and have something decent to eat," or dine at the famous Long Table in Punch's office. He voted unanimously for the Long Table.

London literary folk are rather amused at the announcement that Mark Twain will dine on Saturday at Stratford with Marie Corelli, but I am told that he will find in Miss Corelli one of the his warmest admirers and most appreciative readers.

PILGRIMS HONOR MARK TWAIN

Notable Luncheon Given and a Tribute Heartily Cheered.

LONDON, June 25.—The finest tribute which Mark Twain has received in England was the Pilgrims' luncheon to-day. The hosts numbered 150, many of whose names are known on both sides of the Atlantic. Two notable speeches were made, that of Mr. Birrell, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and the reply of Mark Twain.

In the centre of the table was a plaster statue of Mark Twain in Pilgrim's robes, holding a mammoth pen and leading a frog by a string.

There were only two toasts, "King Edward and the President of the United States," and "Our Guest, Mark Twain."

Mr. Birrell, in proposing the latter toast, said that Samuel L. Clemens was known to all good men and women in both hemispheres, and to all boys and girls who are good for anything as Mark Twain. All loved him and were there to tell him so. He wasn't going to say what the world a thousand years hence would think of Twain, but he was speaking for the men and women of to-day and their children to say what Twain had been to them.

He remembered in 1867 buying a copy of "The Jumping Frog," in the preface of which Twain was described as "The Wild Humorist of the Pacific Slope," and "The Moralist of the Main." But the author had proved to be an influence in dissipating national prejudice and would leave the world richer than he had found it. This tribute brought the company to its feet with loud cheering.

Mr. Clemens, replying, said that Secretary Birrell had touched very lightly upon his position as a moralist. He was glad to be recognized as such, because he had suffered since he had been in England. When he came here, he said, he saw a placard reading "Mark Twain Arrives—The Ascot Cup is Stolen." He had no doubt that his character had suffered thereby. He was quite sincere in his protest, as he never got the cup because he never had a chance to get it.

In a bantering mood he told story after story, until becoming more serious, he referred to the loss of his daughter.

"I have received since arriving hundreds and hundreds of letters from all conditions of people in England," he said in conclusion. "There is compliment and praise in them, but above all, there is the note of affection, and affection is the most precious reward a man can desire, whether for character or achievement. These letters make me feel that in England, as in America, I am not a stranger, not an alien, but at home."

Owen Seaman, editor of Punch, contributed these verses:

Pilot of many pilgrims since the boat, Mark Twain,
That serves you for a deathless sign, on Missis-
sippi's waterway
Rang out over the plummet's line.

Still, where the countless ripples laugh above
The blue of balcyon seas,
Long may you keep your course unbroken,
Buoyed upon a love ten thousand fathoms deep.

A telegram of congratulation, signed "The Undergraduates of Oxford," was read, as was another from the New York Pilgrims.

The presence of Mr. Birrell and many other Members of Parliament was particularly complimentary, because they were obliged to absent themselves from one of the most important and most interesting debates of the session. Other persons present included notables in official, civil, and artistic life.

The committee in charge of the luncheon was obliged to refuse the applications of nearly a thousand persons of prominence who were anxious to attend.

MARK TWAIN, D. LITT., OXON.

Students Give a Great Ovation to Him
—Degree for Mr. Reid Also.

OXFORD, June 26.—Together with thirty men distinguished in politics, art, science, or letters, including Premier Campbell-Bannerman, Lord Chancellor Loreburn, the Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. Lowther; Gen. Booth, Rudyard Kipling, and the Archbishop of Armagh, Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens) received a university degree to-day in the Sheldonian Theatre, the scene of many notable gatherings.

The theatre was crowded with university dignitaries in their robes of office, students, and many visitors, including Ambassador Whitelaw Reid and numerous other Americans. Lord Curzon of Kedleston, Chancellor of the university, presided and did much to enliven the proceedings, which ordinarily, with the exception of the undergraduates' chaffing, are rather dull.

Mr. Reid was cheered on entering the Theatre, but the great ovation was reserved for Mark Twain, who was the lion of the occasion. Every one rose when he was escorted up the aisle and he was applauded for a quarter of an hour. When Dr. Ingram Bywater, Regius Professor of Greek, presented the American humorist to the convocation, the students started a fire of chaff about his books and their heroes, mixed with frequent questions, such as "Where is your white suit?" Mark Twain said afterward that he wanted to reply, but was determined to observe the etiquette, which demands that recipients of degrees be silent.

Ambassador Reid received the degree of Doctor of Civil Laws, as did Gen. Booth, the warmth of whose reception was exceeded only by that accorded to Mark Twain. The crowd waited outside the building to cheer Mark Twain, as, wearing the scarlet robes of a Doctor of Letters, he marched in procession to the Chancellor's residence, where those who had been honored by the bestowal of degrees were entertained at luncheon.

GREAT PAGEANT AT OXFORD.

Mark Twain Delighted—Three Thousand Performers Engaged.

OXFORD, June 27.—Mark Twain was an interested spectator to-day at the opening of the elaborate pageant illustrative of events in the history of Oxford and the university, which occupied seven months in preparation and in the rehearsal of which some 3,000 performers were engaged. The spectacle was favored by fine weather and was pronounced the most brilliant and effective of the kind ever held.

Chancellor Curzon, with the officials of the university in their robes, conducted the distinguished guests, including Mark Twain and Rudyard Kipling, to the grounds where the pageant was presented. Sixteen scenes, illustrating a thousand years of history, the arrangement of which has been in the hands of some of Oxford's best scholars and writers, including Stanley J. Weyman, Laurence Housman, and A. T. Quiller-Couch, formed a beautiful spectacle of pictorial imaginative drama. Mark Twain said afterward:

"It was beyond anything I had imagined. I never meant to journey over any sea again except at my own funeral, but I would cross the Atlantic twice to see it."

37. June 30, 1907 - MARK TWAIN LIVING UP TO HIS DEGREE, (June 30, 1907) MARK TWAIN'S EXPERIENCES IN THE HANDS OF BRITISH INTERVIEWERS, (June 30, 1907) BANQUET TO MARK TWAIN & MARK TWAIN'S SERIOUS SIDE

MARK TWAIN LIVING UP TO HIS DEGREE

Honor Conferred Upon Him by
Oxford Seems to Have
Sobered Him.

IS EXCESSIVELY SOLEMN

Says England's Welcome Has Im-
pressed Him Greatly—Calls Cere-
mony at Oxford Beautiful.

Special Cablegram.

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LONDON, June 29.—When I saw Mark Twain at Oxford the day after he had received his degree he seemed to have been converted into a very sober man. Maybe he has recovered by this time, but on Thursday he acted as though he thought that something really serious had happened him when Oxford University dubbed him "Dr. Samuel Langhorne Clemens." He seemed to have determined to live up to the dignity of his new title.

I met Dr. Clemens at the home of Robert P. Porter, where he was most charmingly entertained all through his stay at Oxford. It was high noon and the doctor had just come downstairs after sleeping off the weariness of being burdened and weighed down with honors. He was a changed man, quite different from the Mark Twain who had cracked jokes at the Pilgrims' luncheon two days before. He was excessively solemn even for an American humorist off duty. When I asked for his impressions of the great reception given to him in England, the doctor was not disposed to banter or indulge in airy quips.

"Naturally," he replied, in a most deliberate manner, "I was much impressed by my reception here. However, I have refused to be interviewed up to this point, and don't feel any more like it now than before."

The doctor paused and gazed at me stonily, but his austere manner seemed to give way a bit as once more he remarked: "Naturally, I am much impressed."

'impressed.'

A gleam of humor shone in his eyes as he said to me:

"'Naturally' is a good word. Take it down."

But if he had a sudden impulse to indulge his humor, he promptly suppressed it, and, becoming once more the solemn Dr. Clemens, went on to say:

"The ceremony was all most venerable and beautiful, and I was greatly moved by it. I have met hundreds of people here and have been touched, deeply touched, by all their various welcomes. They have all greeted me with great heartiness. From the Sheldonian Theatre, where the degrees were conferred, to All Souls, where luncheon was served, the way was lined with spectators. Of all things, I was most moved to see how the walk was walled in with people of both sexes and all classes."

That was all the doctor had to say about Oxford. He went on to make a modest explanation of the familiarity of the English people with his writings.

"The actual number of my books circulating here may well be greater than in America," he said. "The reason is the difference in price. A book costs a shilling or two here and a dollar or two in America."

The doctor appears to be enduring the strain of continued excitement remarkably well. The rest he had at Mr. Porter's quiet home no doubt did him good. They took good care of him there, but not without considerable effort, for the house was besieged by would-be visitors and interviewers. The hero of the hour, besides many letters of congratulation, has received hosts of begging letters and letters from poor authors.

Mrs. Porter told me that the butler, at a neighboring house at which Mark Twain dined on Thursday had bought and read all Mark Twain's books. "I am delighted to think I shall have the honor of serving him at dinner," said the butler.

MARK TWAIN'S EXPERIENCES IN THE HANDS OF BRITISH INTERVIEWERS.

These Strive Earnestly to be Funny, but Probably Don't Realize Just How Funny They Are
Painful Account of How Shaw and Mark Twain Met and What One Said to the Other

Once more has the Innocent Gone Abroad and been delivered into the hands of Interviewers. It was while faring to London, where he was to receive a degree, which Oxford had conferred upon him, that he fell among them.

The British reporters who had met the Minneapolis, the vessel which had borne him from these shores, give widely varying accounts of what he said and how he said it. One represents him as talking in a dialect that neither Huckleberry Finn nor Tom Sawyer nor Uncle Mumford, not even the man who had corrupted Hadleyburg, could understand.

According to one chronicler he carried a plug of tobacco in his "pistol pocket," from which he bit off a "chew" from time to time and expectorated wide and large. But this interviewer was probably very young. One calls him the "playboy of the Western World," whatever that may mean, and another concedes that he is "quite amusing." Several insist that the smileless humorist "laughed long and loud" over some questions that were put to him, and while many of these were sufficiently mirth provoking, there is somehow a false ring in the description. But think of the author of "The Jumping Frog" being seriously asked by a serious Briton scribe if he was in a serious mood when he wrote it and to explain - the plot!

It will interest many to know that Mark Twain has become "big and boisterous" since leaving these shores a few weeks ago. The Express says: "One must see this big, boisterous man, with the red-veined cheeks of health and the little gray-blue eyes sparkling with the light of laughter, half hidden under the drooping bristles of his eyebrows, to appreciate why he can afford to joke even with death. He is 72, and any insurance company, one would hazard, would take him to-day as a 'first-class life,' and be glad of the opportunity.

"I think the funeral is going to be a great thing. I shall be there," he drawled. "I'm stopping for the Oxford pageant, and I guess I shall pick up a few hints from it. I only wish I could make it last six days," he mused, ruefully.

"Shall I have a band? Land! I shall have fifty bands, falling over one another at every fifty yards, and each playing a different tune. It'll be a showy funeral, with plenty of liquor for the guests. I shall issue invitation cards something like this: "The late Mr. Mark Twain requests the pleasure of _____'s company. Mourning dress." I haven't decided on the route yet, but it will be somewhere in a parallel latitude. Why, there was a lady on board asked me to come to her wedding. "Yes," I replied, "I will, if you'll come to my funeral." I told her all about it, and now she's quite eager for it to happen."

This classic is from The Press, also of London:

"Mark Twain leant against the bulwarks [sic] of the Minneapolis and faced the reporters.

"Waal," said Mark Twain, chewing his plug of tobacco, "that reminds me * * *"

"Mark Twain, (Samuel Clemens,) the bright young humorist, who arrived yesterday, stated to a Press representative that the voyage had been excellent. He was hoping to make a short but pleasant stay in England. In answer to a question Mr. Twain stated that he liked England; he had views on Christian Science which he preferred to keep to himself, and on the Congo, which he hoped would go no further, * * *

"Because, he complains, the interviewer cannot really convey to the reader the little subtleties of conversation that mean so much more than words."

The little subtleties!

"Our Special Representative" of The Pall Mall Gazette was waiting at the Tilbury station when into it walked the tall picturesque figure of George Bernard Shaw.

"You have come," I asked, addressing Mr. Shaw, "to meet Mark Twain?"

"Mark Twain?" he exclaimed in surprise; "no, I have not come to meet Mark Twain; I have come to meet Prof. Henderson."

"And who is Prof. Henderson?"

"Prof. Archibald Henderson, Professor of Mathematics of the University of North Carolina. He is writing my biography, and has come over to find out something about me."

"At this point Mr. Clemens was told that Mr. Shaw was on the platform meeting a friend who had come by the same boat.

"Yes, I know," Mr. Clemens said. "I want to see him."

"In the meantime can you," he was asked, "tell us what you think of Mr. Shaw?"

"I never give an opinion," was the reply, "unless I have studied and formed an opinion from my own deduction, and not from any one else's."

"While one of the party went in search of Mr. Shaw I asked Mr. Clemens whether he is now engaged on any new work.

"I don't write anything now," he replied, "but I dictate my autobiography for one or two hours a day, five days in the week, and that is sufficient to keep me alive and keep the blood in circulation."

"When will it be finished?"

"Just when they send for the undertaker, and not any sooner."

"We all hope that will be very, very far off," we said.

"Waal," said Mr. Clemens, "I don't know. Palmists, clairvoyants, seers, and others kinds of fortune tellers all tell me that I am going to die, and I have the utmost admiration for their prediction. Perhaps they would convince me a little more of its truth if they told me the date. But I don't care so much about that. It was enough to know, on their authority, I was gong to die. I at once went and got insured.

"By this time Mr. Shaw had been found, and the great American humorist and the distinguished English

dramatist, meeting for the first time, shook hand very heartily, and showed how pleased they were to see each other.

"While I have been waiting," were Mr. Shaw's first words to Mr. Clemens, 'the representatives of the press have been asking me whether you were really serious when you wrote "The Jumping Frog."' "Mr. Clemens laughed very heartily, and Mr. Shaw said he hoped he had answered correctly in telling them that he thought it was meant to be amusing."

Here is another impressionist's view:

"We trooped to the ship's side, and as we walked the photographers darted in, presented their cameras, and fired.

"Why, you're even worse than the reporters," said the genial Mark. My characteristic smile? Well, I usually charge extra for that. But here you are.'

"Taking off his hat Mr. Clemens posed, and the cameras fired a volley. But they only got a photograph. No camera could ever have snapped up an impression of that great old man, with his intellectual face crowned with a mass of white luxurious hair. A humorist? Say rather a prophet. Somehow or other even the large cigar that Mr. Clemens slowly extracted from his waistcoat pocket did not spoil the picture.

"How many cigars a day you smoke, Mr. Clemens?"

"As many as I can get for six dollars a barrel."

"No, I'm afraid I can't say anything more about Mrs. Eddy. I said it all five years ago. She was constituted like some people. When I say a thing I've no further use for it.'

"The conversation drifted to gramophones.

"I don't mind them away back two or three rooms," remarked Mr. Clemens, 'but I don't like to be close beside them when they're talking through their teeth. They never really represent the human voice, and for that reason I've always declined to talk a record into one.'

"Next we asked him how he spent his day.

"Mr. Clemens believes in plenty of sleep. 'I get as much rest as I can. I'm doing very little writing now - nothing beyond my biography. When shall I have that written? When the undertaker calls. But most of my books is done through dictation. I give it an hour and a half each day, from 10 o'clock in the morning till 11:30. The arrangement has this advantage: One need not be out of bed to dictate. However, I'm always up for lunch, but it is not long before I am again resting.

"For a man of my age rest is essential. I believe in giving way to the body as soon as it feels tired, just as I always obey my eyes when they suggest sleep. For dinner in the evening I always dress, but 11 o'clock generally sees me in bed, where I read and smoke till, perhaps, 1 o'clock in the morning.

"And what am I reading? Just the five or six books I've been reading all my life.'

"Are you as fond of encyclopaedias as ever?"

"Just as fond."

"And when are you coming to London again?"

"As soon as you offer me another degree."

"Going to Italy any more?"

"No, I sha'n't go to Italy. Since my last attempt to reform the Italian language I understand there have been difficulties with the police.'

"Mr. Clemens,' solemnly said the youngest of the journalists, 'do you think the world's improving?'

"Well, now, that's difficult to answer.' Puff, puff, puff, went the cigar while Mark Twain thought about the world. Then he said slowly, 'I think I can safely say this, that my latest impressions of it are better than my first.' To the Graphic's man Mark confessed that he would stay in England for about a fortnight. He wanted to see the processions at Oxford.

"Asked, What do you think of the great pageants?' Mr. Clemens answer, 'I have never seen one.'

"But what do you think of the idea?' 'Oh, the idea is a good one; an excellent idea.'

"Don't you have them in America at all?' Why, yes. In 1876, you know, they had a series at the hundredth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, and then, just as it happened here, any town or place that had some events in its history that connected it with the American Revolution, they all followed one after the other. That was in our hundredth year; but you are in your thousands. It is good, you know, to revive history and impress the people. It does not take us long, for there is not much of it, but you have got to concentrate in six days the history of a thousand years.' "

A writer in The Chronicle pays to Mark this appreciative tribute:

"I remember noting, a little over a year ago, in a New York club, a token of the regard in which Mark Twain is held. The club was one of authors, actors, artists, and journalists - the New York equivalent of the Garrick.

One does not look for much ceremony in such a club, yet when Mark Twain came in to lunch he was escorted to the table with every circumstance of attention, and the whole company, in which there was hardly a man without distinction, rose to greet him, and remained standing till he had taken his seat. It was a little incident, but a very significant one. No man could wish for a more genuine compliment than one, which violated the privileged informality of club etiquette.

"Americans feel Mark Twain to be the incarnation of their National spirit. His humor is all American; so, too, is the largeness of his charity and his indomitable common sense and the freshness of heart and feelings which lies beneath his show of cynicism. So, too, is his capacity for crusading, his spiritual hardness, his idealizing faith in women and democracy, his touch of misanthropy, the ferocity of his sarcasm. More than any man living has Mark Twain made the world laugh. But his humor has always been on the side of the angels. He has giped at much, but never at anything that made for goodness and nobility. And though it is as a humorist that he will be remembered, though one's thoughts go first of all a the mention of his name to the 'Jumping Frog' and his immortal tussle with the German language and the duel in the 'Tramp Abroad,' I believe an even higher claim might be made out for him as a delineator, a very Homer, of boyhood and as

a weaver of historical romances of an extraordinarily high imaginative delicacy.

"Papa," said his 14-year-old daughter, "can make exceedingly bright jokes, and he enjoys funny things, and when he is with people he jokes and laughs a great deal, but still he is more interested in earnest books and earnest subjects to talk upon than in humorous ones. * * * He is as much of a philosopher as anything, I think. I think he could have done a great deal in this direction if he had studied while young, for he seems to enjoy reasoning out things, no matter what."

"I do not know whether Mark Twain has brought his famous white suit with him. But in any case, if in the

course of the next few days you see on the streets of London a man with a vast mane of gray hair, blue eyes challenging beneath heavy, puckered brows, a grizzled mustache veiling a mouth of equal strength and sensitiveness, with a fine steadfast conquering look about him, and a drawl of incomparable softness - take off your hat to him with reverence, for he is Mark Twain."

In the Tribune Douglas Story became reminiscent and recalled how it had happened "in the course of a varied journalistic life to be told off on only three occasions to interview a man. On each occasion it has been the same man. On each occasion it has been Mark Twain.

BANQUET TO MARK TWAIN.

**Given by the Lord Mayor of London
—Twain Visits Miss Corelli.**

LONDON, June 29.—Mark Twain was the guest of honor to-night at a banquet at the Mansion House, at which the Lord Mayor had as his guests 250 members of the Savage Club and others, including Lord Chief Justice Alverstone, Dr. Nansen, and Sir William S. Gilbert.

Mark Twain, replying to a toast to the honorary life members of the Savage Club, entertained the guests with several stories of American humor, which highly amused them. In concluding, he touched a more serious note, saying:

"And now I am going home in a week or two, across the ocean once more. I came over to get an honorary degree from Oxford. I would have encompassed the seven seas for an honor like that—the greatest honor that has ever fallen to my share.

"Well, I am young in spirit, but old in flesh, and it is not likely that I shall ever see England again, but I go with the recollection of a gracious, kindly welcome, for which I am grateful."

Mark Twain continues, after King Edward, to be the most prominent personage in England. To-day he visited Marie Corelli at Stratford-on-Avon. A crowd welcomed the American humorist at the railroad station on his arrival there from Oxford, cheered him, and followed his carriage as it drove away.

Wherever Mark Twain goes his admirers follow him, shaking hands and begging for autographs, and the newspapers chronicle his every movement and saying, while the weeklies, even those printed in foreign languages, publish sketches of him.

Mark Twain's Serious Side.
From The London Reader.

It is curious that Mark Twain never discovered that he was anything but a "funny man" until he had come to middle age, and never found his real seriousness until he was old in years, but still young in enthusiasm.

38. July 10, 1907 - PUNCH DINES MARK TWAIN

PUNCH DINES MARK TWAIN.

Guest at the Famous Table—Liverpool to Honor Him.

LONDON, July 9.—The staff of Punch entertained Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) at dinner to-night. The guests sat down at the famous dining room table, which is carved all over with the initials of generations of the most famous of British writers.

A pleasing incident of the evening was the presentation to Mr. Clemens, by little girls, of the framed original of a cartoon which recently appeared in Punch, in which Punch is portrayed offering a toast to Mr. Clemens.

Mr. Clemens was the guest at luncheon at the House of Commons this afternoon of Sir Benjamin Stone, member of the House for East Birmingham. Among those present were A. J. Balfour and Baron Komura, Japanese Ambassador to Great Britain.

Mr. Clemens will leave here to-morrow for Liverpool, where he will be the guest of the Lord Mayor.

TWAIN POSTPONES FUNERAL.

Younger Now by 7 Years, He Says,
and Changes Mind About Dying.

LONDON, July 12:—Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens) spent the last day of his visit to England quietly, being free at last from the engagements which have filled almost every hour of his time since his arrival. During the morning he went over the National Gallery under the guidance of the Director, Sir Charles Holroyd, and after lunching with friends returned to his rooms, where he will remain until his departure early to-morrow for Tilbury to embark on board the Atlantic Transport Line steamer Minnetonka for New York.

Many persons called to bid farewell to the humorist, whose reception in England has exceeded in warmth that of any visitor in many years. Mark Twain, naturally, is greatly pleased, and expresses himself as having had the best of times.

In an interview to-night Mr. Clemens said: "I have led a violently gay and energetic life here for four weeks, but I have felt no fatigue, and I have had but little desire to quiet down. I am younger now by seven years than I was, and if I could stay here another month I could make it fourteen.

"This is the most enjoyable holiday I have ever had, and I am sorry the end of it has come. I have met a hundred old friends and made a hundred new ones. It's a good kind of riches—there's none better, I think.

"For two years past I have been planning my funeral, but I have changed my mind now and have postponed it.

"I suppose I won't see England again, but I don't like to think of that."

TWAIN BARS LAND TRIPS.

"Will Never Make One That Can Be Avoided Honorably or Otherwise."

LOS ANGELES, Cal., July 15.—No more land trips for Mark Twain. This decision has been made, according to a letter received from him by Frank Thompson Searight, Secretary-Treasurer of the American Press Humorists, of which organization Twain is the dean and whose fifth annual convention, Sept. 15 to 22, it was expected he would attend.

"I will never make a land voyage that can be avoided, either honorably or otherwise," he wrote.

Thirteen of the leading humorist lecturers of the country have volunteered their services for an entertainment to be given in the Auditorium in this city on Friday, Sept. 20, the proceeds of which will be added to the public fund being raised by the American Press Humorists to build a monument to Bill Nye at Laramie.

FROM TWAIN BY WIRELESS.

Bark Lost Her Bowsprit In Collision with the Minnetonka.

LONDON, July 17.—The following wireless dispatch by way of Crookhaven from the Atlantic Transport liner Minnetonka, which sailed from London for New York on July 12, has been received by The Associated Press:

"Left the Channel Sunday at 1:50 in doubtful weather and sighted the Scilly Islands ten miles off. At 8 o'clock ran into a dense fog, which broke into patches during the night.

"At 5 A. M. to-day the fog had thickened, and the ship was crawling along slowly. At 6:30 a bark suddenly loomed up and lost her bowsprit by dragging along our sides.

"We received very slight damage. The bark was coming for our broadside, but prompt action on both sides prevented a direct collision.

"The bark disappeared in the fog. We saw her twice during a three hours' hunt, but she was so quickly enveloped in the fog that we could not speak her, so we resumed our trail.

"All well.

MARK TWAIN."

MARK TWAIN HOME IN GOOD HUMOR

Had Dinner with the King and
Is Sure That the King
Enjoyed It.

HE'S DR. CLEMENS, PLEASE

Though the Dignity of His Oxford
Title Doesn't Seem to Weigh Heavily—72, but Doesn't Feel Guilty.

Mark Twain came home yesterday after his six weeks' stay in England. The dignity of his Oxford degree of Doctor of Literature, for which he went to the English seat of learning, does not appear to weigh heavily on him, although, with a merry twinkle in his eye, he said he wished that his American friends would understand that from now on he is Dr. Clemens, with the accent very strongly on the "Doctor."

"Just how my old friends are going to get away from calling me 'Mark' is something they will have to work out for themselves," he said, "and when they see me in my new cap and gown they will be bound to fail."

Mark Twain was, as usual, the centre of an admiring group of women when the reporters greeted him aboard the Atlantic Transport Company steamship Minnetonka at Quarantine upon her arrival yesterday afternoon. He came over in Cabin 23, but said it had no significance, and was a poor joke.

"How do you like America?" the reporters all asked at once.

"I was afraid I would be asked that question," began Dr. Clemens, but before he got any further another was fired at him.

"Have you seen the Statue of Liberty?"

"I decline to commit myself, young men; you cannot trap me into any damaging admissions."

Getting down to his stay in England, he

Getting down to his stay in England, he was asked about his dinner with King Edward.

"Did you enjoy the dinner very much?"

"The King did."

"What did you think of the King?" When Tim Sullivan returned a short time ago he said "Ed's all right; I like him. He is the goods."

"I am not competing with Mr. Sullivan."

Dr. Clemens was asked about the handsome Ascot gold cup which had disappeared shortly after his arrival in England, and which the English reporters had humorously connected with his arrival.

"Oh, yes; I have the cup on board, and I hope some of you reporters are slick enough to help me smuggle it through the Custom House. It would be too bad to give it up after getting so close to home with it."

"But I didn't get the Dublin jewels. With the character they gave me over on the other side I should certainly not have left the case. I would have taken both," he added.

Dr. Clemens said that it was all a mistake that the English could not understand a joke.

"I had not the slightest trouble in getting mine through their heads," he said.

"What was the best joke you told them?"

"That will cost you 30 cents a word, and I am having no bargain days now."

"Did they laugh?"

"Why, surely; but if you want to hear it you must be prepared to pay heavily for it. At this time of life one must get all one can for one's wits."

"I have been interviewed a great deal while away, but many of the interviews, when they appeared in print, were grossly exaggerated."

Asked about his appearance in the lobby of Brown's Hotel, in London, in his pajamas and bathrobe prior to walking across the street to the Bath Club, he said:

"When a man reaches my age he has certain privileges that younger men cannot have. I did that, and there was absolutely nothing improper in it."

"Are the Englishwomen as attractive as those in America?" was another question.

"That is too leading, and I refuse to commit myself," was the diplomatic reply.

Dr. Clemens said that he had enjoyed his trip abroad immensely, and that the people had treated him royally.

Shortly after the Minnetonka left the other side the ship was in collision with a bark. Several of the plates of the big ship were dented and the bowsprit knocked off the sailing vessel. Dr. Clemens said that he was not awake at the time, but that he was soon aroused, grabbed his bath robe, and rushed to the deck to see what the trouble was. Some of the passengers say that he thought he had grabbed his bath robe, but that in reality he had put on his Oxford gown in the darkness.

Mark Twain spoke at the concert last Saturday night. He chose to talk about the improvement of the condition of the adult blind, and repeated the story told in "A Tramp Abroad" of his having been caught with a companion in Berlin in the dark for an hour or more and of his great

dark for an hour or more and of his great horror at not being able to see for even so short a time. He said that he would devote much of the rest of his life to the subject of aiding the blind, and the passengers promised their aid in anything he undertakes.

Coming over he was always the centre of a group of passengers listening to his stories with great interest. He made a particular pet of little Dorothy Quick, daughter of Mrs. E. G. Quick of Brooklyn, and during the time he was on deck would not let her out of his sight. When he landed he was dressed in white flannels and wore a black derby hat.

As the reporters were leaving one of them asked Dr. Clemens if he objected to telling his age.

"Not in the least. I shall be 72 in November. I do not mind it. Every year that I gain furnishes a new privilege, and all I want to dodge is second childhood."

"At 2 o'clock in the morning I feel as old as any man. At that time you must know that life in every person is at its lowest. At that hour I feel as sinful, too, as possible. But the rest of the time I feel as though I were not over 25 years old. You know one gets back both youth and courage by 6 o'clock in the morning."

Dr. Clemens spent the night at his Fifth Avenue home, and will go to Tuxedo this morning to spend the Summer. He has leased a cottage there.

NOBEL PRIZE FOR KIPLING.

Mark Twain Was, It Is Said, Suggested for the Honor This Year.

STOCKHOLM, Aug. 19.—The newspaper Tidningen announces on what it declares to be good authority, that Rudyard Kipling has been designated to receive the Nobel Literary Prize for 1907.

The paper adds that Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) was suggested for this honor.

H. H. ROGERS DRIVES AUTO.

Has Mark Twain as Guest—Said to be Crippled by Apoplexy.

Special to The New York Times.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Sept. 17.—Henry H. Rogers and Samuel L. Clemens, "Mark Twain," were the cynosure of all eyes as they drove about the centre of the city to-day in Mr. Rogers's electric victoria, with Mr. Rogers steering the machine. Mr. Clemens arrived on the steamer Maine this morning to be the guest of Mr. Rogers at his Fairhaven residence.

Mr. Rogers and the author made a stop at the First National Bank to call on Walter P. Winsor of the bank, who is a close personal friend of Mr. Rogers. They remained there for about fifteen minutes and then proceeded a short distance up the street, stopping again at a store where Mr. Rogers purchased a newspaper.

Mr. Clemens was left alone in the car and in an instant it started to move, for Mr. Rogers had failed to turn the switch fully off. Mr. Clemens hesitated a moment and then he hopped out and chased Mr. Rogers into the store.

"She started and I got out," he said.

Mr. Rogers laughed and rescued his machine, which has a speed limit of about six miles an hour.

Mr. Clemens was attired in his customary suit of white, with which his black derby formed a sharp contrast.

Mr. Rogers shows the effect of his illness in his face, which is white and drawn. He showed no signs of inability to use his limbs, however, and managed his car with seeming ease, though in alighting and walking about he moved with deliberation and his step was less brisk than formerly.

MARK TWAIN SKIPPER OF ROGERS'S YACHT

In Command of the Kanawha on
Trip to the Jamestown
Exposition.

TO PROVE HIS SEAMANSHIP

Suggests Race with Vanderbilt Yacht,
Which Is Carrying Col. Heistand and
Party to Fulton Day Exercises.

H. H. Rogers's steam yacht Kanawha, with Samuel L. Clemens [Mark Twain] and a party of friends on board, and Cornelius Vanderbilt's steam yacht, the North Star, with Col. H. O. S. Heistand, U. S. A., and another party aboard, sailed for Hampton Roads yesterday afternoon. Col. Heistand's guests were Isaac Guggenheim, Mr. and Mrs. Martin W. Littleton, and William H. Fletcher. At Mark Twain's home in Tuxedo Park the man who answered the telephone said he did not know who accompanied Mr. Clemens on the Kanawha. Mr. Clemens kept it secret, he said.

The object of the trip to Norfolk is to join in the Robert Fulton Day ceremonies at the Jamestown Exposition to-morrow. Col. Heistand is the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Robert Fulton Monument Association, and in addition to his participation in the ceremonies as an officer of that association will also officially represent Major Gen. Frederick D. Grant, the Commander of the Department of the East, who found it inconvenient to get away from Governor's Island at this time.

Just before the North Star and the Kanawha sailed from New York a friend of Mark Twain's, commenting on the latter's seamanship, spoke in this wise:

"You may take it from me that a more confirmed sea dog than Mark Twain doesn't exist at present. He is the temporary owner of the Kanawha on this voyage, and he has promised to stay on the bridge from the moment the vessel clears the Hook until she passes in the Virginia Capes to-morrow afternoon, and the weather won't make any difference, or whether it is rain or shine, snow or hail, it's all the same with Mark Twain

tail, it's all the same with Mark Twain when it comes to navigation."

The North Star and the Kanawha are expected to arrive back in New York early Thursday morning, and it was rumored yesterday that Mark Twain was anxious to test the speeding qualities of the two vessels on the return journey. Whether Col. Heistand will consent to try conclusions with the Kanawha is another question. The North Star is a larger vessel than the Kanawha, her gross tonnage being 818 tons, while that of Mr. Rogers's boat is 475 tons. The Kanawha was built at Morris Heights in 1890 and the North Star in England in 1893.

Mark Twain's participation in the ceremonies will not require very much of his time, it was said yesterday. He had been asked to make a speech at the banquet in Norfolk to-morrow evening, but he declined. Rear Admiral Purnell F. Harrington, retired, U. S. N., is to be one of the speakers at the banquet, and Mr. Clemens agreed to introduce him, as is shown in the letter from his Secretary to Hugh Gordon Miller, who will be the toastmaster at the Fulton banquet. The letter was as follows:

Sept. 14, 1907.

Dear Mr. Miller: Mr. Clemens asks me to write for him and thank you for your letter. He also asks me to tell you that he will be responsible for the introduction of one orator, and what he has said about it is, in substance, this: That he will introduce Admiral Harrington, for he (Mr. Clemens) is a sort of water-dred himself and has no land connections any longer, so the Admiral will suit him best. I think we are going to have a beautiful time down there, and we are all looking forward to the trip. J. S. LYON, Secretary.

When Admiral Harrington learned of his letter he sent the following characteristic reply:

Exposition Station, Norfolk, Va.,

Sept. 17, 1907.

My Dear Mr. Miller: Replying to your letters of the 12th and 16th, I have to say that I shall be pleased to be a member of the General Committee of the Robert Fulton Association, though I shall not be of much use, following the example of some of the Generals of the late unseasonableness about fifty years ago.

I return the inclosure from Mr. Lyons, speaking for Mr. Clemens. I have made up my mind to say something, though whether it will meet our sanguinary expectations is more than I can say or predict until after the event has taken place. This is a touch of genius worthy of Mark Twain and you can exploit it accordingly, for this comes from one of those Admirals who no longer admiral anything except his friends and all the girls, which includes me that you know particularly.

About the boat, when I know what you want, we probably will not have a tug, but there will be some kind of river craft to tote you and that celebrated water-bird himself, where it may be necessary for him to get, even if he gets wet in a somewhat inadequate transportation.

P. F. HARRINGTON,

Rear Admiral, U. S. N.

Robert Fulton's descendants also left for the Jamestown Exposition yesterday. They went on the Old Dominion liner Hamilton. In the party were R. Fulton Cutting, the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Robert Crary of Poughkeepsie, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fulton Ludlow. Mr. Littleton, of Col. Heistand's party, will be the orator at the ceremonies on the Exposition grounds to-morrow.

HONOR FULTON AT JAMESTOWN

Inventor's Use of Steam in Navigation Shown in Marine Parade.

NORFOLK, Va., Sept. 23. - Elaborate ceremonies marked today's observance of Robert Fulton Day at the Jamestown Exposition. Of the many historical events commemorated by the tercentennial, none has been of greater importance and deeper significance than the celebration of the practical application of Robert Fulton's inventions to the needs of the world. While the exercises were under the direction of the exposition officials, added prominence was given them by the participation of the Robert Fulton Monument Association. The orator of the day was Martin W. Littleton of Brooklyn, N. Y. Cornelius Vanderbilt, the President of the association came from New York on his yacht North Star, and Dr. Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) came on the yacht Kanawha, each being accompanied by a party of guests. Rear Admiral P. F. Harrington, U. S. N., retired, headed the committee appointed to receive the distinguished guests.

A spectacular feature of the celebration was a typical representation of what the inventions of Robert Fulton meant to the world. It was the

assembling in Hampton Roads, just off the exposition grounds of every sort of craft propelled by steam. The vessels, of all sizes and description, all ablaze with flags and bunting, formed a marine parade which was reviewed by the guests from the decks of the visiting yachts. The day's programme included the award of the cups presented by President Roosevelt, King Edward, and Sir Thomas Lipton for the winners in the various classes of yacht races.

The formal exercises in the Auditorium were called to order by Robert Fulton Cutting of New York in a brief address, which concluded with the introduction of Mark Twain as Chairman and master of ceremonies. Following remarks by the Chair, and preceding an oration by Mr. Littleton, there were addresses by President Tucker of the exposition, Lieut. Gov. Ellyson of Virginia, Hugh Gordon Miller of New York, and Rear Admiral Harrington, U. S. N., in charge of the navy's participation in the exposition.

A dinner was held in the New York State building at night. Pyrotechnic displays closed the celebration.

47. October 16, 1907 - JOHN HAYS HAMMOND SUED

JOHN HAYS HAMMOND SUED.

Ralph Ashcroft Says Hammond's Telegram to Mark Twain Libeled Him.

Mark Twain figures in a libel suit now pending before Justice Scudder in the Supreme Court, Brooklyn. The plaintiff is Ralph W. Ashcroft and the defendant John Hayes Hammond, the noted mining engineer. The amount sought is \$25,000.

The plaintiff alleges that in 1904 he was manager and stockholder of the Plasmon Company, and that on Sept. 15 of that year the defendant maliciously sent a telegram to Samuel L. Clemens, who was also a stockholder, which contained the following alleged libelous words:

I strongly oppose turning over the company to Ashcroft's Board of Directors. He had been identified with the administration of Cook & Wright and is incompetent, or worse.

The defendant admits the authenticity of the telegram, but says it was a privileged communication between stockholders concerning the administration of the company's affairs. He further asserts that Ashcroft was in reality hardly more than a salaried employee of the concern and held only an insignificant amount of stock. A deposition of Mr. Clemens will be read to the jury today.

SWORN JEST BY MARK TWAIN.

Humorist Says He First Met John Hays Hammond in Jail—Ashcroft's Suit.

A touch of humor enlivened the otherwise prosaic deposition of Mark Twain, which was read to the jury yesterday afternoon in the Supreme Court, Brooklyn, where the suit of Ralph W. Ashcroft against John Hays Hammond for \$25,000 libel damages is being heard.

The humorist explained that the first occasion upon which he met the defendant the latter was in jail. Mr. Clemens referred to the time when Hammond was a military prisoner in Pretoria under sentence of death for participating in the Jameson raid. The sentence was afterward commuted to a ransom of \$125,000.

The ground for the suit lies in a certain telegram sent to the author by the defendant Sept. 15, 1894, at which time both Mr. Clemens and Hammond were stockholders in the Plasmon Manufacturing Company, of which the plaintiff was manager. The telegram criticised Ashcroft as "incompetent, if not worse." Mr. Clemens admitted that the telegram had been sent.

Several letters written by Hammond belittling the plaintiff were also read. The case will be continued to-day.

UPTOWN AUDIENCE AT CHILDREN'S PLAY

Society Folk, as Mark Twain's
Guests, See "The Prince
and the Pauper."

HOST'S SPEECH CUT SHORT

Miss Herts, Founder of the Theatre,
Says the Object is to Develop
Latent Dramatic Talent.

It was said last night that \$25 was vainly offered in the course of the evening by some east side folk for a ticket of admission to the Children's Theatre in the Educational Alliance Building, where Mark Twain was entertaining a host of guests, including Gov. Hughes and District Attorney Jerome, with a special performance of his "The Prince and the Pauper."

The company was the regular one of the Children's Theatre. Soon after 8 o'clock East Broadway and the intersecting block of Jefferson Street seemed a Broadway in everything except the background and the white lights.

Cabs, coupés, automobiles, and carriages drove up to the Jefferson Street entrance and deposited many of the well-known residents of the town, men and women in evening dress, while footmen lined the lobby, exciting a quite respectful murmur from the crowd kept at a distance by alert policemen.

Of course, every one expected a speech from the author. In an entre-act Mr. Clemens came before the curtain. As he began some of those in the audience recalled that on a former occasion when he had attempted to speak, the play then being the same, he had been cut short in the midst of a story by the management. So these persons waited to see what would happen.

Mr. Clemens expressed the pleasure the occasion held for him. He said that as the ambassador of the children who played in the theatre and who usually made up its audiences, he had invited those present, "the hearts and the brains of New York," to see the work done in the theatre.

"The Children's Theatre is a great educational feature," he said. "The time ought to come when a child's theatre will be a part of every public school in the land. I am apt to be quite plain--"

At this point a muffled whistle sounded behind the lowered curtain.

behind the lowered curtain.

"That whistle was the signal agreed upon that I should stop," said Mr. Clemens, "and I have not yet started. I shall now do the especial thing that I am here to do. I introduce to you Miss Herts, the founder of the theatre."

He led Miss A. Minnie Herts to the centre of the curtain line, and then stepped down into the orchestra.

Miss Herts spoke with fervor of the work being done in the theatre. She told how plays and scenery had been obtained from managers.

"Then we had no players," she said, "so that we had to make them. There were a number of dramatic clubs of the district which had been hiring this very hall for their entertainments. Some young man would like to see himself as Hamlet, or wished to play in 'The Belshazzel' and 'Ghosts.' He would gather about himself a little company of friends, sell the tickets to other admiring friends, and then give his performance. So we—"

The whistle that had checked Mr. Clemens now blew rather insistently. But Miss Herts, well intent upon her subject, paid no attention to it.

"The young people enter into the spirit of the thing fully," she said. "The sceneshifter or member of the crowd enters just as heartily into the performance as those who play the principal rôles. And these young women and young men work the better for it in their department store or shop. They—"

Again the whistle.

"—have a fine spirit about it. We are endeavoring to develop the elemental dramatic impulse latent in every human being from the cradle to the grave."

A final blast from the whistle, and Miss Herts bowed and retired.

The performance itself was fully up to the best standards of amateur acting. But there was about the stage management a deftness that was professional. The whole moved in obedience to routine stage discipline. The Governor, who entered while an act was in progress, and so escaped notice for the time, was in time to see the set of that act struck and another set in place.

None of the amateur actors and actresses faltered. If any or all of them had been unable to continue, their places could have been readily filled from the two complete casts waiting upstairs, known as the understudy and the emergency casts.

In addition to the Governor and the District Attorney some of those in the audience were President Eliot of Harvard, Andrew Carnegie, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew, Robert Collier, John Burroughs, Commissioner Bingham, Dan Beard, Richard Harding Davis, Mrs. John Drew, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob H. Schiff, Dr. Thomas R. Slicer, Frederick A. Stokes, Hamilton W. Mable, Brander Matthews, Morris K. Jesup, James J. Hill, John Bigelow, Poultney Elgelow, A. F. Eno, Walter Damrosch, Col. George Harvey, and Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Corey.

MARK TWAIN 72.

Many Friends Call to Congratulate Him on His Birthday.

Samuel M. Clemens celebrated his seventy-second birthday yesterday at his home, 21 Fifth Avenue. The humorist spent the day quietly at home and there were no festivities.

Hundreds of congratulatory letters and telegrams were received during the day from points all over the world. Many friends called at the house to congratulate him.

MARK TWAIN JEERS AT SIMPLE SPELLING

Has Fun with Mr. Carnegie's System at the Dedication of the Engineers' Club.

PUTS HARD WORDS TO HIM

One of Them Is Pterodactyl—The Ironmaster Elected to Honorary Place in Club for His Gift.

After three or four hundred members of the Engineers' Club had given over their voices and ears last night to sound and hear the praise of Andrew Carnegie, who gave them their million-dollar clubhouse in Fortieth Street, Mark Twain took it on himself to relieve the ironmaster of the embarrassment of a superfluity of laudation. The occasion was officially the christening of the new home of the Engineers' Club.

"I have been a guest of honor myself," said Mark Twain, "and I know what Mr. Carnegie is experiencing now. It is embarrassing to get compliments and compliments and only compliments, particularly when he knows as well as the rest of us that on the other side of him there are all sorts of things worthy of our condemnation.

"Just look at Mr. Carnegie's face. It is all scintillating with fictitious innocence. You might think that he had never committed a crime. But no—look at his pestiferous simplified spelling. You can't any of you imagine what a crime that has been. Torquamada was nothing to Mr. Carnegie. That old fellow shed some blood in the Inquisition, but Mr. Carnegie has brought destruction to the entire race. I know he didn't mean it to be a crime, but it was, just the same. He's got us all so we can't spell anything.

"The trouble with him is that he attacked orthography at the wrong end. He attacked the symptoms and not the

He attacked the symptoms and not the cause of the disease. He ought to have gone to work on the alphabet. There's not a vowel in it with a definite value and not a consonant that you can hitch anything to. Look at the 'h's' distributed all around. There's 'Gherken.' What are you going to do with the 'h' in that? It's one thing I admire the English for; they just don't mind anything about them at all.

"But look at the 'penaumatic' and the 'pneumonias' and the rest of them. A real reform would settle them once and for all and wind up by giving us an alphabet that we wouldn't have to spell with at all, instead of this present silly alphabet, which I fancy was invented by a drunken thief. Why, there isn't a man who doesn't have to throw out about fifteen hundred words a day when he writes his letters because he can't spell them. It's like trying to do a St. Vitus dance with wooden legs.

"Now I'll bet there isn't a man here who can spell 'peterodactyl,' not even the prisoner at the bar. I'd like to hear him try once—but not in public, for it's too near Sunday when all extravagant histrionic entertainments are barred. I'd like to hear him try in private, and when he got through trying to spell 'pterodactyl' you wouldn't know whether it was a fish or a beast or a bird and whether it flew on its legs or walked with its wings.

"Let's get Mr. Carnegie to reform the alphabet, and we'll pray for him—if he'll take the risk."

Mr. Carnegie made two speeches, in which he told the engineers how much he thought of them and what a fine thing it was for them to have such a club, and what a fine fellow an engineer was, anyway. This was after T. C. Martin, President of the club, made his speech presenting him to the members.

John Fritz, the 80-year-old engineer who is the Nestor of the engineering contingent in New York, presented to Mr. Carnegie a framed certificate of honorary membership in the American Society of Mechanical Engineers. Mr. Carnegie said he had received many honors in his life, but this honor was one that touched his heart.

Some of those present were the Rev. Wilton Merle Smith, John Foord, David J. Hill, Charles MacDonald, Lynde Belknap, Robert C. Clowry, James Cruickshank, H. L. Doherty, James Gayley, John Hays Hammond, Frank Hedley, Alexander C. Humphries, Frederick R. Hutton, Charles Kirchhoff, Emerson McMillin, Rear Admiral George W. Melville, John Reid, Joseph E. Schwab, Melville E. Stone, and H. H. Westinghouse.

CLEMENCY ASKED FOR TCHAYKOVSKY

Movement to Save "Father of Russian Revolution" Is Started Here.

PETITION TO BARON ROSEN

Mme. Catherine Breshkovsky, Also a Political Prisoner, Included in the Appeal.

[This edited article includes only Mark Twain's involvement.]

On behalf of Nicholas Tchaykovsky, "Father of the Russian Revolution," and Mme. Catherine Breshkovsky, a woman pioneer in the revolutionary movement, who, according to reports from the Russian capital, have been incarcerated in the fortress of SS Peter and Paul, on the shores of the Neva, a petition has been placed before Baron Rosen, Russian Ambassador in Washington, asking that "the greatest clemency be exercised by the Czar's government in deciding upon its course of action with regard to them."

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The Petition.

Here is the petition submitted to Baron Rosen, with signatures attached:

Dec. 14, 1907

To His Excellency Baron Rosen, Russian Ambassador. Excellency: Many thousand American citizens have learned with deep sorrow and concern of the arrest in Russia of Nicholas Tchaykovsky and of Catherine Breshkovsky, and venture most respectfully to express their earnest hope that the Government of His Imperial Majesty may show the greatest clemency in deciding upon its course of action with regard to them. These persons are well known in this country, and have won the respect and affection of a host of friends by reason of their purity of character, sweetness of nature, and characteristically Russian charm of temperament. They called out warm personal regard even from those who did not accept their position in public matters, and made themselves in an unusual degree the recipients of the deep interest which Americans have always felt in the people of Russia. Appreciating as they do the perplexities which confront the Government of His Imperial Majesty, and recalling His Majesty's initiative in the cause of

international peace in 1898, where, alone among rulers, he summoned the first Hague Conference, and His Majesty's manifesto of 1905 providing for the representation of the Russian people in a National Parliament, the signers of this petition venture to express to your Excellency the assurance that the release of Nicholas Tchaykovsky and Catherine Breshkovsky would be interpreted as an act of friendship by a host of American citizens who are warm friends and well-wishers for the welfare of Russia.

Signed: The Right Rev. David H. Greer, Seth Low, Richard W. Gilder, The Rev. Lyman Abbot, Francis L. Stetson, Morgan J. O'Brien, John D. Crimmins, Henry Clews, R. Fulton Cutting, William D. Howells, Samuel L. Clemens, George F. Peabody, Robert W. deForest, William J. Schieffelin, Elgin R. L. Gould, Jacob A. Riis, Hamilton Holt, Hamilton W. Mabie, Herman Ridder, Oswald C. Villard, The Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, The Rev. Percy S. Grant, The Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, V. Everit Macy, Horace White, Eugene Smith, Norman Hapgood, The Rev. Newell D. Hillis, Edward M. Shepard, Geroge W. Kirchway, Samuel J. Barrows, James R. Reynolds, George McAneny, Everett P. Wheeler, William L. Garrison, Rollo Ogden, Walter H. Page, John A. Sleicher, John H. Finley.

The following signatures have been received from Boston: The Right Rev. William Lawrence, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Robert Treat Paine, Richard C. Cabot, M. D., Charles P. Putnam, M. D., Edward H. Clement, Herbert Underwood, the Rev. Charles L. Dole, D. D., The Rev. Edward Cummings, D. D., the Rev. Charles G. Amers, D. D., Sumner B. Pearmain, Joel E. Goldthwait, James G. Storrow, J. E. Moors, Robert H. Gardiner.

MARK TWAIN CONCERN GIVES UP THE GHOST

Plasmon Company of America
Unable to Meet Obligations
and Receiver Is Named.

LIABILITIES ARE \$27,000

"Take Plasmon Into Your Stomach
and Trust in God," Said Humor-
ist Before He Bought Stock.

A petition in bankruptcy was filed yesterday against the Plasmon Company of America, of which Mark Twain is Acting President. The petition is likely to end the business life of a concern in which the humorist became interested while in Europe through testing the merits of the company's product.

Mr. Clemens first wrote a testimonial to the effect that if you took plasmon into your stomach and trusted in God you were all right. Then he bought some stock in the English company, afterward going into the American company.

The petition was filed by three former officers of the company. William B. McGann has a claim for salary as President to April 30, 1906, amounting to \$2,500; William T. Robson, former Secretary and Treasurer, has a salary claim amounting to \$1,000, and Ralph W. Ashcroft claims \$855 for salary as General Manager and for money lent.

The petition alleges that the company was insolvent in December, and that its inability to pay its debts was admitted in the following letter signed by Mr. Clemens and addressed to Mr. McGann:

Dear Sir: Replying to your letter of the 4th inst. regarding your claim of \$1,000 against

the Plasmon Company of America, I beg to state that the company is unable to pay the same, as it has not sufficient funds to do so. Its available bank balance is \$13.08. It has \$902.40 on deposit with the Knickerbocker Trust Company, but, as you know, this will not be available for some time to come. Its accounts receivable amount to but \$30.46, and it owes you and other creditors \$27,023.69. Its nominal assets are \$10,596.19; as follows: Patent rights, &c., \$7,487.60; stale casein, \$1,162.56; machinery, \$1,000; cash in bank, \$915.57; accounts receivable, \$30.46. Its other assets, furniture, &c., were this day sold by the Sheriff under execution. The company is therefore hopelessly insolvent, and it is willing to be adjudicated a bankrupt on that ground. Yours very truly,

PLASMON COMPANY OF AMERICA.
S. L. CLEMENS, Acting President and Vice President.

The Sheriff's sale referred to was in execution of a judgment for \$1,020, in favor of William Kernish, and realized \$270. There has been a contest on between the English and American stockholders for some time and much internal dissension in the company. The concern went into bankruptcy in 1905, but the proceedings were dismissed a year later. Mark Twain has been acting as an officer and harmonizer since April, 1906. The company was incorporated in 1902 with a capital of \$750,000.

Judge Hough, in the United States District Court yesterday appointed Charles L. Brookheim receiver and fixed the bond at \$500. The company's plant is at Briar Cliff Manor.

At Mark Twain's house last night his secretary said that the author was only nominally the Vice President of the company. Mr. Clemens was then asked if it was true, as reported by some of his friends, that he had been swindled.

"It is," said Mr. Clemens.

"Out of how much?"

"Oh, about \$32,000. I held \$25,000 worth of the stock, and one of the members of the company swindled me out of \$12,500 later. No, I won't say I was swindled out of the \$25,000. The company failed because of bad management. I ought not to say I was swindled out of all the money. Most of it was lost through bad business. I was always bad in business.

"Please don't confound the bankrupt company with the English-Plasmon Company," went on Mark Twain. "That company is paying 5 or 6 per cent., which is pretty good for an English company. I hold about \$80,000 worth of the stock of that company."

HOW MARK TWAIN 'WORKED' GEN. MILES

Sold Him Another Man's Dog, He
Tells Pleiades Club, Because
He Needed the Money.

STARTED FIRST SYNDICATE

While He Was Writing "Innocents
Abroad" in Washington—Thinks
He's Comparatively Honest.

Mark Twain was the guest of honor at a dinner given by the Pleiades Club at the Hotel Brevoort last night. In his talk, which he described as being wholly unprepared, he told how he first met Gen. Nelson A. Miles by selling him for \$3 a dog that belonged to another person. He explained the transaction by saying that at the time he was in sore need of funds, as he and a friend were then running the first newspaper syndicate in this country at salaries of \$12 a week.

The dining room of the Brevoort was filled with about 200 guests, who all rose and applauded when the aged humorist made his entrance after the meal was over. The menus were covered with illustrated quotations from Mr. Clemens's works. Carter S. Cole acted as toastmaster. He introduced the guest of the evening with a high tribute to his place in American literature, saying that he was dear to the hearts of all Americans.

"It is hard work to make a speech," began Mr. Twain, "when you have listened to compliments from the powers

tened to compliments from the powers in authority. A compliment is a hard text to preach to. When the Chairman introduces me as a person of merit, and when he says pleasant things about me, I always feel like answering simply that what he says is true, that it is all right, that as far as I am concerned the things he said can stand as they are. But you always have to say something, and that is what frightens me.

"I remember out in Sydney once having to respond to some complimentary toast, and my one desire was to turn in my tracks like any other worm—and run for it. I was remembering that occasion at a later date when I had to introduce a speaker. Hoping then to spur his speech by putting him in joke on the defensive I accused him in my introduction of everything I thought it impossible for him to have committed. When I finished there was an awful calm. I had been telling his life history by mistake.

"One must keep up one's character. Earn a character first if you can, and if you can't, then assume one. From the code of morals I have been following and devising and revising for seventy-two years I remember one detail. All my life I have been honest, comparatively honest. I could never use money I had not made honestly, I could only lend it.

"Last Spring I met Gen. Miles again, and he commented on the fact that we had known each other thirty years. He said it was strange that we had not met years before, when we had both been in Washington. At that point I changed the subject, and I changed it with art. But the facts are these:

"I was then under contract for my 'Innocents Abroad,' but did not have a cent to live on while I wrote it. So I went to Washington to do a little journalism. There I met an equally poor friend, William Davidson, who had not a single vice, unless you call it a vice in a Scot to love Scotch. Together we devised the first and original newspaper syndicate, selling two letters a week to twelve newspapers and getting \$1 a letter. That \$24 a week would have been enough for us if we had not had to support the jug.

"But there was a day when we felt that we must have \$3 right away, \$3 at once. That was how I met the General. It doesn't matter now what we wanted so much money at one time for, but that Scot and I did occasionally want it. The Scot sent me out one day to get it. He had a great belief in Providence, that Scottish friend of mine.

Scottish friend of mine.

"I had given up trying to find the money lying about, and was in a hotel lobby in despair, when I saw a beautiful unfriended dog. The dog saw me, too, and at once we became acquainted. Then Gen. Miles came in, admired the dog, and asked me to price it. I priced it at \$3. He offered me an opportunity to reconsider the value of the beautiful animal, but I refused to take more than Providence knew I needed. The General carried the dog to his room.

"Then came in a sweet little middle-aged man, who at once began looking around the lobby.

"'Did you lose a dog?' I asked. He said he had.

"'I think I could find it,' I volunteered, 'for a small sum.'

"'How much?' he asked. And I told him \$3.

"He urged me to accept more, but I did not wish to outdo Providence. Then I went to the General's room and asked for the dog back. He was very angry, and wanted to know why I had sold him a dog that did not belong to me.

"'That's a singular question to ask me, Sir,' I replied. 'Didn't you ask me to sell him. You started it.' And he let me have him. I gave him back his \$3 and returned the dog, collect, to its owner. That second \$3 I carried home to the Scot, and we enjoyed it, but the first \$3, the money I got from the General, I would have had to lend.

"The General seemed not to remember my part in that adventure, and I never had the heart to tell him about it."

Mr. Clemens left the Brevoort after his speech. There followed a mixed programme of music and recitations.

WANT TCHAYKOVSKY FREE.

Well-Known Americans Appeal by Cable to Premier Stolypin.

A petition pleading for the liberation of Nicholas Tchaykovsky and Mme. Breshkovskaya, recently arrested for complicity in the Russian revolutionary movement, has been cabled to M. Stolypin, Premier of Russia, by a group of prominent Americans who represent the sentiments of thousands of citizens of New York, Chicago, and Boston.

The list of about 500 names signed to the petition was headed by ex-Mayor Low of New York, Mayor Busse of Chicago, Ill.; Coadjutor Bishop David H. Greer of New York, Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), George Foster Peabody, and ex-Judge Morgan J. O'Brien.

The cabled message to the Premier was similar to the one forwarded to Baron Rosen, the Russian Ambassador at Washington, last week by a committee consisting of S. G. Barrows, James B. Reynolds, W. B. Howland, and E. F. Baldwin.

In its shortened form it read as follows:

To M. Stolypin, the Premier of Russia:

Many thousands of American citizens, not of Russian blood nor connected with any Russian revolutionary organization, but admirers of Nicholas Tchaykovsky and Mme. Catherine Breshkovskaya, respectfully inform you that the release of the two prisoners would be interpreted by the American people who are warm friends and well wishers for the welfare of Russia, as an act of friendship on the part of the Government of his Imperial Majesty.

Robert Erskine Ely of the City Club, who is an active worker in this movement for the liberation of these well-known Russians, stated last night that this cabled petition represents the widespread sympathy in the United States for Tchaykovsky and Mme. Breshkovskaya, both of whom are well known in this country. While living here Tchaykovsky made many warm friends and admirers, and Mme. Breshkovskaya established an enviable reputation by her philanthropic and charitable work and her standing as an educator.

DINNER TO W. D. HOWELLS.

Mark Twain Makes a Speech for the Guest of Honor.

Special to The New York Times.

LAKEWOOD, N. J., Dec. 28.—A brilliant gathering made up of representatives of the various Harper publications and their most prominent literary contributors, attended a dinner given to-day at the Laurel House by Col. George Harvey in honor of W. D. Howells, who will soon sail for Europe. Among the seventy guests present were "Mark Twain," Henry M. Alden, David Munro, Albert Bigelow Paine, Van Tassel Sutphen, and Dennis O'Sullivan, well known as a singer in London opera.

After dinner Col. Harvey called on Mr. Howells, who said that as he and Mr. Clemens had long ago made a pact that if he would write Mr. Clemens's books, Mr. Clemens would make his speeches, he would leave him to make the speech now if Mr. Clemens thought he could remember it.

Mr. Clemens rose to the occasion, and kept the room in a gale of laughter for some time, revealing the details of his literary collaboration with Mr. Howells for some years. He said that Mr. Howells had started by expurgating his books for him till he had attained his present reputation, and that had Mr. Howells continued the process he had no doubt it would have brought to him a reputation for literary purity such as had never been before known, but unfortunately Mr. Howells was not content with merely expurgating Mr. Clemens's books, he soon began to interline.

"And then," concluded Mr. Clemens, "I released him from the contract and have edited my own books ever since."

MARK TWAIN ON BANK PLAN.

Agrees to Knickerbocker Depositors' Committee Scheme of Resumption.

The Satterlee-Parsons committee of depositors of the Knickerbocker Trust Company received a letter yesterday from Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain,) who has \$51,000 in the company, giving notice that he assented to the plan of rehabilitation. Mr. Clemens's letter read:

January 9, 1908

To The Committee:

Gentlemen: I am in receipt of the plan for the resumption of the business of the Knickerbocker Trust Company, and I willingly yield my assent.

My interest in the matter is strong, since I measure it by my deposit, \$51,199, which is a large one for me.

I believe in your plan. In my judgment it will succeed, and I hope the other depositors will view it in the same way and will give in their adhesion to it. Very truly yours,

S. L. Clemens

Justice Clark granted an extension of two weeks last Saturday for obtaining assents of depositors. Many have been received since. Some have held off in the hope that an alternative plan might be presented. A member of the committee pointed out yesterday that the "only alternative to the acceptance of the Parsons-Satterlee plan is a permanent receivership, which means large inevitable losses to both depositors and stockholders and long delay in paying depositors a percentage of their deposits."

Judge Chatfield, in the United States District Court, handed down an order yesterday authorizing the law firm of Blandy, Moody, & Shipman, who had on deposit with the company a large sum collected for a client in bankruptcy, to sign a formal assent to the Parsons plan.

MARK TWAIN NOW AFTER COMPLIMENTS

Says at Lotos Club Dinner He's
Collecting Them as Some
Others Do Stamps.

NAME DISHES FOR HISWORKS

Author Took a Nap Between Courses
Because He Was Going to
be Up So Late.

Through Innocent Oysters Abroad, Roughing It Soup, Fish Huckleberry Finn, and Joan of Arc Filet of Beef, which the menu of the Lotos Club's dinner to Mark Twain told the guests they were eating last night, the guest of honor in his white suit, sat in an armchair at the speaker's table. But when Jumping Frog Terrapin had been reached, the author, the names of whose works had been perpetuated in the dishes, thought that he would be out of bed pretty late for him, and consequently he would like to take a nap.

While the guests cheered him and he waved his hand to them, he was escorted to the upper floor. Those left in the dining room continued with Punch, Brothers, Punch; Glided Age duck, Hadleyburg salad, Life on the Mississippi salad, Prince and the Pauper cakes, Puddin'head cheese, and White Elephant coffee. Toward the end of the menu, Mark Twain reappeared.

When his turn to speak came he announced that he had discovered a new idea. People collected postage stamps, cats, dogs, and autographs, but he was collecting compliments, he declared. He had a number of specimens and he would read them. He did. And then he added his appreciation of their authors' sincerity. The paying of compliments was an art by itself, he said.

At the speakers' table with Mark Twain were Frank R. Lawrence, President of the club; Col. Robert P. Porter, Andrew Carnegie, Dr. Robert S. MacArthur, Hamilton W. Mable, James M. Beck, Col. George M. Harvey, Col. William C. Church, Gen. Stewart L. Woodford, H. H. Rogers, Chester S. Lord, Dr. Alexander C. Humphreys, and William H. McElroy. Near the close of the dinner Gov. Fort of New Jersey entered.

After Mark had taken his armchair again and the other guests had sipped their White Elephant coffee, President Lawrence as a prelude to the introduction of the guest of honor pointed out one significant feature of the occasion.

The first club dinner in the season.

significant feature of the occasion.

The first club dinner in the present clubhouse, at 558 Fifth Avenue, held fourteen years ago, had been in honor of Mark Twain. Seven years later, "on his return from divers and irregular wanderings," he was the guest at another dinner.

At that time it had been jokingly proposed that at regular intervals of seven years dinners should be held for the author. Last night was the night. It was possible, Mr. Lawrence said, that this dinner might be the last given in the old house. (The new house, 110 West Fifty-seventh Street, may be ready on Jan. 15.)

Mr. Lawrence then called upon Col. Robert P. Porter, who had accompanied Mr. Clemens to Oxford on the occasion of the conferring upon him of the degree of Doctor of Literature, to tell something of the author as he appeared then.

Dr. Porter said among other things that he had been impressed abroad at the number and kind of persons who knew Mr. Clemens. The people on the street—even the London policemen who had been sent down to the university town to help their comrades of Oxford with the pageant knew him.

Then after a toast had been drunk to him, Mr. Clemens began in his drawling, gentle way:

"I wish to begin at the beginning, lest I forget it altogether," he said. "I wish to thank you for your welcome now and for that of seven years ago, which I forgot to thank you for at the time, also for that of fourteen years ago which I also forgot to thank you for. I know how it is: when you have been in a parlor and are going away, common decency ought to make you say the decent thing, what a good time you have had. Everybody does it except myself.

"I hope that you will continue that excellent custom of giving me dinners every seven years. I had had it on my mind to join the hosts of another world—I do not know which world—but I have enjoyed your custom so much that I am willing to postpone it for another seven years.

"The guest is in an embarrassing position, because compliments have been paid to him. I don't care whether you deserve it or not, but it is hard to talk up to it.

"The other night at the Engineers' Club dinner they were paying Mr. Carnegie here discomforting compliments. They were all compliments and they were not deserved, and I tried to help him out with criticisms and references to things nobody understood.

"They say that one cannot live on bread alone, but I could live on compliments. I can digest them. They do not trouble me. I have missed much in life that I did not make a collection of compliments, and keep them where I could take them out and look at them once in a while. I am beginning now. Other people collect autographs, dogs, and cats, and I collect compliments. I have brought them along.

"I have written them down to preserve them, and think that they're mighty good and exceedingly just."

Then Mr. Clemens read a few. The

Then Mr. Clemens read a few. The first, by Hamilton W. Mable, said that La Salle might have been the first man to make a voyage of the Mississippi, but that Mark Twain was the first man to chart light and humor for the human race.

"If that had been published at the time that I issued that book ('Life on the Mississippi') it would have been money in my pocket," he said. "I tell you it is a talent by itself to pay compliments gracefully and have them ring true. It's an art by itself.

"Now, here's one by my biographer. [Loud laughter.] Well, he ought to know me if anybody does. He's been at my elbow for two years and a half. This is Albert Bigelow Paine:

"Mark Twain is not merely the great writer, the great philosopher, but he is the supreme expression of the human being with its strengths and weaknesses."

Mark Twain looked up from the paper upon which the compliments were written.

"What a talent for compression!" he exclaimed.

W. D. Howells, Mark Twain said, spoke of him as first of Hartford and ultimately of the solar system, not to say of the universe.

"You know how modest Howells is," he commented. "If it can be proved that my fame reaches to Neptune and Saturn, that will satisfy even me. You know how modest and retiring Howells is, but deep down he is as vain as I am."

Mark Twain said Mr. Howells had been granted a degree at Oxford, whose gown was red. He had been invited to an exercise at Columbia, and upon inquiry had been told that it was usual to wear the black gown. Later he had found that three other men wore bright gowns and he had lamented that he had been one of the black mass, and not a red torch.

Edison wrote: "The average American loves his family. If he has any love left over for some other person he generally selects Mark Twain."

"Now here's the compliment of a little Montana girl," continued Mark Twain, "which came to me indirectly. She was in a room in which there was a large photograph of me. After gazing at it steadily for a time, she said:

"We've got a John the Baptist like that."

When the diners' laughter allowed him, Mr. Clemens added:

"She also said: 'Only ours has more trimmings.'

"I suppose she meant the halo. Now here is a gold miner's compliment. It is forty-two years old. It was my introduction to an audience to which I lectured in a log schoolhouse. There were no ladies there. I wasn't famous then. They didn't know me. Only the miners were there with their breeches tucked into their boot tops and with clay all over them. They wanted some one to introduce me, and then selected a miner, who protested

that he didn't want to do on the ground that he had never appeared in public. This is what he said:

"I don't know anything about this man. Anyhow, I only know two things about him. One is he has never been in jail and the other is I don't know why.

"There's one thing I want to say about that English trip. I knew his Majesty, the King of England, long years ago, and I didn't meet him for the first time then. One thing that I regret was that some newspapers said I talked with the Queen of England with my hat on. I don't do that with any woman. I did not put it on until she asked me to. Then she told me to put it on, and it's a command there. I thought I had carried my American democracy far enough. So I put it on. I have no use for a hat, and never did have.

"Who was it who said that the police of London knew me? Why, the police knew me everywhere. There never was a day over there when a policeman did not salute me, and then put up his hand and stop the traffic of the world. They treated me as though I were a Duchess."

Andrew Carnegie, who followed Mr. Clemens, said that the English public had made much of the author's literary attainments, but there was another Mark Twain—Mark Tawin the man. He eulogized Mark Twain at length, and referred to his action in paying every cent of the debts of the publishing firm with which he had once been connected.

Other speakers were Dr. Robert S. MacArthur, Hamilton W. Mable, James M. Beck, Col. George M. Harvey, Col. William C. Church, and Gen. Stewart L. Woodford.

The menu card was a large sheet rolled as a diploma or degree with its central feature a picture of Mark Twain in his Oxford doctor's robes. The margins contained small pictures of scenes and characters from the author's books.

There were also shown the old homes and the new of the Lotos Club. A woman below the Mark Twain portrait held in one hand a scroll with Mr. Clemens's various degrees, and in the other a mask whose features were those of Mark Twain. Near the bottom in the centre was the menu with its book and character names and titles.

Here is what the diners ate:

Innocent Oysters Abroad.

Roughing It Soup.

Huckleberry Finn Fish.

Joan of Arc Fillet of Beef.

Jumping Frog Terrapin.

Punch Brothers Punch.

Gilded Duck.

Hadleyburg Salad.

Life on the Mississippi Ice Cream.

Prince and the Pauper Cake.

Pudd'n-head Cheese.

White Elephant Coffee.

Chateau Yquem Royals. Pommery Brut.

Henkew Cognac.

After it was all over President Lawrence told the company that while this might be the final gathering in the old quarters, the Lotos Spirit must be made to burn brightly in the new quarters.

INVITED BY NORIDCA.

Mark Twain, Dr. Butler, Edison, and Sir Purdon Clarke to be Singer's Guests.

There will be a veritable herd of social lions at Sherry's to-night, when Mme. Nordica gives her musicale for more than 400 guests. She has engaged the entire second floor suite for the occasion.

Among the celebrities in various walks of life, who have accepted invitations are Mark Twain, Thomas A. Edison, Richard Watson Gilder, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Gustav Mahler, James Russel Soley, Karl Muck, Mme. Eames, Mme.

Homer, Mme. Sembrich, George Munzig, Clyde Fitch, Frederick Townsend Martin, Sir Purdon Clarke, and Brander Matthews.

Society will be represented by Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. George Jay Gould, Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. Orme Wilson, Mrs. Henry Clews, Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt, and Mrs. J. Townsend Burden.

59. January 19, 1908 - THE KNICKERBOCKER GETS 2 WEEKS MORE & (January 19, 1908) MARK TWAIN STUNNED [at death of E. C. Stedman]

THE KNICKERBOCKER GETS 2 WEEKS MORE

Additional Assents to Satterlee
Resumption Plan Coming
in Rapidly.

MARK TWAIN'S WARNING

Tells Fellow-Depositors Who Are Holding
Back to Hurry Back, as
Does Justice Clarke Also.

Cheering news for depositors in the failed Knickerbocker Trust Company came from more than one quarter yesterday. At the hearing before Justice Clarke on Staten Island yesterday the announcement was made that \$34,600,000 of deposits have already assented to the rehabilitation plan of the Parsons-Satterlee committee and that the present Directors had finally sent in their resignations, making possible the immediate consideration by the Voting Trustees of the long list of new Directors and officers tentatively selected by the committee. Justice Clarke granted a further extension of two weeks in which to get full assents to the resumption. Later a cheerful appeal, and at the same time a warning, from Mark Twain to the backward depositors was made public by Attorney Herbert L. Satterlee, counsel to the depositors' committee.

Mark Twain, who has something like \$50,000 tied up in the company, has already sent in his assent to the plan. He is afraid that enough of the others will stay out to hold up the reorganization and leave the company to the mercies of a permanent receivership, which he says would be more expensive than a harem. His letter read:

Mark Twain, He Knows.

To the Other Depositors: The time is very short. Mr. Grover Cleveland, a depositor, has approved the Satterlee plan for resumption, and it seems to me that that ought to satisfy every depositor that that plan is safe and wise. If we accept it we shall lose no part of our money; if we do not accept it the Knicker-

bocker will be delivered over to a permanent receivership. I have already tried a permanent receivership once and did not like the result.

It costs more to keep a permanent receiver than it does to keep a harem. Anybody who has had experience in these matters will indorse this statement. In the long run—in the very long run—we got some of our money. All the depositors were disappointed and there was much regret. If we accept the Satterlee plan and do it immediately, it will be well for us; if we refuse, we invite and insure a shrinkage, which the patients will not find enjoyable.

I have not been invited to say these things; still it has seemed worth while to say this. Very respectfully yours,
MARK TWAIN.

After hearing the arguments of Attorney Satterlee and of Messrs. Dayles and Soley, counsel for the Directors and stockholders, Justice Clarke granted a further adjournment of two weeks. The lawyers offered evidence showing that \$34,600,000, or 85 per cent. of the depositors had assented to the plan and assured the court that it was reasonably expected that the other 15 per cent. could be brought into line within two weeks. Assents have been coming in at the rate of over \$1,000,000 a day recently. Many depositors were only waiting to learn the make-up of the new directorate which the voting Trustees will select this week. The tentative list of Directors and officers was not submitted to the court, as has been expected, and will be withheld for a time.

A representative of Attorney General Jackson said that in view of the progress the depositors' committee was making he saw no reason to oppose an adjournment.

The Attorney General's opinion on the application of the receivers for the employment of counsel made strong objection to the petition of the receivers for the approval of their contract with counsel on the ground that it furnished no estimate of the nature or amount of the legal work required. The contract provides that the attorneys' fees shall not exceed three-quarters of 1 per cent. of the assets. He said that he believed upward of \$50,000,000 would pass through the receivers' hands, and he believed the compensation should have a maximum yearly limit.

Justice Clarke's Warning.

In granting the adjournment, Justice Clarke said that the depositors had the assurance that the whole matter of the reopening would be thoroughly reviewed by the Superintendent of Banks and would be further passed upon by the court before it was made operative. He laid stress, however, on the necessity of practical unanimity of assent, and warned those depositors who were holding out in the hope of taking advantage of the opening by calling for their money in full at the expense of the other depositors that might be disappointed. On this point he said it was very doubtful that the court would permit anything of the kind. A minority, however small, may block the whole plan of resumption, and it was for them to decide whether they will do that or whether they will come into a plan which means a resumption of business.

MARK TWAIN STUNNED.

His Loss Unfits Me to Speak, He Says—Mr. Gilder Mourns Him.

Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) dictated the following last night from a sick bed, to which he has been confined with a heavy cold since last Thursday, on learning of the death of Mr. Stedman:

"I do not wish to talk about it. He was a valued friend from days that date back thirty-five years. His loss stuns me and unfits me to speak."

Asked by a TIMES reporter for a tribute to his dead friend, Richard Watson Gilder said:

"Mr. Stedman was for a lifetime like an elder brother to me, and it is difficult to respond to your request for a word about him to-night. As poet, critic, leader in all matters pertaining to the interests and honor of literature, and as a helpful, loyal and generous friend of men of letters, his position was unique. He will be greatly missed and widely mourned."

60. January 26, 1908 - Mark Twain Sails for Bermuda

Mark Twain Sails for Bermuda.

Mark Twain sailed for the West Indies yesterday on the steamer Bermudian. Mr. Clemens has been ill at his home for some days, and when he arrived at the vessel went direct to

his stateroom and did not emerge until the vessel was at her pier. He was ordered south by his physician because of an attack of laryngitis.

61. January 30, 1908 - RECEIVER WANTS TO SEE MARK TWAIN

Receiver Wants to See Mark Twain.

Armed with an order signed by Judge Holt of the United States District Court, Charles L. Bookheim is looking for Mark Twain to get from him the books of the Plasmon Company, of which the humorist was President prior to

the recent bankruptcy proceedings against it. Mr. Bookheim was appointed receiver of the company. Mark Twain is at present in Bermuda.

COLLIE BALLET FOR COLLIER.

At a Dinner at Sherry's Dogs and Dancers Amuse Guests.

Robert Collier gave an elaborate dinner last night at Sherry's, entertaining some thirty of his friends, among them many of the most prominent socially in town. Details about the dinner were not circulated, just because the affair was intended to be informal and an exceptionally cozy little matter.

It was not only a dinner; it was dinner and theatrical entertainment combined, for while the guests dined they were also amused with various novelties.

The dinner and entertainment last night was given in two of the rooms on the second floor at Sherry's. The two apartments had been arranged in Spanish fashion, one representing the Maison de Madrid, and the other the Court of the Royal Palace.

In the outer room the thirty guests sat at tables, surrounding the apartment on three sides. On each table were roses, and in the centre of each was an outspread Japanese parasol. The effect, with the soft lighting, was very beautiful.

At the further end of the room at the most prominent place sat Mark Twain, in ordinary evening dress. On his right was Ethel Barrymore, and near by were Mr. and Mrs. Collier and Richard Harding Davis. Alla Nazimova was at a table on the left side of the apartment as one faced Mark Twain. Among the others present were Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Astor, Mr. and Mrs. William Waldorf Astor, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney.

The sensation of the evening, however, was the Collie ballet from "The Top o' th' World." The dance never went better. And yet the dogs were hungry. When it was all over, and each girl had asked her pet whether he would be her little doggie dear, King, forgetting all decorum, ran to the centre table, where Mark Twain had sat, and there helped himself to ice cream. He stood on his hind legs and licked away complacently.

It was curious to see the guests, men and women, smoking cigarettes and watching the girls and the dogs. Not all the women smoked, but many of them did. The other chief entertainment introduced into the dinner was the dancing of a prima ballerina from the Manhattan Opera House.

AMBASSADOR REID THE PILGRIM'S GUEST

Tells Them Talk of War with Japan is Silly and That England Wouldn't Aid Her.

CHEER KING AND PRESIDENT

Ex-ambassador Choate Presides In President Duncan's Absence - Mark Twain Speaks.

[This edited article includes only Twain's participation.]

The Pilgrims of the United States obtained much information last night. They learned from Mark Twain that it was taking from the coins the motto, "In God We Trust" that caused the recent financial panic; they learned from Joseph H. Choate what a poor embassy this country has in London, and they learned from Whitelaw Reid, the present Ambassador to England and the guest of honor, how very remote the possibility of war with Japan is, and how still more remote is the possibility of England's supporting Japan in such a contingency.

In every respect the dinner was a typical Pilgrim dinner; a "hands-across-the-sea affair," with a joint toast to the President and the King, and more people singing "God Save the King" than "The Star Spangled Banner," because the words are easier to remember. The dinner was held in Delmonico's big dining hall, and the decorations consisted of English and American flags intertwined about the walls. The musical selections were not only Anglo-American, but also very reminiscent, the diners joining, at one point, in singing the chorus of "Annie Rooney."

President Duncan Ill

Unfortunately the President of the Pilgrims' Society, William Butler Duncan, was unable to be present owing to illness. Instead Mr. Choate was toastmaster, and sat next to the guest of honor, Mr. Reid. Others at the guest table were J. P. Morgan, Levi P. Morton, Gen. Theodore Bingham,

Ogden Mills, Col. Hugh L. Scott, Lieut. Col. B. R. James, Alton B. Parker, Rear Admiral Caspar Goodrich, Seth Low, Samuel L. Clemens, Bishop Potter, Esme Howard of the British Embassy at Washington, the Right Rev. William Lawrence, Andrew Carnegie, Major Gen. Frederick Grant, Courtenay Walter Bennet, British Consul at New York; J. Edward Simmons; St. Clair Kckelway, and Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke. There were altogether about 300 guests.

The first toast Mr. Choate proposed was that to the President and the King, and it met with warm applause. After this the National anthems of America and England were sung with vigor. There were three cheers for the President and three more for the King, led by George T. Wilson, who followed the football rules and asked the diners: "Are you ready?" before starting the cheering. The toastmaster told a story of an American who visited the embassy in London "just to see if my ambassador is in his place," and said he felt sure that none of the diners had come just to see Mr. Reid, but rather to pay respect to him.

The speaker struck a serious note at the end of his speech by stating that it was a great pity that in the vestibule of the embassy there was no picture of Benjamin Franklin, "the first great American diplomatist." This was a matter, he said, that should receive serious attention. He then introduced Mr. Reid, who was greeted with three rousing cheers.

ROGERS AND TWAIN SAIL

Exchanging Jests on the Pier—Financier Thinks the Outlook Bright.

"This is what I get for being in bad company," said "Mark Twain," humorist, pointing to H. H. Rogers, financier, when a host of interviewers descended upon him yesterday morning on the deck of the steamship Bermudian, previous to their departure for Bermuda.

"My methods," responded Mr. Rogers quickly, "are no worse than your jokes, and they are bad enough."

Mr. Clemens is going to Bermuda to continue the stay which certain social and business obligations cut short. Mr. Rogers is going away for a rest and recreation. The former wore a light suit of gray and looked like a fashion plate. Mr. Rogers was in sombre black.

Mr. Rogers smilingly declared that there was no truth in Mr. Clemens's story that he was going to Bermuda to keep the financier straight. He added that his own reason for making the trip was because of Mr. Clemens's offer to stand treat.

"That's true," said Mark Twain, "but I'm \$2 shy of the amount, and I'm going to shake him down for it when we get to sea."

At this Mr. Rogers laughed and said that Mark Twain's remark might be taken as a fair sample of his jokes, but he doubted if it was worth the \$2.

Mr. Clemens said he expected to remain in Bermuda until April. When Mr. Rogers was asked about the financial situation he smiled and, looking out across the river, said that the horizon was bright and he believed that the same thing could be said of the financial horizon.

On the Bermudian also sailed Mr. and Mrs. George Keegan. Mr. Keegan is assistant manager of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company. Two days ago he married Miss Mary Brennan of 2 West Seventy-fifth Street. When the bride and groom arrived at the steamer their friends fell upon them with rice and confetti. They found their stateroom appropriately decorated with signs announcing that they were "newlyweds."

ANTI-NOISE SOCIETY REVIEWS PROGRESS

**Fifty-nine Hospitals with 18,000
Beds Now Represented in
Its Directorate.**

CHILDREN HELP THE CAUSE

**Mark Twain Rung Their Branch—Mrs.
Rice, at St. Regis Meeting, Tells
What Has Come of Small Beginning.**

The Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noise held its first annual meeting last night at the Hotel St. Regis, Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street, and Mrs. Isaac L. Rice, its founder and President, reported the progress it had made.

One of the newest moves was the organization, with the full consent and cooperation of the Board of Education, of a Children's Hospital Branch, to be composed of children pledged to make as little noise as possible in the neighborhood of hospitals. Mark Twain has agreed to be President of this. In accepting the office he wrote to Mrs. Rice:

I have an abundance of sympathy for this movement. If I were younger I would like to work for it. Now, I thank you for the compliment you pay me, and shall be happy to have my name used as President of the Children's Hospital Branch. Sincerely yours,

MARK TWAIN.

The Board of Education indorsed the movement for the organization of the Children's Hospital Branch last month, and the work has just got under way. Public School 69, in West Fifty-fourth Street, has sent word that its 1,540 pupils have been organized. All the children of the Free Synagogue have also been enrolled.

Children who take the anti-noise pledge receive buttons to wear, designed to jog the memory of the wearer and impress upon him the responsibility of the pledge. The buttons are in black and white, and in the centre is the word, "Humanity."

Child Recruits Write.

Child Recruits Write.

The membership of the Children's Hospital Branch is not to be confined to school children. The society wants to enroll every child in the city, and Mrs. Rice has started a card catalogue of the names of the volunteers in this army. The first recruit, signing himself James Gutman, wrote a letter to Mrs. Rice on his own account, saying:

"I hereby pledge myself not to make any noise around a hospital."

The next recruit was his brother, and the third was Joseph Liebmann, who wrote:

"I will not disturb (sic) the sick people in the hospital."

Reviewing the short history of the society and the circumstances of its organization, Mrs. Rice, in a short address last night, said that about fifteen months before the society was born she tried to see what she could do toward abating the noise in the East River near the hospitals. Having gone to all sorts of Municipal Boards, to Albany, and to Washington, she found that no one had any authority in the matter. Later the bill was passed which put the power of controlling indiscriminate whistling in the hands of the Supervising Inspectors of Steamboats.

Fifty-nine Hospitals Grateful.

The society was organized about a year ago, and now has on its board the most distinguished men in the city. A few months ago, Mrs. Rice said, it had in its Directorate representatives from eighteen hospitals, containing 8,500 beds. Now fifty-nine hospitals, with 18,018 beds, are represented. The membership has grown to about 200, and the movement has attracted serious attention all over the world.

Mrs. Rice spoke of a letter received recently from Dr. S. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia, who called attention to the effect of the noises caused by flat wheels on surface and elevated cars. She said that where notices indicating "quiet zones" around hospitals had been posted the hospitals reported that the noise had very noticeably abated. She also recalled that last year, because of the orders of Commissioner Bingham, the thousands of sick in the hospitals had passed the easiest Fourth of July known in New York for many a year.

The next work planned, Mrs. Rice said, was to have the hospital streets and the harbor patrolled by special policemen to abate unnecessary noise, and to do something with the flat wheel nuisance.

Getting to an Elegy Ideal.

Health Commissioner Darlington said he thought the society had accomplished wonders, and he believed it might well continue its work until New Yorkers lived up to the lines in Gray's Elegy:

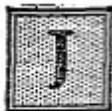
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Dr. William Hanna Thomson told how closely connected the heart is with the ear, and emphasized the importance of quiet in treating nervous diseases. The public could not appreciate, he said, how many lives have been lost because of unnecessary noise.

Cordial thanks were voted to Mark Twain and to Mrs. Rice. The latter must evidently have a dual personality, and some Mahatma accomplishments, for dispatches from Paris reported Marcel Prevost as having interviewed her there yesterday as the "Queen of Silence."

AFTER-DINNER SPEAKERS TELL HOW THEY DO IT

Interesting Methods of Joseph Choate, Mark Twain and Others in the Making of Speeches by Which They Score Their Triumphs. Since the Days of Webster Many Significant Change Have Arisen That Add to the Enjoyment of Post-Prandial Eloquence.



JOSEPH CHOATE, perhaps the foremost of American after-dinner speakers to-day, has a saying to the effect that he always goes to a dinner "with an anecdote and a sentiment—and trusts to the evening for the rest!"

After-dinner speaking is becoming less and less cut and dried with the passing of time. In the days of Daniel Webster they had perorations lasting an hour or more; now there are no more Daniel Websters, and if there were, the people would have no time to listen to them. Most of the successful after-dinner speakers to-day declare that anything in the world can be said in half an hour, and almost anything in fifteen minutes!

Then, too, the speeches and toasts at dinners to-day are no longer stated on the menu. The three, four, or five speakers who have been asked to "oblige" have their names printed thereon without the slightest indication of what they are going to talk about. That is a great improvement upon the old, stereotyped programme method, as will be readily seen. The first thirty seconds are what make or mar a speech. Now, if the audience sees that Mr. So-and-So will speak upon the "Police of New York," a certain amount of the early part of the ensuing discourse is discounted; they already know what it is about. But if they have heard nothing about it, they listen for the opening of the speech to enlighten them; and in that first thirty seconds the orator captures their attention for the rest of the evening—that is, he does if he knows his business.

"Many men succeed," said a certain brilliant orator yesterday. "It is amazing, and to some people a little disgruntling, to consider how little better any one man is than any other. The quality that counts in the game is the ability for recovery—the gift of picking oneself up after a fall, and making people forget that it ever happened. A very brilliant man may slip into the mud through some mistake or oversight, and all the public sees or hears of it is the splash. But to go on and make people blot it out of their minds, through sheer nerve and brains—there you have something privileged to endure—and deservedly. It is particularly true of speakers. The men who make mistakes are divided into two sets; the ones who have tact and grit enough to make good after their failures, and the ones who are conquered thereby—who, in short, can't play the game."

The Hint for a Speech.

The advantage of going unprepared to a dinner are many. One of the most obvious is this: If something happens, or is said, at the table during dinner or during the course of the speeches—some trifling incident or statement that suggests to one or more men there something which he would like to say himself if he happened to be in the chair, and the speaker gets up and says it for him—he is bound to agree with him. And of course, agreeing with him, he thinks him the cleverest man he knows. The tactful orator works on this and many other subtle little facts of human nature.

Mark Twain never prepares a speech

Mark Twain never prepares a speech in any way. He says that he has lived so long, and had so many and varied experiences, that no man can talk for five minutes without suggesting to him a train of thought and a consequent number of pertinent anecdotes and important points. It is for this reason that he always likes to be put at the very end of the programme, if possible; he uses the other men's speeches as inspiration and fuel for his own, and is ~~able to do new and humorous things~~

upon almost any subject which has been broached during the evening.

Mr. Clemens enjoys speaking immensely—indeed, he loves to talk, by his own admission. And apparently people love to hear him quite as much, judging by the number and urgency of his invitations. Of course he cannot accept one-half of them, and now appears at very few public banquets. He prefers to talk at small dinners, where he feels he is among friends—though, indeed, he could not fail to be that wherever he might go, for every one loves Mark Twain.

That Humorous Drawl.

As he talks he runs his fingers through his long, thick, white hair and, in his delicious drawl, murmurs, "it's a very curious thing—a very curious thing"—and then springs a story upon his audience which awakes roars of laughter. This little trick of repeating a phrase just before he makes a point is a favorite one with Mark Twain. He uses it as a composer uses a phrase of melody, repeating it slowly to create a sense of suspense before he bursts into a new motif.

Everything which Mr. Clemens does is invested with his own individual touch—a touch which is paramountly humorous; but it is interesting to note that he never makes a speech which has not in it a deeply serious note.

Joseph Choate has a very subtle method of making points. He talks with the finest art of simplicity and makes his points so casually that they seem to have been dropped unwittingly upon the air. He never seems to be conscious of being clever or amusing, and as the laugh grows and swells following some delicately brilliant touch he is quite grave and unconscious.

In some trifling ways his method has undergone a change of late years. He is a good deal more of the foreign diplomat in his speeches. "He does not exactly 'haw! haw!' after the English fashion," commented some one who was himself a speech-maker, "but he has adopted their method of feeling his way into his subject, as it were. He drops his witticisms as if by accident, and waits to give people a chance to pick them up; and how many laughs he gets!"

Chauncey Depew, for twenty-five years the king of them all, has a unique style of his own. His method is to begin his speech with a jab at the persons who have asked him to speak. If it should happen to be a dinner given by a

society of merchants, he would quite as likely as not commence with references to the custom of putting sand in sugar. At this point his face is normal—in shape and expression. Then he begins to warm up into the humor of the occasion, and his countenance broadens and spreads with appreciation of the comic touches he is making. Finally he becomes serious, and like a piece of India rubber this same expressive face is lengthened into an accompanying shape of gravity; and at the very close of his speech his eyes beam, and his face curves again in full refulgence and satisfaction in a good thing well done.

Gen. Porter always begins with a joke. Then he presents a string of anecdotes—always new and funny ones—and at the close breaks into a peroration full of fine flowers of speech, elaborate metaphors, and well-turned phrases.

Three Laugh Makers.

Hamilton W. Mable, the editor of the "Outlook," is a speaker whose work is both polished and incisive. He dearly loves to poke fun of a satirical nature at his audience, often of the most finished and elaborate sort, before he gets at the meat of his argument, which he treats, when the time comes, with clearness and earnestness.

There are three men in New York who are called by many persons the "three laugh-makers": Patrick Murphy, Job Hedges, and Simeon Ford. Murphy has an inimitable manner and a very slow delivery. He drops his jokes a word at a time, making his hearers wait for each point, and phrasing each line with careful humor. The word "careful" is employed advisedly, for he slaves over his speeches in advance, and writes and rewrites them many times. His sense of humor is exquisite, and his style very finished and perfect of its kind.

Job Hedges dislikes being "starred" as an after-dinner speaker. Of course he is one, and one of the best; probably he does more of it than any of them, but, just the same, he doesn't like to have this branch of his fame thrown at his head too much. He goes to dinners and talks on subjects that interest him by way of diversion, not "as a profession." Some men play golf, some men play bridge; this is his way of playing. While one man sketches for

amusement, and one makes love, or friends, and one makes money by gambling, and another makes mischief by way of refreshment and recreation, Mr. Hedges makes speeches. It is his pet dissipation, and has the quality—rather rare in forms of dissipation—of giving others more pleasure than it gives himself.

He never prepares a speech. He has been heard to say that "preparing a speech is like planning how you are going to make love to a girl; by the time you get there you are so scared you can't touch her!"

Job Hedges cannot digest his dinner if he is in an attitude of anxiety. Therefore he makes it a rule never to dine where he is going to speak. "Hedges must be a nervous fellow," remarked a man who had often heard him. "Whenever he is to speak he just toys with a knife and fork, and never eats a morsel!" As a matter of fact, he has dined well and substantially before he ever reaches the table at all. When he has agreed to make a speech, he just explains that he may be a little late; that he wants no recognition nor reception; he will just slip into his place quietly, and when he is wanted will respond.

Job Hedges and Simeon Ford.

When the evening arrives, instead of presenting himself at Delmonico's, where the banquet is to be held, he hies him to Burns's and orders a thick beefsteak and baked potatoes, the latter slathered over with dish-gravy; a fine old New England dish, if you never tried it! All of this he eats; then he has a cigar, a drink—maybe—and reads the evening paper. Finally he takes a walk, and, quite calm and comfortable, ends up at the big dinner ready to talk.

I have heard his speaking method called explosive, but it is probably the natural expression of the man himself. He is very buoyant, very enthusiastic, with a hearty laugh, a sly twinkle, and a clean-cut face at once boyish and shrewd under his gray hair. I can imagine that he might sound explosive—but he might make other speakers sound tame.

Simeon Ford—but let Simeon Ford speak for himself. You must imagine him as plunged in gloom as Mr. Hedges is sparkling with energy and humor.

Mr. Ford's face refuses to break into a smile, except once in a while, and then it is very pleasant and revealing. For the most part he is wrapped in a cloak of melancholy of as sable a tone as that of the Dane himself.

"Speech-making is a thoroughly detestable occupation," said Mr. Ford, with deep sadness. "I dislike it more than I can say, and I cannot think why I ever do it, or why I ever began to do it. As a matter of fact, I don't do it very often now. When I was younger it may have pleased my vanity, but now it brings me nothing but misery.

"I am considered funny—a humorous speaker. By nature I am the most melancholy and serious of persons. I never knew a comedian yet who was not at heart a pessimist of the most tragic depths.

The Tortures of a Speaker.

"I grind my speeches out word by word, and phrase by phrase. I suffer agonies over each one, and I really believe I would rather have typhoid fever forty times than make one speech.

"It was all very well in the days when Choate and Howland and Porter were at the beginning of their prime. Then a man knew far in advance just at what dates he would be expected to speak—at the New England dinner, at the St. George's dinner, and so on; he could, if he liked, work up his speech a year in advance. It is very different now. A proposition of that sort is sprung on a man almost over night, and he has to think wildly against time of something which will be at once appropriate and funny. I am never eloquent and patriotic. In Washington you can get about twelve gross of orators capable of ringing the changes upon the Grand Old Flag.

"I get along well enough during dinner until the speeches begin; then I am in misery until I am through with my part of the performance. Of course I think that all the speeches which come before mine are rotten, and all those that follow me great.

"Some people tell me they forget their speeches. Indeed, I've seen a man faint away in the middle of a seemingly flourishing speech because he could not remember his lines. I've nearly toppled over myself once or twice, but it was

from nervousness, not from loss of memory. I go over everything I am to speak so many times, and correct and change and copy so often that the words are engraved on my brain permanently.

"No, I don't forget my speeches; I can't!" For just a moment the elusive shadow of a smile passed over Mr. Ford's face. Then he looked grave again, almost tragic.

"Spontaneous, did you say? My speeches are about as spontaneous as a

coral-insect building coral in the Pacific Ocean."

It was the Hon. Henry E. T. Howland who, when he found himself the only Yale guest at the Harvard dinner, and was received with uproarious applause, began his speech with this story, which promptly became famous: "Gentlemen, I am overwhelmed by this reception! I had expected my greeting to be something after the manner of Mrs. Flaherty, who, when she met her neighbor and enemy out walking, said: 'The top of the mornin' to ye, Mrs. Moriarty; but that I care a damn, but just f'r the sake of makin' conversation!'"

"A speech," said Judge Howland, with his delicious twinkle, should be partly sense, and partly nonsense! Many men prepare heavy, dignified speeches, but I don't! It seems to me that, at the end of dinner, full of good wine and inhaling good cigars, men want to be amused. Up there on the platform, or dais, are the minstrels furnished for the occasion; they should be amusing! I have a son who is a purist; he and some other people think that my flights are too flippant. Well, I have tried to make a big, dignified, serious speech—at the New England dinner one night it was—and it was very bad."

He chuckled at this amusing fact, and continued:

"The after-dinner speakers are growing fewer every day, and, above all, they are growing briefer! That is a great improvement. A good thing should not be run into the ground, and the terser a speaker is, the more he has to say, as a rule. Anecdotes should be treated very tenderly. An anecdote should never be introduced unless it is absolutely in the spirit of the occasion. I remember hearing Evarts make the hit of the evening with the simplest sort of response; it wasn't a story, nor a full-fledged joke, just a delightfully humorous touch.

A Reminiscence of Evarts.

"The speaker had been putting difficult exam. questions to the men at the table—it was a Harvard dinner—and Evarts was, of course, from Yale. Finally the speaker ended up with: 'And now, gentlemen, I should like to know why the coatings of the stomach, being charged with digestive juices capable of digesting almost anything, do not digest themselves.'

"To which Evarts, like a flash, re-

"To which Evarts, like a flash, replied: 'That question seems to me unnecessary to answer as, whenever I expect to attend a Harvard dinner I always remove all the coatings of my stomach!'

"Of course he was never permitted to finish. But a little thing like that will set the whole evening to a humorous tune. Choate is peculiarly happy in that sort of thing, too; I remember—oh! you want me to talk about myself? But I am not a 'famous after-dinner speaker,' you know!

"No, I don't like 'speaking' any longer; at least not so well as I used to like it. Of course sometimes it is much easier and pleasanter than at others. Some audiences are so responsive that they draw the speech right out of your mind before you know it, and, anyway, though on general principles I believe in preparing a few points of a speech in advance, some of the best speeches I ever made in my life were without the slightest preparation.

"Now it is all very well to give charades in the country, where every one knows every one else, and you have none of the feeling of being on probation, but it turned out to be somewhat different in New York before a large audience of the Trinity congregation.

"It was all very nicely planned. A lady named Mrs. Meade was going to play the part of a poor woman freezing to death in the streets, while I was the kind man who rescued her; at the proper moment the clouds were to roll by, and the Christmas Waits—the Trinity Choir—were to burst into song.

"Well, in the first place, Mrs. Meade, when the time came, either forgot or refused to say her long recital of woes, and just wailed, 'I'm so cold! I'm so cold!' which looked as if it might be true; then, when the clouds rolled by, the choir was found to consist of two rather faint-voiced boys; and to finish up with, Walter Satterlee hustled the rest off and whispered to me cheerfully from the wings that I was to amuse them while the others changed their costumes!

Trouble in Old Trinity.

"I'll never forget that moment—never! Whenever I pass Old Trinity I shudder. As a matter of fact, the calmness and daring of despair fell upon me, and I danced a pas-seul on that stage amid great applause!

"But, all my life, my nightmares have been going up for examinations without being prepared—a ghastly experience which inscribed itself indelibly upon my mind in my youth—going upon the stage without knowing my lines, or—and this is invariably the worst!—standing up to make a speech and having no idea what to say!

"No, that last has never actually happened to me, though I always expect it. Whenever I have reached very deep waters of forgetfulness or some other undertow I have always been able to reach for a life-line somewhere and gain safety before I was lost!

"Some audiences are very responsive

"Am I ever embarrassed?" The gulp became confidential—though still with the twinkle. "Scared to death! I've always been so. I think I must tell you of the most dreadful ordeal of my life! It was a good many years ago, and Trinity Church, just across there, had a Sunday School that needed money. Well, Walter Satterlee planned a Christmas festival there, and a group of us, who had been giving charades and amateur theatricals in the country, were called in to perform.

"Some audiences are very responsive; they always help a speaker; the Southern Society is one, and the Virginia Society is another. The St. Patrick is sympathetic and delightful, but you have to treat them with gloves on all the time; they are touchy!

"Everything is a personal matter, really, with speech-making. I have heard a certain famous man talk about himself for an endless time and relate, by the score, chestnuts that I have had to discard long since—regretfully, for they were good ones—and yet his hearers have laughed at him as heartily as if they had not heard every one of his stories a hundred times and did not know all his peculiarities by heart.

"That is just because they love the man, and because he has a personal charm and humorous twist that will doubtless continue to endear him to every one—myself included—for years to come.

"You know it's a funny thing, but when the speech-making is all over and the strain is gone and you have listened to what all the other fellows have had to say you are always ready to get up and make a great speech! When I am all through with my performance at a dinner I always think of ever so many clever, brilliant things that I wish I had said. You know the best speeches in the world are composed going home ~~in the cab!~~"

GREAT MEN'S LETTERS SOLD AT AUCTION

Two Written by Roosevelt While
He Was at Montauk Point
During Spanish War.

MARK TWAIN'S SELL HIGHER

A Missive from Bryan About The Com-
moner Brings \$3.25—One from
Carnegie Brings 40 Cents.

Two letters of President Roosevelt, written during the Spanish war, were among the interesting autographs sold by the Anderson Company in West Twenty-ninth Street yesterday. Both are addressed to John Brisben Walker, then editor of The Cosmopolitan Magazine. They are typewritten, but signed by Mr. Roosevelt. One, dated "First Reg., U. S. Vol. Cav., in camp at Montauk Point, Aug. 8, 1898, is as follows:

My Dear Mr. Walker: I should like very much to accept, but upon my word I do not know how I can, for I have had infinite requests to write, and it is going to be difficult to meet a tenth of them, and they offer me prices which I really should not have dreamed of asking myself. Very sincerely yours,
T. ROOSEVELT.

This fetched \$2.25.

The other letter is dated Camp Wikoff, Montauk, L. I., Sept. 7, 1898, and is as follows:

Mr. Dear Mr. Walker: In a little while I think I shall be at leisure to have the writer of whom you spoke call on me. I only wish I were able to write for you myself, but I am engaged to the hilt. Sincerely yours,
T. ROOSEVELT.

This letter sold for \$2.50.

There were also three interesting and characteristic letters written by Mark Twain to Mr. Walker, the earliest of these is a four page 12mo. dated "Kaltenbentgeben bei Wien, Sept. 19, 1898," and reading in part as follows:

and reading in part as follows:

Dear Mr. Walker: Sure it's the illigant [sic] conscience you've got and few there be that can afford such an expensive one. Yes, the second check astonished—and gratified me. I didn't know what it was for. I merely uttered my little prayer of humble thanks and went and cashed it. Many would have thought God sent it, but I knew, by the signature, it was you. Indeed and indeed I am hoping I shall yet appear again in The Cosmopolitan. • • •

This letter brought \$13.25.

Another of the letters is two pages and is dated London, March 2, 1900. The letter paper bears mourning border. It refers to a request for permission to republish one of his articles. This letter sold for \$6.50.

The third letter is dated Wallis Hill, London, Sept. 27, 1900, and is of similar import to the previous letter to Mr. Walker. It sold for \$4.80.

William Jennings Bryan was also represented in the sale by a two-page letter to Mr. Walker. It was written in Lincoln, Neb., but bears no date. It is entirely in Bryan's handwriting. Such letters, it is said, are rare. It is as follows:

My Dear Mr. Walker: I do not know to what extent it is considered proper for a publisher to tell others of his rates, but to the extent that it is proper I would like to know about what rates are charged per 1,000 circulation. I have not taken advertisements, but shall soon. I prefer the class of advertisements found in the magazine. You will be interested to know that The Commoner has about 41,000 now, and has been increasing at over 1,000 per day for two weeks. Regards to the family.
Yours truly,
W. J. BRYAN.

This fetched \$3.25.

Other interesting items sold as follows: Gen. U. S. Grant's order to Gen. Thomas, Dec. 8, 1864, to advance on the Confederate Gen. Hood at Nashville, \$75; a letter of John Hay, Washington, D. C., Nov. 19, 1890, "I have never written a word of gossip about the White House and never shall," \$6.50; a letter of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jan. 7, 1891, about his introduction to the History of Woodstock, \$12.50; a letter of Rudyard Kipling, March 15, 1895, in regard to writing articles from India, \$11; the signatures of President Lincoln and his Cabinet on one sheet of paper, \$10; a letter of President McKinley, New York, Nov. 30, 1904, \$18.25, and a typewritten letter of Andrew Carnegie to John Brisben Walker, declining to write his autobiography, 40 cents.

TWAIN AND ROGERS BACK FROM BERMUDA

Offer to Lend \$2 to Rogers Not
Accepted—Strain of Trav-
eling with Financier.

JOINS ANTI-NOISE CRUSADE

"Fourteen Banks of England Could
Not Finance" Lakes to
Gulf Canal.

"Birds of a feather," said Mark Twain, as he appeared on the deck of the steamer Bermuda yesterday holding H. H. Rogers by the arm. "You know the rest of it," and both humorist and financier laughed heartily. All this marked the end of a five weeks' vacation on the Island of Bermuda. Both looked in the best of health. Mark Twain wore a gray flannel suit, a long fur-lined overcoat, and a peaked cap, which sat jauntily on his long, gray hair.

Mark Twain, smoking a long, black cheroot, met interviewers standing under a sign warning male passengers that smoking on deck annoyed mal de mer patients. "It's a terrible strain, this being a financier," he said, nodding his head in the direction of Mr. Rogers. "It is also a strain traveling with one. I offered to loan Rogers \$2, though I knew I was taking an awful risk. Rogers thought it was simply a courtesy and so did not take me up. Now I am \$2 ahead.

"I have returned from my trip a reformer. I have joined the ranks of the anti-noise society. I have retired both from the making of after-dinner speeches and the lecture platform. No one can tolerate noise, you know, unless they are the noisemakers. I am through making a noise and so I now insist on quiet. Mrs. Rice started her crusade at the right time for me."

"Mr. Twain, what do you think of the scheme to improve our interior waterways by dredging a fourteen-foot channel down the Mississippi River?" asked one.

"I have no sentimental interest in such

the Mississippi River," asked one.

"I have no sentimental interest in such a project, and I have too many realities to deal with to be chasing a will-o'-the-wisp. When the Almighty built this earth He knew very well that a fourteen-foot channel from Chicago to the Gulf would have been a very excellent and much-needed thing, but he also knew that it would tax even His resources. If there were fourteen Banks of England behind the scheme, and fourteen more behind them, there would not be enough available money to finance the scheme.

"I know the Mississippi Valley and its oozy soil too well. The digging of the channel would be but the beginning. A thousand dredges could not keep it clear."

Mr. Rogers said that he had had a pleasant vacation and was much improved in health, but was out of touch with current events.

Mark Twain told of one exciting incident of the voyage home. The ocean he characterized as "most rude." On Sunday afternoon, dressed in his famous white suit, he was standing at the stern rail with Miss Dorothy Sturgis of Boston, watching the play of the ship's log, when a wave struck the vessel astern and a great comber climbed over the rail and drenched the pair.

Mr. Twain said he will remain in his Fifth Avenue house for five weeks, and then go to the new home he is building on a farm at Redding, four miles out of Danbury, Conn.

The Bermuda brought a large consignment of West Indian fish for the Aquarium. She also had on board a consignment of 1,000 boxes containing 60,000 Easter lilies. The Bermuda steamer Trinidad, arriving later in the week, will, it is expected, bring a great cargo of the lilies.

69. April 17, 1908 - NEW PLEA FOR TCHAYKOVSKY

New Plea for Tchaikovsky

Ex-Mayor Seth Low of New York, Mayor Busse of Chicago, Bishop Greer of New York, Mark Twain, and many other prominent Americans have united in another cable appeal to Premier Stolypin at St. Petersburg in behalf of Nicholas Tchaikovsky, now imprisoned

in a Russian fortress. The appeal says that a speedy trial and the release of Tchaikovsky, if there are no charges against him, would give great satisfaction to the multitudes of friends of Russia in America.

TWAIN AND M'CARREN MIX WIT WITH ART

And Incidentally Devour Beef-
steak and Beer with
Cartoonists.

LONG PAT WANTS TO PAINT

Says He'd Like to Picture Some Folks
as He Sees Them—Inside—
Twain on Heroes.

Mark Twain, the humorist; Mam'selle Fay Douglass, introduced as "the champion long-distance soubrette of the world"; Patrick H. McCarrén, and H. H. Rogers of the Standard Oil Company met some 150 comic artists, cartoonists, caricaturists, humorous writers, comic writers, and other funny-looking people last night at Reisenweber's, third floor, where there was beefsteak and animal and vegetable spirits.

Everybody did something, and many things were still doing at 11 o'clock when Mark Twain, Mr. Rogers, and Senator McCarrén withdrew, but at that hour Roy McCardell, exuberant with animal and vegetable spirits, was trying to hold down all speakers to two-second addresses.

This was the first meeting of this company, most of those present being from New York, though Philadelphia and Newark were represented; and some sort of organization may eventuate from the meeting. At 11 o'clock it appeared that the proper name of the organization would be the Mutual Protective Bull Bond Association.

The eating cards were of huge size, so that the artists might write down their stimulated fancies and pass them around. This was done. One of the inside pages of the big card had "Steak" in the size of type sometimes used on front pages to herald murders, and on the other inside page was "Beer," in type no smaller.

The Introductory Speech.

The Introductory Speech.

The card was entirely correct in its details. The things on the card were finally disposed of, though the drawing of pictures and seizure of autographs had been going on at such a pace, as said Homer Davenport later, that Mark Twain's signature, which last week sold for a few cents over \$4, would now fall below 30 cents.

Walt McDougall, said to be of Philadelphia, attempted to call the meeting to order, and proceeded with his address notwithstanding, as follows:

"I want to tell you of the pride and exaltation that fills me at the thought of having been called upon to preside over the greatest galaxy of human intellect ever gathered under one tent." [Violent applause.]

Voices: "Let McCarren speak."

"You are a dear old man, Mac, but—"

"Call the Committee on Credentials."

"I could make a long speech," went on the Chairman.

"Terrible!" yelled the audience."

"But I will now call on one," went on the Chairman, "who has hobnobbed with royalty, run the Standard Oil Company—"

Many voices: "Pat McCarren!"

Mark Twain on Heroes.

Mark Twain was called, however, and he said:

"In the matter of courage we all have our limits. There never was a hero who did not have his bounds. I suppose it may be said of Nelson and all the others whose courage has been advertised that there came times in their lives when their bravery knew it had come to its limit.

"I have found mine a good many times. Sometimes this was expected—often it was unexpected. I know a man who is not afraid to sleep with a rattlesnake, but you could not get him to sleep with a safety razor.

"I never had the courage to talk across a long, narrow room. I should be at the end of the room facing all the audience. If I attempt to talk across a room I find myself turning this way and that, and thus at alternate periods I have part of the audience behind me. You ought never to have any part of the audience behind you; you never can tell what they are going to do.

"I'll sit down."

He was talking across the room.

It must be said parenthetically and looking backward, that before Mark Twain spoke Rennold Wolf had introduced Mam'selle Fay Douglass, the champion long-distance soubrette of the world, who sang a song about somebody getting on a horse with her out around Pueblo, Colorado. Mam'selle Douglass wore a sort of bathing-suit costume. Considerable applause greeted Mam'selle Fay Douglass.

Clarence Harvey was introduced as one who would read a poem. He did not, though no direct word against it was spoken. He started in to say that he thought that what had gathered around the boxes, on which beefsteak and beer had been sitting, was the nucleus of a

fine club, but he was cut off by this voice:

"Cut that out! That's my speech!"

Mr. Harvey did so, switching to a plea for the return to the simple life of Arcadec, as it is in most rhymes, where (in Arcadec, that is) the dairy maid attends to her own dairy and baby does not have to leave home for its meals.

Senator Pat Says He Got His.

Chairman McDougall said that, nevertheless, he would try for one more speech, anyhow, thus introducing Senator McCarren. Thus spoke the Senator, playing with his apron strings in a nonchalant sort of way:

"I am unlike Mr. Clemens; I know no limits to my courage. All that could happen to be has been performed. I don't care whether I talk across the room or along it."

"I have often thought that if I ever adopted the profession of caricaturing I would draw the insides of some people, using some sort of X ray apparatus to find what they were really like inside.

"Now, the artists, the excellent artists whom I see around me, have drawn my exterior in excellent pictures. They know not what they have done. They have made me popular with the female sex, and they can't vote.

"I have recently been in a position where I would have liked to picture some people as I saw them—inside."

Senator McCarren said he did not agree with Frank J. Gould, who was quoted in the papers yesterday as saying that money was a curse. But even if it was, he said, he was anxious to find out just exactly what kind of a curse it was. He pleaded with the cartoonists to draw him henceforth as a man who wanted to be a philanthropist, one who took pleasure in handing out money. He had noticed the pleasure it gave other men to hand out money; he wanted so much to taste that pleasure to the full.

"I have a great deal before me," he went on. "I now receive a salary of \$1,500 a year, and most of that is spent before I receive it."

In conclusion he made this appeal to the artists and humorists present:

"If you can't do me any good, then go ahead and do me as much harm as you can."

Mr. Clemens Gets a Picture.

Archie Gunn, artist, sang, and was going to do it again when Chairman McDougall called upon Charles Battell Loomis for the story about the lady with the gold fingernails.

"Flown!" was the cry.

It was true.

The artist, who is best known by the names "Pal," which he signs to his pictures, and "the Big Turk," which he does not, drew the beautiful head of a beautiful girl in a few minutes, presenting it to Mark Twain, who said it was the most beautiful thing of the evening. "Pal," alias "the Big Turk," said privately that the picture was not at all what it should have been: He had happened on the wrong canvas. It was an oil canvas. If he had had a chalk canvas, why then—

H. H. Rogers, who sat by the side of Mark Twain, was called upon for words. These he said:

"Mr. Clemens has paid me to keep still."

Bob Davis tried to make a speech and was cried down, Roy McCardell leading the opposition. R. F. Outcault also tried and couldn't.

Then Senator McCarren, Mark Twain, and H. H. Rogers withdrew. But Mr. McCardell said he wouldn't.

At last reports somebody was "singing" at Reisenweber's, third floor.

*Mark Twain Tells
About the Cat.*

HAMILTON, Bermuda, April 10.—A distinguished party consisting of Earl Grey, Governor General of Canada, Lady Grey, S. L. Clemens, (Mark Twain,) Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Rogers, and Lieut. Gen. and Mrs. Wodehouse made a trip to the coral reefs on Wednesday as the guests of the Bermuda Natural History Society.

They entered the glass-bottomed boat as the steam launch came to a stop about three miles out from Hamilton, and gazing down into the crystal clear depths, they admired the waving sea-fans, the graceful coral formations, and the many brilliant rainbow hued fishes that played about beneath them. The party spent the better part of an hour looking at the wonders of this varied marine life. On the trip back they were entertained by Mark Twain's comments and stories which he has always ready for the occasion. It was while viewing the parade of the Forty-sixth Regiment at Prospect on Sunday last that Col. Chapman invited him to address the children of the garrison school. He consented, and next day appeared before them with a solemn mien.

"As I was on my way up the hill," he said, "I saw a cat jump over a wall, and that reminded me of a little incident of my childhood that may interest you. I was a little boy once on a time, and before that I was a little girl, perhaps, though I don't remember it.

"There was a good deal of cholera around the Mississippi Valley in those days, and my mother used to dose us children with a medicine called Patten's Patent Pain Killer. She had no idea that the cholera was worse than the medicine, but then she had never taken the stuff. It went down our insides like liquid fire and fairly doubled us up. I suppose we took fifty bottles of that pain killer in our family. I used to feed mine to a crack in the floor of our room when no one was looking.

"One day when I was doing this our cat, whose name was Peter, came into the room, and I looked at him and wondered if he might not like some of that pain killer. He looked hungry, and it seemed to me that a little of it might do him good. So I just poured out the bottle and put it before him. He did not seem to get the real effect of it, at first, but pretty soon I saw him turn and look at me with a queer expression in his eyes, and the next minute he jumped to the window and went through it like a cyclone, taking all the flower pots with him; and seeing that cat on the wall just now reminded me of the little incidents of my childhood after many years."

Earl Grey met the children of the garrison school and told them about his plans for a great celebration of the Canadian Tercentenary. He said that it would cost a hundred thousand pounds to buy the Plains of Abraham, the scene of the

the Plains of Abraham, the scene of the famous battle, and that he hoped to raise that amount by subscriptions of threepences from all the quarters of the British Empire. The names of the subscribers would be enrolled in vellum scrolls and deposited in the great monument, which it is purposed to erect on the scene of the historic event.

"Gentlemen, you have remarked that my visit is a new departure for a Governor General of Canada. Well, I believe that to be true, but I also believe that if I am the first to visit Bermuda I shall not be the last.

"If you resolve to have the best transportation service and the best hotels, you will encourage people from abroad to make homes in your islands, and I believe Providence has destined them to become in ever-increasing degree the Winter homes and the market garden of the Canadian people."

CHILD ACTORS WARM TO THEIR MARK TWAIN

An Eye at Every Peek Hole and
an Ear at Every Crack
as He Speaks.

HE TELLS GOOD NEWS, TOO

Bigger Theatre and New Directors for
the Children's Educational Play-
Acting—Society Gives Aid.

"Say, didn't youse ever see an automobile before?"

This in most scornful tones last night from the larger boys in the crowd outside the Children's Theatre of the Educational Alliance, at Jefferson Street and East Broadway. It was announced that "Mark Twain" was to speak at the evening's performance, and society, with its motor cars descended upon the Children's Theatre, so naturally all the curious small boys in the neighborhood swarmed around.

To be sure, society didn't arrive till the first play, "Editha's Burglar," was well under way, and the regular patrons of the theatre who save their few pennies desperately to go there, were thrilling with admiration for the tiny Editha.

"Say! ain't she the cute one? Oh! she'll have that bolglar fooled," they murmured to each other as Society walked down the aisles.

The curtain fell on the first play, and they "got busy" behind, according to stage managerial directions. The child-actors retired to the dressing rooms, while the youthful stage hands did their work. The assistant property man stowed away safely the auto horn with which he

away safely the auto horn with which he had announced the arrival of Editha's papa, and took a hand at the lashing. As the scenery was rushed hither and thither, just like the "real behind the scenes," except for the conspicuous absence of profanity, there were many officious calls of "Sh-sh! Silence, there!" for the children's orchestra was playing Mozart's "Magic Flute" music between acts, and the artists behind respected their fellow-workers in front. All of a sudden a small girl at one side of the curtain called out:

"That's him, there he comes."

"Him" was Mark Twain, taking his place before the curtain to make his speech.

At the call, the stage hands stopped shifting, the property men came running out with a vase in each hand, and out swarmed the actors from the dressing rooms. Those from the first play had their make-up only half off, and those who were to be in the coming play had not yet developed sufficient "temperament" to object to being disturbed before going on to play their rôles. One and all, the entire staff of the Children's Theatre, ranged itself behind the curtains, with an eye at every possible peep hole, and an ear at every crack. At the furthest left-hand edge sat "Mrs. Whitmore" taking down the speech.

"I'm going to have every word he says, every word," she declared.

Meanwhile, quite unaware of this enthusiastic devotion behind the curtain, Mark Twain was making his speech to the audience in front. In opening, Mr. Clemens called attention to the playing by the children's orchestra.

"We have all home talent here," he said.

"We," sniffed a girl flippantly.

"Silence, Becky!" answered the dressing room mistress severely. However he is regarded elsewhere, the children at the Educational Alliance take Mark Twain seriously.

Mr. Clemens made only a short address, pointing out the need for a children's theatre to supply the demand for amusement, and to give amusement of the right kind. He asserted that the work was entirely educational, and that the boys and girls training for the plays knew their Shakespeare far better than many Broadway audiences. [Sotto voce applause from the actors, with their ears against the curtain.] Of the hundreds of children in the classes of "Speech and Action" only

the classes of "Speech and Action" only three, Mr. Clemens said, had developed any desire to take up acting as a profession.

Then Mr. Clemens announced the news of the evening. After July 1 the Educational Theatre for Children will enter upon an independent existence, under a different Board of Directors. The Honorary President of the board is Mr. Clemens himself, and he said he took great pride in the choice as he understood that the children themselves had had some voice in that election. [Emphatic nods of approval from all the assembled theatre staff.] The other Directors are Robert Collier of Collier's Weekly, the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant, and President Stanley Hall of Clarke University. Under this new direction a larger building will be erected to give more seating room at the theatre and to provide schoolrooms for the accompanying class work.

The speech was over, with great applause in front, but that was nothing compared with the joyous war dance behind, in which all joined to the chant: "Oh, we're to have the new theatre." Then the stage manager called: "Hey, there! All ready!" The actors fled, the scene shifters stood at attention, the light man gathered up his blue bulbs, and all was order once more. But they crowded around the girl in the corner, who had been taking notes.

"Did you get it all down—every word he said?" they demanded as the curtain went up on "Op-o'-me-Thumb," the second play of the evening.

JUBILEE DEDICATION FOR CITY COLLEGE

Eighty Seats of Learning Represented at the Ceremonies on St. Nicholas Heights.

BRYCE AND TWAIN THERE

Mrs. Cleveland Touches Electric Button That Rings the Tower Bell Signaling the Dedication.

The College of the City of New York which cost \$6,500,000 and in its completed state is said to be second to none in the United States, was dedicated yesterday to the cause of higher education, free to all, under the most auspicious conditions.

The day was an ideal one for the ceremonies, at which no less than eighty colleges of this and other lands were represented in the throng that was gathered for the dedicatory exercises.

Aside from the actual dedication there were two notable features. One was the ovation with which Mark Twain was received. The other was the raising of the Stars and Stripes to the lofty flagstaff on the plaza, while the assembled company sang "America" and the silken folds of the emblem snapped in the breeze.

....

As the band struck up the "Star Spangled Banner" every hat was doffed and cheer after cheer rang out to be echoes and re-echoed among the turreted towers of the surrounding buildings.

Mark Twain reached the grounds just before the flag-raising, and instantly recognized he was welcomed with cheers as he walked with buoyant step from the Amsterdam Avenue gate to the plaza. He wore the gown of a Doctor of Laws of Oxford, and the red and pale blue of his flowing robe and his shock of white hair would have made him a conspicuous figure in any assemblage. He joined a group of the guests and speakers consisting of Ambassador Bryce, President Eliot of Harvard University, Joseph H. Choate, Mayor McClellan, and Edward M. Shepard, President of the college trustees, all greeting him cordially.

The movement of the guests and speakers to the main hall, where the dedication exercises proper took place, proved a triumphal procession for Mark Twain. He walked with St. Clair McKelway, but all efforts to carry on a conversation with the editor were futile. Cheer after cheer rang out for the distinguished author. He smiled, waved his hand and doffed his cap to the enthusiastic throng. The undergraduates were unsparing in their welcome of the famous man of letters.

"What do you think of it?" he was asked.

"I am not a bit embarrassed," he replied.

Another reporter asked him if he didn't wish all the shouting boys could vote.

"That I don't," he said, laughing. "I am afraid they might elect me Sheriff, or to some other high office which I am not qualified to fill."

Until this time, and it was well on to 2:30 o'clock, every address had been serious, with little touch of humor, save in Mr. Bryce's allusion to the "Merry Widow" hat, but ex-Ambassador Choate, who said he represented the plain citizen, brought a hearty laugh with the first word.

"I did not practice law in this city for nothing. One thing I learned," said he, "was never to talk to a hungry Judge, a hungry jury, or a hungry audience.

The hungry jurors soon the sentence sign,

And wretched hang that jurymen may dine.

"I don't want any one to hang on my words. There is an aching void that no words of mine will fill.

A Shakespearean Citizen.

"Now I am described as a citizen. I feel very much like those citizens described in the plays of Shakespeare. They are, you know, usually labeled as 'first citizen,' 'second citizen,' and so on. I am very like them, and I appear in plain clothes as well. They wear no caps and gowns, and neither you see do I. And I am like the citizen in Shakespeare, for it doesn't matter what they say, for they never say anything.

"There isn't much in the man who can live in New York for half a century, and not get all there is in him educated."

Every one settled back for a good laugh when President Finley called on Mark Twain to speak for Oxford, introducing him as the foremost figure in American letters. When he could make himself heard, the author said, in all seriousness:

"How difficult, indeed, is the higher education. Mr. Choate evidently needs a little of it. He is not only lacking as a statistician of New York, but he is off, way off, in his mathematics. 'Four thousand citizens of New York,' indeed!

"But I don't think it was wise or judicious on the part of Mr. Choate to show the kind of higher education he has obtained. He has said that seventy years ago he was in the lap of that great educator Horace Mann. I was there at the time - and see the result, the lamentable result. May be, if he had had a sandwich here to sustain him, the result would not have been so serious."

Gov. Hughes was to have spoken, but telegraphed that he was kept away by pressing official duties. He sent his congratulations.

400 ALUMNI AT THE WALDORF.

They Sing Old Songs and Listen to the Wisdom of Mark Twain.

The "old boys" of the College of the City of New York—400 strong—representing the Associate Alumni of the institution, lustily last night drank to the long life and prosperity of their alma mater at a dinner in the Waldorf-Astoria. It was the closing feature of the day of celebration in connection with the dedication of the new buildings on St. Nicholas Heights. The alumni sang the song with a zest which revived memories of the old days, when they were enrolled as students in the buildings now vacated for the larger and more magnificent quarters which the city has built.

And when the echoes had died away, the alumni and members of the college Faculty, together with the Presidents of several other colleges in this and other States, listened to words of wisdom and wit by Mark Twain and others.

One suggestion made by Mark Twain may take root and grow, the college men say, although, when offered last night, it was partially cloaked in jest. The suggestion was that a chair of citizenship be established at City College, and the idea met with applause. Mark Twain, who was late in arriving at the dinner, was lustily cheered. Some one facetiously shouted, "Who is Mark Twain?"

Instantly came the reply from many throats:

"First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Before the author was called upon to speak, the other speakers had been frequently interrupted by cries of "Louder!" And on this Mark Twain commented:

"If you have a voice loud enough to state what you have to state you don't have to have anything in what you say anyhow." And then he told of the Mayor's suggestion, made in his speech at the dedication exercises in the afternoon, that citizenship should be placed above everything, even learning.

Mark Twain's Suggestion.

Mark Twain's Suggestion.

"I thought when the Mayor said that there was not a man within hearing who did not agree with that sentiment," added Mr. Clemons. "And then I thought—is there in any college of the land a chair of citizenship where good citizenship and all that it implies is taught? There is not one—that is, not one where sane citizenship is taught. There are some which teach insane citizenship, bastard citizenship, but that is all. Patriotism! Yes, but patriotism is usually the refuge of the scoundrel. He is the man who talks the loudest.

"You can begin that chair of citizenship in the College of the City of New York. You can place it above mathematics and literature, and that is where it belongs."

"Some years ago on the gold coins we used to trust in God. We didn't put it on the coppers and the nickels because we were not sure. If you teach citizenship you will teach that veracity is one of the first principles of good citizenship. I think that the Congress of the United States should take it upon itself to state just what we do believe in.

"That statement on the gold coins, 'In God We Trust,' was an overstatement. There is not a nation in the world which ever put its faith in God. In the unimportant cases of life, perhaps, we do trust in God—that is, if we rule out the gamblers and burglars, and plumbers, for of course they do not believe in God.

"If cholera ever reached these shores the bulk of the Nation would pray to be delivered from the plague, but the rest of the population would put their trust in the Boards of Health. If I remember rightly, the President required or ordered the removal of that sentence from the coins. Well, I didn't see that the statement ought to remain there. It wasn't true.

"The author then told of the forty-two children in the Holy Land who were devoured by two bears, and suggested that if they put their trust in God, as they had been advised to do by the prophet, they were sadly disappointed.

He Respects the Prophets.

"But I have a great respect for the baldheaded prophets," he resumed. "I expect to be one myself sometime. I don't know Mr. Bryan, but he's got that sort of a head. If Congress puts that motto back on the coins I hope they will modify it. There are limitations. If there is not room on the coins for the limitations let them enlarge the coins.

"Now I want to tell a story about

jumping at conclusions. It was told to me by Bram Stoker, and it concerns a christening. There was a little clergyman who was prone to jump at conclusions sometimes. One day he was invited to officiate at a christening. He went. There sat the relatives—intelligent-looking relatives they were. The little clergyman's instinct came to him to make a great speech. He was given to flights of oratory that way—a very dangerous thing, for often the wings which take one into the clouds of oratorical enthusiasm are wax and melt up there, and down you come.

But the little clergyman couldn't resist. He took the child in his arms and, holding it, looked at it a moment. It wasn't much of a child. It was little, like a sweet potato. Then the little clergyman waited impressively, and then: 'I see in your countenances, he said, 'disappointment of him. I see you are disappointed with this baby. Why? Because he is so little. My friends, if you had but the power of looking into the future you might see that great things may come of little things.'

His Name Was Mary Ann.

"There is the great ocean, holding the navies of the world, which came from little drops of water no larger than a woman's tears. There is the great constellations in the sky, made up of little bits of stars. Oh, if you could consider his future you might see that he might become the greatest poet of the universe, the greatest warrior the world has ever known, greater than Caesar, than Hannibal, than er—er (turning to the father,) what's his name?"

The father hesitated, then whispered back, 'His name? Well, his name is Mary Ann.'

It was nearly midnight when Mr. Clemens finished speaking. With a long cigar in his mouth he hastened from the dining hall, pausing at the door to say:

"I have an important engagement at a quarter of eleven."

It was then 11:45.

73. May 21, 1908 - MARK TWAIN GIVES THANKS to the American Booksellers

MARK TWAIN GIVES THANKS

To the American Booksellers for Helping Him Make a Living.

At the annual dinner of the American Booksellers' Association last evening at the rooms of the Aldine Association Mark Twain, in his usual white flannel suit, told how well his books had sold since they had passed from subscription agents into the hand of the booksellers.

"For thirty-six years my books were sold by subscription," he said. "The books passed into the hands of my present publishers in 1904, and you then became the providers of my diet. I think I may say without flattering you that you have done exceedingly well by me.

"By the terms of my contract my publishers had to account to me for 50,000 volumes per year for five years, and pay me for them

whether they sold them or not. It is at this point that you gentlemen come in, for it was your business to unload the 250,000 volumes upon the public in five years if you possibly could. Have you succeeded? Yes, you have - and more. For in four years, with a year still to spare, you have sold the 250,000 volumes and 240,000 besides."

The story teller then said he was building a farmhouse with the proceeds, where he intends to take a vacation for thirty or forty years before completing the five books he is now engaged on.

Other speakers at the dinner were the Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, Burges Johnson, Will Irwin, Holman Day, and Simon Brentano. About 400 were present.

TWAIN EULOGIZES QUEEN-VICTORIA

**Humorist Speaks at Victoria Day
Dinner of British Schools
and Universities Club.**

"HAD NO PEER IN HER TIME"

**Mentioning War Only to Scoff at Idea,
He Tells of Affection Be-
tween Countries.**

Old "boys" from many famous English universities and schools, including Oxford and Cambridge and Eton and Harrow, met at Delmonico's last night to celebrate Victoria Day, under the auspices of the British Schools and Universities Club. Victoria, or Empire, Day, as it is more generally known throughout the British colonies, was founded on the late Queen's birthday, the 24th of May. Falling this year on a Sunday, the annual dinner of the club had perforce to be held one day late.

The chief guest of honor last night was Samuel L. Clemens, who as Mark Twain is loved throughout the British Empire as much as he is in his native land. Mark Twain is an Oxford Doctor of Literature, this degree having been conferred on him by the university during his visit last year.

Dr. W. E. Lambert, President of the

Club, was toastmaster and read a cable from King Edward sent through Lord Knollys, conveying a message of good will to the club. Seated at the guest table with him were Mr. Clemens, W. Courtney Bennett, C. I. E., British Consul General at New York; J. E. Grote Higgins, the Rev. A. H. Judge, past President of the club; the Rev. D. Parker Morgan, D. D.; Dr. John MacPhee, President of the Canadian Society; Robert P. Porter, Reginald Walsh, and J. D. Petersen, Secretary.

Mr. Clemens responded to the toast, "Queen Victoria—An American Tribute." He prefaced his remarks by reciting one or two of his humorous experiences, including an imaginary interview which he thought he overheard between Livingstone and Stanley, when the latter found Livingstone in Central South Africa. Livingstone wanted to know the news of the world for the five years he had been in Africa, and Mark Twain overheard Stanley tell how the rulers of most of the countries had been changed, finally concluding, "and Horace Greeley has changed his political faith."

"As a woman the Queen was all that the most exacting standards could require. As a far-reaching and effective and beneficent moral force she had no peer in her time among either monarchs or commoners. As a monarch she was without reproach in her great office. One may not venture, perhaps, to say so sweeping a thing as this in cold blood about any monarch that preceded her, either upon her own throne or upon any other. It is a colossal eulogy, but it is justified.

"What she did for us in America in our time of storm and stress we shall not forget, and whenever we call it to mind we shall always remember the wise and righteous mind that guided her in it and sustained and supported her—Prince Albert's. We need not talk any idle talk here tonight about either possible or impossible war between the two countries; there will be no war while we remain sane and the son of Victoria and Albert sits upon the throne."

Consul General Bennett, alluding to the feeling between England and America, said:

"I will stake my reputation that there never can be serious trouble between the two countries. They are marching along the same line, with the same object in view, and they are marching now as they will in the future, as one great nation."

75. June 3, 1908 - BUSINESS TROUBLES - THE PLASMON COMPANY

**BUSINESS TROUBLES
THE PLASMON COMPANY OF AMERICA.**

Another set of schedules of the Plasmon Company of America, manufacturer of food products, 59 Pearl Street, of which Mark Twain was acting President, was filed yesterday by R. D. Hanna, Secretary. They show liabilities of \$17,347 and assets of \$4,173, consisting of stock, \$1,500; cash in Knickerbocker Trust Company,

\$819; office furniture, \$700; machinery and tools, \$1,000, and accounts, \$154. In addition to these assets there are unliquidated claims for damages to the goodwill of the business against S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain) for \$25,000 and R. W. Ashcroft for \$5,000. The schedules filed several weeks ago showed liabilities of \$26,843 and assets \$1,395.

76. June 8, 1908 - Dinner to Charles Rann Kennedy

Dinner to Charles Rann Kennedy.

Miss Elizabeth Jordan gave a dinner at Delmonico's last night in honor of Charles Rann Kennedy, author of "The Servant in the House," and Mrs. Kennedy, (Edith Wynne Mathison.)

Among those present were Mark Twain, Mr. and Mrs. Selden Bacon, Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair McKelway, Charles A. Conant, Mrs. James Robert McKee, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Goetchius, Miss Elizabeth Cutting, and Mr. Arthur Brisbane.

77. June 9, 1908 - MARK TWAIN GIVES \$10

**MARK TWAIN GIVES \$10
To Miss Eustace's Fund for Feeding Needy School Children.**

Jennie Eustace, leading woman of the "Witching Hour" company at the Hackett Theatre, who had undertaken to raise \$1,000 for the fund to aid the indigent school children of New York, yesterday received a letter from Mark Twain inclosing a check for \$10. The letter, which was written from 21 Fifth Avenue, said:

Dear Miss Eustace: I wish to contribute the inclosed \$10 to that \$1,000 which you propose to raise among our profession. I think I have fairly earned

the right to say "our," for I have been monologuing before the footlights for forty years and I am on the free list of all the righteously conducted theatres in the country. Sincerely yours,
S. L. CLEMENS.

Though Miss Eustace announced her intention of collecting funds only three days ago, she has already received nearly \$200. The subscriptions have been from "professional" friends and also from friends and acquaintances in no manner connected with the stage.

78. June 12, 1908 - TWAIN HEADS THEATRE

TWAIN HEADS THEATRE.

Humorist is President of Educational Theatre for Children.

Word was received yesterday from Albany of the incorporation of the Educational Theatre for Children and Young People, which has heretofore been run as a department of the Educational Alliance. It will now be operated independently of that body. Samuel L. Clemens is President; Percy Stickney Grant, Vice President; Alice

Minnie Hertz, Secretary; and Robert J. Collier, Treasurer. Otto Kahn and G. Stanley Hall are its Directors. This theatre has been meeting a need in the east side for the last five years. It has produced plays especially suited to the needs of children and young people, and it will continue the policy.

TWAIN'S DAUGHTER TALKS ABOUT HIM

Miss Clara Clemens Says It Is
Hard to Have a Genius
for a Father.

TAKEN FOR BUFFALO BILL

"Father Wears White Suit to Remind
Him of Bed," Says Miss
Clara.

Special Correspondence THE NEW YORK TIMES.

LONDON, June 6.—Miss Clara Clemens, daughter of Mark Twain, who is the possessor of a rich contralto voice, has made her début in this country as a concert singer at the Queen's Hall. She will give a recital, with Miss Marie Nichols, violinist, and Mr. Wark, pianist, at the Bechstein Hall on June 16.

Miss Clemens inherits her father's sense of humor, and in an article published in the London Express she tells of the tribulations which face the daughter of a celebrity.

Miss Clemens writes as follows:

"I have just come to the conclusion that things want readjusting in this old world of ours.

"Need I mention the fact that I refer to the glaring injustice of having to go about labeled 'Mark Twain's daughter' when I am doing my best to pursue a musical career?"

"Father is, of course, a genius—and that is what makes me so tired. My fatigue is directly caused by the incessant strain—prolonged over some years and induced by trying to find a secret hiding place where I can shroud my identity and be sure of a really comfortable bed.

"I have a mind to scour Europe for such a place, and when I have found it to take to bed for, say, a couple of years, and arise—a genius. For the bed habit is the recipe of father's success.

While I have been tiring myself out in an endeavor to rise to the heights as anybody else's daughter he has just lain in bed and thought things and got out of bed now and then to loaf around on a lecture tour or tramp lazily through Europe. That's why I'm looking for a really comfortable bed. Genius is the art of taking—to bed.

"Father called me a genius once when I was about 15, and, although I guess he was just fooling me, I am not likely to forget the occasion. He had gone on a lecture tour with Mr. George W. Cable, the Southern writer, and during his absence we girls—my two sisters and myself—arranged some theatricals as a surprise for him on his return to our home at Hartford, Conn.

"The piece we selected was 'The Prince and the Pauper,' and father pretended to enjoy it just as much as we did, and, as I said before, he informed me that I was a genius. Shortly after that memorable night I came over to Europe.

"Then my troubles began. They began in Berlin, where father, thanks to no violent physical efforts on his part, is wonderfully popular. When I was not studying hard at my music I would go out occasionally to little functions, where I would sit in a corner and be completely ignored by all assembled until some foolish person whispered to another: "I believe that's Mark Twain's daughter in the corner."

"Then the guests would arise as one man and swoop down upon me, and expect me to be 'bright' and amusing after a hard day's work. These, of course, were

the occasions when my august parent was not present. At social gatherings graced by his presence my existence was on the level of a footstool—always an unnecessary object in a crowded room. Father, fresh from bed, would completely flood the place with his talk. And yet the secret of his popularity never occurred to me at the time.

"But father has had much to endure, too. The last time he was in London he was assailed in Regent Street by a venerable old lady, who shook him cordially by the hand and repeated fervently: 'I have always wanted to shake hands with you.' My father, who was feeling particularly brilliant after a long day's rest, was much moved, and responded gratefully: 'So you know who I am, madam?' 'Of course I do,' answered the old lady with enthusiasm, 'You're Buffalo Bill!'

"Father's white suit is another of my trials. I have always believed that the reason he took to wearing it is that it soothed him and reminded him of bed. His white hair, too, can be explained scientifically. The explanation can be found in any well-equipped natural history museum. The hares and the birds and the foxes in the arctic regions are of a dazzling whiteness when the snow covers their haunts. Father is, therefore, a striking example of what is known as sympathetic coloration. His hair has gradually assumed the color of his pillow.

"But I must do father bare justice. In spite of his lying-in-bed habit he can be impetuous both in speech and action. When he gets too impetuous in speech I rise to the occasion and answer him back.

"Last Winter I was to sing at an important evening concert on the other side, and the entire family had been invited to attend a function in the afternoon. Father, being unmusical, could not understand that I should have been unfit to sing if I had chattered after his own fashion all the afternoon. And so I coaxed him to go and represent the family. At first he objected strongly, but finally, in a burst of impetuosity, he said: "Yes, Clara, I'll go to that reception. I'd go to — for you."

"To which I thoughtfully replied: 'If ever, father, you should be called upon to go there, please go labeled 'I'm for Clara.'"

80. June 27, 1908 - From Mark Twain to Mrs. Cleveland

From Mark Twain to Mrs. Cleveland. |

PRINCETON, N. J., June 26.—Samuel L. Clemens sent this message to Mrs. Cleveland to-day: "He was a man I knew, loved, and honored for twenty-five years. I mourn for you."

81. July 1, 1908 - MEMORIAL TO T. B. ALDRICH

MEMORIAL TO T. B. ALDRICH.

Notable Speakers at Opening of Poet's Home as Museum.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., June 30.—A large gathering of distinguished persons, representatives of many walks of life, came to this city to-day to do honor to the memory of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, the poet, by assisting in the exercises held in connection with the dedication and opening of the poet's former home as a memorial museum.

Mayor Wallace Hackett of Portsmouth, President of the Thomas Bailey Aldrich Memorial Association, presided over the exercises, which had been arranged under the direction of Major Talbot Aldrich, son of the poet.

Prominent among those who took part in the literary exercises were Gov. Curtis Guild, Jr., of Massachusetts, Hamilton Wright Mable, Richard Watson Gilder, and Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain") of New York, and Thomas Nelson Page of Washington, D. C., fellow authors and friends of Mr. Aldrich.

82. August 2, 1908 - EDITOR MOFFETT DIES, STRUGGLING IN SURF
(This article has been edited)

EDITOR MOFFETT DIES, STRUGGLING IN SURF

Mark Twain's Nephew a Victim
of Apoplexy on High Sea
at Seabright.

WIFE SEES HIM GO DOWN

A. Q. W. Tollman, His Brother-in-Law,
Plunges in and Drags Him Out, but
He Is Dead—An Editor of Collier's.

Special to The New York Times.

NORMANDIE-BY-THE-SEA, Aug. 1.—Samuel E. Moffett, nephew of Mark Twain, an editor of Collier's Weekly and before that a well-known magazine writer, was taken from the surf here this afternoon dead. Three physicians who tried to resuscitate Mr. Moffett decided that death had been due to apoplexy superinduced by fright and overexertion and not to drowning. His struggles in the water and death were witnessed by his agonized wife.

NEW YORK LOSES MARK TWAIN

Physician Leases Fifth Avenue House and Author Will Live in Connecticut.

With the leasing of 21 Fifth Avenue for a term of years to a physician that address ceases to be the town house of Mark Twain. Mr. Clemens will spend his time principally at his Italian villa at Redding, Conn., in the future. His physicians have pointed out to him the strain of life in town during the Winter, which in his case involved attendance at many dinners given in his honor. Even with the usual indulgence in the famous Mark Twain nap between the roast and the coffee there was still an element of weariness left for the author. Then, too, he was liable to interruption in his work, though not so liable as less known writers, since he was well guarded, some of his near relatives being unable to see him without an appointment. At the present time the only furniture remaining in the Fifth Avenue house is a small table for the card of visitors, some chairs, a rug on the drawing

room floor, and a few pictures on the walls. The author's daughter, Miss Clemens, is due to arrive on the Caronia on Thursday. She has been traveling abroad with friends. With the party is Charles Wark of New York, whose engagement to Miss Clemens has been rumored. Mr. Clemens will come to town from Redding to-day to be on hand when the Caronia comes in. With the aid of the few furnishings left in the house Miss Clemens will give a reception at the old house on the evening of her arrival. It has been suggested that her engagement will be announced at that time. The Fifth Avenue house has been leased by Dr. Robert J. Kahn for five years. It will be somewhat altered. Mr. Clemens's billiard room will become the physician's consulting room, while the top floor, where Mr. Clemens had his study and library, will be given over to servants.

BURGLARS INVADE MARK TWAIN VILLA

Captured After a Pistol Fight on
a Train in Which Prisoner
and Officer Are Shot.

ALARMED BY A WOMAN

Notice Posted by Mark Twain Notify-
ing the Next Burglar Where to
Find the Plated Ware.

Special to The New York Times.

DANBURY, Conn., Sept. 18. — Mark Twain's home at Redding, "Innocents at Home," was visited by two professional burglars last night. The wakefulness of Miss Lyons, the humorist's private secretary, was the undoing of the bold crooks, who were captured after a fight on a New Haven train.

Mr. Clemens to-day posted this notice on the door of his house:

Notice: To the Next Burglar:

There is nothing but plated ware in this house, now and henceforth. You will find it in that brass thing in the dining room, over the corner by the basket of kittens. If you want the basket put the kittens in the brass thing. Do not make a noise—it disturbs the family. You will find rubbers in the front hall by that thing which has the umbrellas in it—chiffonier I think they call it, or pergola, or something like that. Please close the door. Yours truly,

S. L. CLEMENS.

Miss Lyon, the humorist's secretary, was aroused about midnight by the sound of breaking glass in the lower part of the house. She went softly down the stairs to find a flood of light in the dining room and that the sideboard, with its solid silver, was missing from its customary place in the room. Cautiously slipping along in the shadows to a point where she could have a view of the garden, to which her attention had been called by an open window in the dining room, Miss Lyon saw two men forcing the doors and drawers of the sideboard, which they had carried out, apparently in the hope that they would not be interrupted in their work. Without giving the burglars any cause for alarm

not be interrupted in their work. Without giving the burglars any cause for alarm Miss Lyon summoned Mr. Clemens and the butler and then telephoned for Deputy Sheriff Banks, Harry Lounsbury, and several neighbors.

Before any of them reached the scene the burglars had fled with their booty.

Following the awakening of Miss Lyon and her discovery that burglars had been at work, search of Mark Twain's place was made by Mr. Lounsbury, the Deputy Sheriff, and neighbors, and on the lawn some distance away was found the empty drawer.

Mr. Lounsbury and Deputy Sheriff Banks found peculiar footprints, which they followed to Bethel.

Mr. Lounsbury discovered the men on the train in the smoking car. He attempted to engage them in conversation and asked them if they lived in Danbury. The men replied vaguely. Mr. Lounsbury said he noticed that both men's shoes had rubber heels, which it was said would correspond with the tracks in the roadway. When the train arrived at Redding Mr. Lounsbury got off and notified Banks that he believed the men they were after were the two to whom he had been talking. Banks boarded the train, and when an attempt was made to arrest the burglars one ran out of the car door and jumped off and the other showed fight and drew a revolver. He fired four shots, one of which struck the Sheriff in the leg, and one, the last in the struggle, hit the burglar himself in the head.

A passenger jumped into the fight and subdued the burglar with a club, cutting his head open. The burglar who jumped was found under a bridge in Brookside Park.

A physician was called and the wounds of the Sheriff and of the injured robber were attended to.

Later in the morning the men were taken before Justice Hickerson for a hearing. Mr. Clemens, his daughter, Miss Clara, and Mr. Wark appeared at the hearing. The men had taken only the solid silverware and this was all recovered. The plated ware they had evidently discarded.

The hearing was held in a small room of an old-fashioned house, Justice Nickerson sitting at a little table. The witnesses and the prisoners occupied the same settee. Mr. Clemens had on his white suit.

The prisoners described themselves as Charles Hoffman, aged 30, of South Norwalk, and Henry Williams, aged 40, no address. Both men were held for the Superior Court. Other counts of assault, resisting an officer, and carrying concealed weapons were lodged against Williams. He was the wounded man. They were taken to the Bridgeport Jail this afternoon. Later they were taken before Judge William Case of the Superior Court. Williams was charged with burglary, and held under \$5,000 bail. Besides the burglary charge, a second charge of assault, with intent to kill, was entered against Hoffman, and his bail fixed at \$7,500.

85. November 6, 1908 - PILGRIMS DINE LORD NORTHCLIFFE

THE PILGRIMS DINE LORD NORTHCLIFFE

And Hear a Little Chaff About the World as Presented in the Cable News.

[This edited article includes only portions relevant to Mark Twain.]

The Pilgrims of the United States entertained Lord Northcliffe last night at a dinner at Delmonico's, and some 250 men, prominent in finance, politics, science, and journalism, joined in doing honor to the peer who is so emminent in British journalism. ...

...
This characteristic telegram came from Mark Twain:

I am sorry indeed that I cannot be at the Pilgrims' dinner to Lord Northcliffe, whom I

hold in high esteem and friendly regard. I ask him to forget for a moment that he is a legislator and join me in a health to the sacred memory of that great Englishman who on this day 303 years ago tried to blow up a Parliament which was meditating a limitation of copyright, but was defeated by the mistaken interference of a Providence more interested in spectacular mercy than in plain, square justice.

86. November 11, 1908 - MARK TWAIN BURGLARS ON TRIAL

TWAIN'S BURGLARS ON TRIAL.

Author on Witness Stand Identifies Silverware They Stole from Him.

DANBURY, Conn., Nov. 10. — Charles Hoffman and Henry Williams were put on trial here to-day on the charge of robbing the home of Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) in Redding several weeks ago. Against Williams, who resisted arrest and shot at the officer attempting to arrest him, the additional charge of assault, with intent to kill, was placed. The prisoners were guarded by three Deputy Sheriffs while they were in court, as they are believed to be desperate men. Mr. Clemens came down from his place, Innocents at Home, in an automobile, accompanied by his secretary, Miss Lyon, and several neighbors. He was bundled up in furs, but in a room on the first floor he left his outer garments, and appeared in the courtroom attired in a light gray suit.

When called to the witness stand he was addressed as Dr. Clemens by Prosecuting Attorney Stiles Judson throughout his examination. Mr. Clemens identified a large part of the silverware which was recovered at the time the burglars were arrested on a train.

TWAIN BURGLARS SENTENCED.

Men Who Broke Into Samuel L. Clemens's Home Get Prison Terms.

DANBURY, Conn., Nov. 11.—When the trial of Henry Williams and Charles Hoffman, accused of breaking into the Italian villa of Samuel L. Clemens, (Mark Twain,) at Redding, several weeks ago, was resumed in the Superior Court this afternoon, both men changed their pleas of not guilty to guilty.

The court sentenced Hoffman to not less than three nor more than five years in State prison. On the charge of burglary Williams received not less than five nor more than six years in State prison, and on the charge of assault with intent to kill, to which he also pleaded guilty, not more than four years in State prison.

Mark Twain in Milk Products Co.

Samuel L. Clemens, otherwise "Mark Twain," is one of the Directors of the new Plasmon Milk Products Company, incorporated yesterday in this city, with a capital of \$100,000, to exploit a patented milk food. The

other Directors are Ralph A. Ashcroft and R. A. M. Hobbs. The ownership of patents has been the subject of litigation between Mr. Clemens and other parties interested, but it was said yesterday that he had been successful in all suits.

MARK TWAIN IS 73.

Passes His Birthday Quietly at His Connecticut Home.

REDDING, Conn., Nov. 30.—Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain) passed his seventy-third birthday quietly at his home here to-day.

As was his custom, Mr. Clemens took his morning ride, passing the remainder of the day with his household.

SAVES MISS CLARA CLEMENS.

O. Gabrilowitsch Stops Runaway Horse
About to Plunge Down a Bank.

Special to The New York Times.

DANBURY, Conn., Dec. 20.—Miss Clara Clemens, daughter of Samuel L. Clemens, (Mark Twain,) was saved from serious injury and possible death this morning through the action of Ossip Gabrilowitsch, a Russian pianist, who is a guest at Innocence at Home, the residence of Mark Twain, in Redding. M. Gabrilowitch, who is making a tour of America, and Miss Clemens went for a sleigh ride this morning, leaving the Twain residence at 10 o'clock.

While passing through Redding Glen, about three miles from Miss Clemens's home, the horse took fright at a wind-whipped newspaper and bolted. M. Gabrilowitsch, who was driving, lost control of the horse. At the top of a hill the sleigh overturned, and Miss Clemens was thrown out. At the right of the summit of the hill is a drop of fifty feet.

When the sleigh turned over the Russian leaped to the ground, and caught the horse by the head, stopping it as it was about to plunge over the bank, dragging Miss Clemens, whose dress had caught in the runner. In leaping to rescue Miss Clemens he sprained his right ankle. Miss Clemens was picked up uninjured, but suffered greatly from the shock of the accident. The injury to the pianist's ankle was painful, but he helped Miss Clemens into the sleigh, and drove her to her home.

MARK TWAIN TURNS INTO A CORPORATION

The Pen Name Is Incorporated to
Save Daughters from Lit-
erary Pirates.

FAMILY HOLDS THE STOCK

With the Expiration of His Copyrights
the New Company Will Con-
trol All His Works.

For the purpose of allowing his two daughters, Clara L. and Jean L. Clemens, to receive the financial benefits of his works for the greatest possible length of time, Samuel L. Clemens, America's greatest humorist and man of letters, has incorporated his pen name of Mark Twain.

The plan had been under discussion by Mr. Clemens, Ralph W. Ashcroft, his literary agent, and R. A. Mansfield Hobbs, his legal adviser, for more than a year. So greatly interested has Mr. Clemens become in the idea and so anxious has he become to keep the financial benefit of his long and arduous life's work within his own family instead of allowing it to be filched away by strangers, that Mr. Ashcroft has spent every week-end with him at Redding, Conn., where the Clemens family have been living since last June.

As a result of these consultations it was decided that the surest way to keep the earnings of Mr. Clemens's books continually in the family, even after the copyright on the books themselves expires, was to incorporate the "Mark Twain" name itself.

The Mark Twain Company of New York has accordingly been formed, the purpose of which is to secure to the author and to his family all rights in the nom de plume. Mr. Clemens himself is President of the company, Mr. Ashcroft Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Clemens's two daughters and his secretary, Miss Isabelle V. Lyon, are the Directors. Mr. Hobbs, the attorney, forwarded the articles of incor-

attorney, forwarded the articles of incorporation to the Secretary of State on Monday, and they were formally placed on file yesterday.

The Mark Twain Company is capitalized for the nominal sum of \$5,000. All the stock is held in Mr. Clemens's own name at present, but it is understood that at his death the shares will be divided equally between the two Misses Clemens, his sole heirs.

Mr. Clemens could not be reached at Redding last night. Ralph W. Ashforth, at his home in Brooklyn, gave this explanation of the incorporation:

"The knowledge that the copyright of his works would soon expire and that strangers instead of his own kin would reap the financial benefit from his literary works has troubled Mr. Clemens for a year. He has been in consultation with Mr. Hobbs and myself practically every week. We finally hit on the plan of incorporating the Mark Twain name itself. We believe that when this name is the property of a perpetual corporation Mr. Clemens's heirs will be in a position to enjoin perpetually the publication of all of the Mark Twain books not authorized by the Mark Twain Company, even after the twenty-year first copyright and ten-year secondary copyright have expired."

Mr. Ashforth was not prepared to say at present whether the incorporation of the Mark Twain name would prevent any publisher, after the expiration of copyrights on the books from printing the books under the name of Samuel L. Clemens. He said that this was a matter for the courts to decide, and that the incorporation of the Mark Twain name at least put Mr. Clemens's daughters in a position in which they could make a legal fight for their rights.

Gilbert Ray Hawes, the lawyer who defended Frau Wagner's copyright to "Parsival" five years ago, was one of a number of copyright specialists who expressed interest in Mr. Clemens's plan. Mr. Hawes pointed out a method by means of which, he said, he believed that the Misses Clemens could keep all unauthorized publishers from ever publishing their father's works, even if the unauthorized editions were put out under the name of Samuel L. Clemens.

"If, after the copyrights on Mr. Clemens's works expire, a perpetual title is held to the name Mark Twain, and if the life of the original copyrights of the works has been expanded by the addition of new chapters or new material, I believe that Mr. Clemens's heirs could enjoin the publication by other publishers of the original works even if these works were published under the name of Samuel L. Clemens," said Mr. Hawes.

"The Misses Clemens could assert that the reprint of the original unamended works under a different name to that under which they were originally published was not the publication of the genuine book, and that it was interfering with the publication of the genuine book. An injunction, at least, could be issued on these grounds.

"Mr. Clemens has already announced that he intends to extend the length of his copyrights by the addition of chapters from time to time."

MARK TWAIN TO RED CROSS.

Writer Commends the Use of Stamps to Add to Relief Fund.

In a letter to the Red Cross Christmas Stamp Committee Mark Twain has indorsed the idea of the stamps and mentioned the personal use to which he puts them. His letter says: Ladies: In paying New Year bills, and also in postponing them, I will stick on a Red Cross stamp. If you will suggest in print that the whole country do the same the Red Cross will prosper to your content. I know this, for I

know that all America is warm at the heart and generous at this time of the year, and will thank you for your suggestion and follow it. Respectfully yours,
MARK TWAIN.
Such has been the success of the sale of the stamps within the last week that the committee has decided to continue the sale until Jan. 1.

TWAIN TALKS TO DOCTORS.

"Dr. Clemens" Describes Imaginary Medical School at His Country Home.

At the annual dinner of the Directors and Faculty of the New York Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital at Delmonico's last night Mark Twain, a member of the Post-Graduate Corporation, and appropriately introduced as Dr. Samuel L. Clemens, told of the imaginary establishment of an imaginary branch of the Post-Graduate School at his home in Redding, Conn. He recounted the imaginary ailments of the imaginary patients, and told of the disagreements in diagnosis between himself and the other members of the Faculty—to wit: a horse doctor and an undertaker.

Dr. Clemens, who wore his now famous white suit of dinner clothes, and seemed to be comfortable in them, also talked at some length about his celebrated burglars. He declared that he had never lost anything through burglars; on the contrary, he had been a gainer, he declared, because the burglars had frightened away some undesirable servants.

"I desire to honor two noble institutions," said Dr. Clemens, "both of which are teachers. One is the Post-Graduate and the other the Children's Theatre, of which I am proud to be the President.

"I may say, as a member of the Post-Graduate Corporation," he added, "that I have been practicing up there in Connecticut for seven months, and the population is thinning out—the public is growing less."

Dr. George N. Miller, President of the Post Graduate, who presided, paid a tribute to the late Dr. D. B. St. John Roosa, who was the founder of the institution and its President up to the time of his death last year.

Dr. Miller declared that the legacy of \$2,000,000 left to the institution by Frederick Charles Hewitt of Owego, N. Y., was "the same as in the treasury now," despite the contest of Mrs. Hewitt's will.

Other speakers were Dr. Bache Emmett, Dr. W. S. Thayer of Johns Hopkins University, Dr. Musser of Philadelphia, Dr. Adami of Montreal, Dr. Samuel Lambert, Dr. Simon Flexner, and Dr. Charles L. Dana.

Among the 150 present were Dr. Frederic Brush, Superintendent of the Post-Graduate Medical School; Dr. Arthur F. Chace, Secretary; Dr. K. K. MacAlpine, Dr. G. R. Pleck, and Dr. George F. Miller.

CARNEGIE HONORED BY CLUB HE FINANCED

How He Came Forward at Critical Period of 1907 Panic Told at the Lotos Club Dinner.

MANY PAY HIM TRIBUTE

President Lawrence, Ex-Ambassador Tower, Editor McKelway, and Others Speak—The Laird's Happy Reply.

Andrew Carnegie was the guest of honor last night at the first dinner given by the Lotos Club in the club's new home, at 110 West Fifty-seventh Street, whose very existence at this time was due. President Frank S. Lawrence announced, to the generosity and liberality of Mr. Carnegie at one of the most critical periods in the club's history.

The occasion was made a great feast of friendship and good-fellowship, with Mr. Carnegie as the chief figure. Tributes were paid to his worth as a citizen and his wisdom and generosity as a philanthropist by Mark Twain, introduced as "St. Mark" Twain; Charlemagne Tower, ex-Ambassador to Germany, Richard Watson Gilder, St. Clair McKelway, President John H. Finley of the City College, the Rev. Dr. Nehemiah H. Boynton of Brooklyn, Dr. Henry S. Pritchett of the Sage Foundation, and others.

One of the most humorous and charming of the addresses of the evening was delivered by Mr. Carnegie himself, who was almost boyish in his fun-making, and literally bubbling over with enjoyment of

literally bubbling over with enjoyment of the affair.

Mr. Carnegie sat at the right of President Lawrence, the toastmaster, and immediately in front of a handsome life-size painting of himself.

The cheering broke out anew when Mr. Carnegie rose to respond.

"The way of the philanthropist is hard," he said laughingly, "but the balance is on my side, for a Scotchman likes to do things in his own manner, and I simply said the things that President says I said. That's all I have done."

He said, however, that the club must have some doubtful artists if the pictures they drew bore no mere resemblance to the subject than that which Mr. Lawrence had drawn of him. He said he loved clubs. The first club was established back in Scotland in 1740, when one morning some one asked Sandy where he was going.

"Oh," said Sandy, "I am going down to the club."

"And what do you do down at the club?"

The Fellowship of Club Life.

"That's where we contradict each other a wee," was the reply."

Mr. Carnegie said it was the clubable men who enjoyed life, and that men despised each other only when they did not know each other. It was as the club that they became acquainted, and fellowship and friendship flourished. Mr. Carnegie raised a good laugh when, after reading from the menu card the quotation from Johnson, "Much may be made of a Scotchman if he be caught young," he added: "A Scotchman may make much of you if he catches you young."

Mr. Carnegie closed with a tribute to fellowship and friendship as exemplified in the club, which brought forth renewed applause.

"We have heard a good deal about St. Patrick this evening," said the toastmaster. "We have heard from St. Clair, and now we shall hear from St. Mark."

Mark Twain began by saying: "I am glad I have got my due. At last I am ranked with the saints, where I belong."

Mr. Clemens said it was hard to be complimenting and complimented as Mr. Carnegie had been. Mr. Lawrence had said the Laird of Skibo had helped the club out when it was in difficulties, but he had no doubt Mr. Carnegie had received the inspiration at a dinner at which he (Mark Twain) was the guest of honor. "But," he went on, "he gets all the credit and I get none."

"Now, he is trying to look indifferent, but he is not deceiving anybody. To hear him talk, everybody in this country who amounts to anything came from Scotland. I am not denying it, but it is simply immodest for him to say so. He and St. Patrick and all the rest came from Dumfermline, from what Tower and St. Clair McKelway say, and you wonder if Columbus wasn't of those Dumfermline folks, too. St. Clair McKelway just piled the compliments on, saying he even wanted to pay more taxes than they charged him. It is all right; he deserves it all, and if these others hadn't said it I would have had to say it myself."

Mark Twain's Secretary to Wed.

Miss Isabel Van Kleeck Lyon, private secretary to Mark Twain, will be married to-night to Ralph Ashcroft, manager, of 24 Stone Street. They obtained a license at the City Clerk's office yesterday. Mr. Ashcroft is a widower.

95. March 19, 1909 - Mark Twain's Secretary a Bride

Mark Twain's Secretary a Bride.

Miss Isabel V. Lyon, Mark Twain's social and literary secretary, was married yesterday to Ralph Ashcraft, who is a close friend of Mr. Clemens and his business adviser. Mr. Clemens was present at the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant at the Church of the Ascension, Fifth Avenue and Tenth Street.

96. April 9, 1909 - Mark Twain Adds 150 Acres to Farm

Mark Twain Adds 150 Acres to Farm.

REDDING, Conn., April 8.—Samuel L. Clemens, (Mark Twain,) has purchased 150 acres of land adjoining his recently acquired property. The "farm," as the author calls his beautiful estate, now comprises 350 acres of agricultural and wooded tracts, near the centre of which is the Clemens home. The house, an inviting abode, rises from a knoll that commands a far view of the surrounding country.

MISS CLARA CLEMENS SINGS.

Mark Twain's Daughter Heard at Recital with Miss Littlehales.

Miss Clara Clemens, contralto, daughter of Mark Twain, and Miss Lillian Littlehales, 'cellist, gave a recital at Mendelssohn Hall last night. Miss Clemens sang songs by Haendel, Scarlotti, Coldara, Schubert, Schumann, Strauss, Gabrilowitsch, Debussy, Tirindelli, Sjorgen, Bath. White, Chadwick, and Vannuccini, and Miss Littlehales played a sonata by Johann Ernst Galliard and the obligato to Vannuccini's "La Visione," which Miss Clemens sang.

It seems a pity that a singer with as good a natural voice as that of Miss Clemens, who sings with so much feeling, should not use her voice to better advantage. Her tones last night were too often uneven and muffled.

Miss Littlehales showed in her playing good technique and true feeling. The audience was moderately enthusiastic.

Mark Twain Years Ago

WLANDSITTEL is the grizzled foreman of The Lyons Republican, which is the Republican organ of Wayne County, N. Y.

"I've been in this business for fifty years now," he said to a TIMES reporter last week at his stroked his gray mustache, "and I have seen some lazy people in my time. Yes, Sir, while the newspaper business is exacting and telling on the nerves it does harbor some real lazy folks from time to time."

"Whom do you consider the champion lazy man of the newspaper game?" he was asked.

"That is so easy to answer," was his reply with a wan smile. "Almost any of the real old-timers in this business would give you his name right off the bat. Why, Mark Twain holds the belt."

The Republican's foreman reflected.

"I was a printer's devil on The Buffalo Express forty years ago," he said, "and one of my duties was to sweep the room where reporters and editors worked. Every day during the time that Mark room where reporters and editors worked. Every day during the time that Mark was a partner in the publication of The Express I was bribed by him in the cause of rest and ease. I would sweep every corner of that room, and when I came to Mark's desk, on which his feet reposed, he would look me over and ask me to go away. 'I don't want my part of the office cleaned up,' he would say. 'Please don't make me move, I'm so comfortable.' Then he would give me a nickle to get away from him and leave him in his own corner without any of the débris of the business cleared away. He would rather die there in the dust and truck than uncross his legs or tilt his chair back so that I could sweep up."

Brother Landsittel stopped the press long enough to find out what was chipping the corners of his pages as they were swept downward from the big rollers.

"Yes, Sir," he ruminated, "he was certainly lazy. One day he gave me a nickle to dot an 'i' in his copy for him. He did certainly enjoy life, that man did."

IS SHAKESPEARE DEAD?

Mark Twain has deserted the camp of the Shakespearites, and if he has not exactly committed himself to the cause of the Baconians, he comes very close to it. "Is Shakespeare Dead?" (Harpers, \$1.25,) is a semi-serious consideration of the old controversy, and Ignatius Donnelly would rejoice at the arguments with which Mr. Clemens carries his points. After proving to his own satisfaction that one William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon never wrote Shakespeare's Works, for the very good reason that he could not have written them, Mark Twain concludes that perhaps Bacon did, or if Bacon did not, he could have written them if he had chosen to. All of which adds to the humor of the controversy and makes very interesting reading. A chapter is devoted to the early experiences of Mr. Clemens with Shakespeare's Works and the Captain

of a Mississippi River steamboat. The Captain admired the works and read copious extracts, interspersed with strange and fearful commands to the youthful pilot. That was the beginning of Mark Twain's desertion; he explains that he had to argue with the Captain, who believed implicitly in Shakespeare. Taking up the negative side, he assumed this mental attitude: "I only believed Bacon wrote Shakespeare, whereas I knew Shakespeare didn't." And he holds it still. The book is a fragment of Mr. Clemens's long-promised autobiography, and is full of the humor which has never failed him. Deep margins and an extract of twenty-one pages from another book - rather a large allowance for this small volume - give an effect of padding, but even in such meagre quantity the quality of Mark Twain's writing is always assured of a wide welcome.

The New York Times, May 8, 1909

JEROME REVIEWS HIS OFFICIAL YEARS

District Attorney Tells of What He Has Done at a Dinner Given Him by Friends.

NO HINT OF FUTURE PLANS

Speaker Says he Still Has Faith In Reform and Wishes to Work for Civic Betterment

[This edited article includes only Mark Twain's speech.]

District Attorney William Travers Jerome was entertained last night at a dinner at Delmonico's given by more than 300 of his friends and admirers, and every effort was made by the diners to express their confidence in the integrity and good judgment of the guest of honor in the conduct of his office.

It was for this purpose that the dinner was arranged by a committee of citizens headed by Joseph H. Choate. It was noteworthy, however, that there was no mention of Mr. Jerome as a future factor in politics. It was understood that this subject was taboo. Mr. Jerome himself reviewed his entire official career, through the early stages of great popularity and the later times of criticism and discouragement, but said not one word of his future hopes and plans.

The dinner was given in the gold dining hall of Delmonico's, the only touch of color to the room coming from large American flags festooned over the speakers' table, and at either end of the hall. Most of the guest were lawyers, but they included also men of every shade of political opinion, men prominent in the official life of the city, members of the judiciary, and men prominent in literary and education life. Practically all the courts of the city except Special Sessions were represented.

Edward M. Shepard, who in the absence of Mr. Choate in Washington was toastmaster, presented Mr. Jerome as the first speaker. Mr. Shepard admitted that he had not approved all that the District Attorney had done, nor had always sanctioned his course in leaving other things undone. He said he had admired Mr. Jerome's personal and intellectual qualities, but far more because he had the strength not to yield to popular clamor in prosecuting suspected offenders when

there was no evidence to justify such prosecution. "He has shown himself steadfast and courageous to do what he saw with the light of God it was his duty to do," said Mr. Shepard, amid applause.

Introduced as the last word on all public questions and public men, Mark Twain, who was one of the committee to arrange for the dinner, said in part:

"Indeed, that is very sudden. I was not informed that the verdict was going to depend upon my judgment, but that makes not the least difference in the world, when you already know all about it. It is not any matter when you called upon to express it; you can get up and to it, and my verdict has already been recorded in my heart and in my head, as regards Mr. Jerome and his administration of the criminal affairs of this county.

"I voted for Mr. Jerome in those old days, and I should like to vote for him again, if he runs for any office. [Applause.] I moved out of New York, and that is the reason, I suppose, I cannot vote for him again. There may be some way, but I have not found it out. But now, I am a farmer, a farmer up in Connecticut, and winning laurels. Those people already speak with such high favor, admiration, of my farming, and they say that I am the only man that has ever come to that region who could make two blades of grass grow where only three grew before.

[Laughter.]

"Well, I cannot vote for him. You see that. As it stands now, I cannot. I am crippled in that way and to that extent, for I would ever so much like to do it. I am not a Congress, and I cannot distribute pensions, and I don't know any other legitimate way to buy a vote.

[Laughter.] But if I should think any legitimate way, I shall make use it, and then I shall vote for Mr. Jerome."

101. May 20, 1909 - H. H. ROGERS DEAD

H. H. ROGERS DEAD, LEAVING \$50,000,000

Apoplexy Carries Off the Financier Famous in Standard Oil, Railways, Gas, and Copper.

ONLY HIS WIFE WITH HIM

Dead When His Physician Arrives - Associates Shocked, but Only a Ripple in Stocks - Funeral Tomorrow.

[This edited article includes only those portions most relevant to Mark Twain.]

Henry Huttleston Rogers, one of the foremost of the country's captains of industry, and a notable figure for many years in financial and corporation development in this country, died suddenly at this home, 3 East Seventy-eighth Street, at 7:20 o'clock yesterday morning, following a stroke of apoplexy, the second one he had suffered. He had been taken ill about an hour before he expired, soon after he had risen for the day. He died before his physician, Dr. Edward P. Fowler, could reach him from his country house at Pelham Manor.

Mr. Rogers was in his sixty-ninth year. As to his fortune, the estimates of Wall Street men varied yesterday from \$50,000,000 to \$75,000,000. Figures recently published showing the distribution of Standard Oil stock credited him with holding in his own name 16,020 shares in that corporation.

MARK TWAIN GRIEF-STRICKEN.

He Heard the News on Arriving in Town to Visit His Old Friend.

Samuel L. Clemens, (Mark Twain,) for years one of the warmest friends of Mr. Rogers, arrived in town from his home in Redding, Conn., at noon yesterday intending to meet Mr. Rogers at the latter's home, and heard the news of his death on arrival at the Grand Central Station.

A telegram apprising Mr. Clemens of the death of his old friend had been sent to Redding yesterday morning, but Mr. Clemens did not receive it, and did not know that Mr.

Rogers was dead until after he arrived. As Mr. Clemens left the station he looked greatly grieved, and was leaning

heavily upon the arm of his daughter, Miss Clemens, who had accompanied him to New York from Redding. Tears filled his eyes and his hands were trembling.

Several reporters who had met the Pittsfield express, on which Mr. Clemens came to New York, were at the train to meet him.

"This is terrible, terrible, and I cannot talk about it," Mr. Clemens said to the reporters. "I am inexpressibly shocked and grieved. I do not know just where I will go."

Miss Clemens explained that her father had left his home not knowing anything about the death of his friend, and had expected to enjoy the day with him. The members of the Rogers household, knowing that he was coming, had notified her as soon as the death had occurred, that she might break the news to him as gently as possible. The first intimation, she said, that her father received that Mr. Rogers was not living and in good health was from herself.

Mr. Clemens and his daughter lingered in the waiting room on the main station for a few minutes. Then Mark Twain, still leaning on his daughter's arm and looking toward the ground, walked slowly to the street through the Forty-second Street exit. Together they proceeded to the Subway station and boarded an uptown express.

Later in the day Mr. Clemens went to the home of Urban H. Broughton, son-in-law of Mr. Rogers, where they were joined by other friends of the family. After spending a few minutes there he reappeared and went away in a carriage. He did not go to the Rogers home and it was said that he had probably returned to Redding.

CAN MARK TWAIN BE A LITERARY PIRATE?

London Publishers Accuse Him of
Appropriating from a Volume
on Shakespeare

AND DEMAND REPARATION

Won't Let His Book, "Is Shakespeare
Dead?" Be Sold in Great Britain—
Fuss Over an Error of Haste.

Mark Twain went to the offices of his publishers, Harper & Brothers, in Pearl Street, one day last Spring, and left some manuscript, asking that it be put into book form and published right away.

"It's part of my autobiography," explained the author, "but I thought I'd like to have it put in covers and printed now."

The publishers hurried matters, and it was not long before the manuscript assumed the form of Twain's latest book, "Is Shakespeare Dead?" The book, in a green cover, was put on the market in April.

The author admits that he incorporated in the book a larger part of a chapter from a volume called "The Shakespeare Problem Restated," written by George G. Greenwood, M. P., of London. It takes up 22 of the 150 pages in Mark Twain's book. The humorist mentioned Mr. Greenwood's book in his own work, but neglected to mention Greenwood's name. Because of this oversight there has arisen a bristling little controversy. Mr. Greenwood's publishers, the John Lane Company of London, with offices in West Thirty-second Street, this city, have sent word to Harper & Brothers that they will not permit Mark Twain's book to be circulated in England until the plates are altered, giving Mr. Greenwood the credit that they maintain should go to him. They have no power to prevent the sale here.

Verdict Against Shakespeare.

Verdict Against Shakespeare.

In his Shakespeare book Mark Twain puts forth the argument that Shakespeare could not have written the plays ascribed to him because the author must have been a lawyer. He arrives at this conclusion because, as he says, of the "peculiar freedom and exactness of legal phraseology" that, he finds, occurs frequently in Shakespeare's plays. There is nothing, he holds, to show that Shakespeare knew anything of law. Mark Twain reprints the chapter from Mr. Greenwood's book to bear out this theory, and it is this appropriation, without using Mr. Greenwood's name, that has caused the member of Parliament, through his publishers, to protest.

In Mr. Greenwood's book the chapter in question, entitled "Shakespeare as a Lawyer," is the thirteenth, while Twain uses it without change in his own book, with the same caption, as the eighth chapter.

At the bottom of the page on which the chapter starts there is the simple announcement: "From Chapter XIII. of 'The Shakespeare Problem Restated.'" Mr. Greenwood's publishers have written several letters to Harper & Brothers, in one of which they insist that for Mark Twain to ignore Mr. Greenwood was "a violation of all codes"—in other words, unethical.

What John Lane, head of the English publishing house, thinks of the situation is explained in this letter, sent from his office in London, over which he placed the caption "Literary Larceny."

To the Editor of The New York Times:

Dear Sir: A friend in Philadelphia has kindly sent me a copy of Mark Twain's recently published work, "Is Shakespeare Dead?" I find that of its 150 pages no less than 22 are taken bodily from "The Shakespeare Problem Restated," by G. G. Greenwood, M. P. It is true that he mentions the work, even commends it, but nowhere is there any reference made either to its author or to its publisher.

Publisher Not a Humorist.

Mr. Clemens is a humorist with a world-wide reputation. He can view a burglary at his own house with a Socratic detachment of unconcern sufficient in itself to discourage the American Bill Sikes. He can pin on his door or gate (I forget which) a notice giving directions to the cracksman as to the whereabouts of the plate basket.

I can do none of these things; they are foreign to my nature. I am not a humorist. I confess it frankly, and I fail to see the point of this—Mark Twain's latest joke. Good taste sometimes limits the boundaries of humorous perception in this country.

Mr. Greenwood dryly remarked when he heard the compliment paid him: "Mr.

heard the compliment paid him: "Mr. Clemens may urge that he would not be one that 'filches from me my good name.'"

But why not show a like consideration for my feelings as the publisher? The unwritten law, said, I believe, to be the only law popular in America, leaves no room for settlement. An author may filch whatsoever he pleases from a publisher, even his name, without any risk of conviction. It's the one compensation literature has to offer.

That there should be a class of American publishers addicted to the amiable pursuits of one of their National heroes we have become accustomed if not reconciled to; but that a distinguished man of letters should follow that lead fills me with pained surprise. Had Mr. Greenwood or I been applied to, we should have been proud to accord our permission.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Clemens and his publishers were entirely at the mercy of Mr. Greenwood and myself as regards the English edition of "Is Shakespeare Dead?" And the only claim that we can make to being humorists is that we have given the necessary powers without which at least one of Mark Twain's books would have been denied to Europe.

It is not to the law that I appeal—that protects Mark Twain—but to the courtesy that should exist between writers, distinguished or otherwise. I regret that Mr. Clemens should have taken advantage of the laws of his country instead of those of custom. If those laws permit a humorist to make demands upon another man's work no consideration—not even that of an assured position in the world of letters—should be allowed to stand in the way of his acknowledging his indebtedness just as if he were amenable to the same standards as the man in Grub Street.

Some weeks have elapsed since the matter to which this letter refers was brought to the notice of Mr. Clemens's publishers, and I presume he was informed of my protest, yet no word of apology or explanation has been vouchsafed to Mr. Greenwood.

It was probably a similar experience that prompted that eminent divine, Robert South, to write:

"Is my friend ail perfection, all virtue, and discretion? Has he no humours to be endured?"

I am, yours faithfully, JOHN LANE.

What the Harpers Say.

When inquiry was made at the offices of Harper & Brothers yesterday one of those in authority made this explanation:

"Mr. Twain was in a great hurry to have the book printed. He gave the manuscript to us and said he was anxious to have us rush it as fast as we possibly could. There is a rule in this office that none of Mark Twain's copy shall be changed—not even a comma. He is al-

ways very particular about that, and his wishes are respected.

"So the manuscript, exactly as he gave it to us, with the title, 'Is Shakespeare Dead?' was put into book form as quickly as we could do it.

"No one thought of looking particularly to see if Mr. Twain had given credit to Mr. Greenwood. It was noticed that the book itself was credited, and that seemed sufficient. Later on, when the John Lane Company called our attention to it, we learned that Mark Twain had failed to speak of Mr. Greenwood. We felt very sorry about it then, but it was too late to recall the edition. We don't put the blame on Mark Twain exactly. Of course, if we had noticed the omission we would have called his attention to it. Quite likely it escaped his notice, as it did ours. He didn't mean to be unethical."

The correspondence that passed between the John Lane Company and Harper & Brothers was shown to THE TIMES reporter. It began with a letter written by the Harper firm on March 29, saying that Mark Twain had written "a little bit of a book called 'Is Shakespeare Dead?' largely devoted to advertising George Greenwood's book, 'The Shakespeare Problem Restated.'" The letter went on to say that "in this little monograph Mr. Clemens wishes to use nine pages from Mr. Greenwood's book, as this forms the basis of his praise." A postscript says: "Of course, we are writing at Mr. Clemens's request."

The John Lane Company, through its manager, Rutger Bleeker Jewett, replied to this letter, giving permission to Mark Twain to quote from Mr. Greenwood's book as much as he pleased, but it was in Mr. Jewett's mind, he said yesterday, that Mark Twain would not neglect to mention Mr. Greenwood's name. Shortly after the book was put out Harper & Brothers received another letter from Mr. Jewett, this one in a different tone.

"Is Shakespeare Dead?" had found its way to London, and Mr. Greenwood had seen a copy of it.

They Were Indignant.

In his letter Mr. Jewett wrote that Mr. Greenwood and Mr. Lane, the publisher, were "both justly indignant" that Mr. Twain had refrained from using Mr. Greenwood's name in connection with the liberal passages taken from the latter's book. "They have refused to allow Mr. Clemens's book to be imported into England," he added. In reply, Harper & Brothers explained that they had intended making formal acknowledgment to Mr. Greenwood in a prefatory note in Mark Twain's book, but that it was overlooked in the rush.

"We may say," the letter continued, "that at the author's request this book was issued more hurriedly perhaps than any volume we have ever published. Only eighteen days elapsed between the time we received the manuscript and the appearance of the finished book."

Harper & Brothers added that a new edition of the book was forthcoming, and that it would be sure to have a reference to Mr. Greenwood.

The next day Mr. Jewett wrote back to Harper & Brothers, saying:

"We note from your admissions that

Mr. Greenwood's contention is correct, viz., that he has not been given proper credit in Mr. Clemens's book. You write that you think Mr. Clemens's book is largely devoted to advertising 'The Shakespeare Problem Restated,' claiming that it is the crux of his entire argument.

"From a letter received from Mr. Greenwood it is evident that he considers it more than the crux. Both Mr. Greenwood and Mr. John Lane consider that Mr. Clemens has transgressed all codes in not giving proper credit to Mr. Greenwood as the author of this book, and to Mr. Lane as the publisher.

Divergent Views of It.

"How Mr. Clemens's book can be considered by him or by you as a work devoted to advertising Mr. Greenwood's previous work is beyond our comprehension. If Mr. Clemens has studiously omitted the name of the author and publisher of the book he so kindly undertook to advertise, Mr. Greenwood demands the following before he is willing to consent to allowing the book to be published in England.

(1) That the plates shall be altered so that full acknowledgment shall be made both to author and publisher before any further edition be printed;

(2) That at the end of every copy of the English edition and of all copies of the American edition published after May 10 a full-page advertisement shall appear, to be supplied by me.

"This seems to me the least that can be done to make some amends for the injustice which has been committed in such a very extraordinary manner."

Ten days after receiving this letter, on May 21, Harper & Brothers sent a reply, saying they would give credit in the next edition of "Is Shakespeare Dead?" to Mr. Greenwood and to the John Lane Company, but nothing was said of any page advertisement. The Lane Company reiterated its demands, and there the matter stands.

"Is Shakespeare Dead?" is being sold here unrestricted, but in England the John Lane Company, protected by copyright laws which do not extend to their books in this country, are watching to prevent a copy of Mark Twain's volume from being marketed.

"We don't like to be discourteous about this," said Mr. Jewett, "but we feel we must protect the authors who put their confidence in us. Mark Twain should have been more careful."

In going into his argument of the authorship of the Shakespeare plays Mark Twain in his book says:

If I were required to superintend a Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, I would narrow it down to a single question—the only one, so far as the previous controversies have informed me, concerning which illustrious experts of unimpeachable competency have testified: Was the author of Shakespeare's works a lawyer—a lawyer deeply read and of limitless experience?

I would put aside the guesses and surmises, and perhaps, and might-have-beens, and could-have-beens, and must-have-beens, and we-are-justified-in-preummings, and the rest of those vague spectres and shadows and indefinitenesses, and stand, or fall, win or lose, by the verdict rendered by the jury on that single question. If the verdict was yes, I should feel quite convinced that the Stratford Shakespeare, the actor, manager, and trader who died so obscure, so forgotten, so destitute of even village consequence, that sixty years afterward no fellow-citizen and friend of his later days remembered to tell anything of him, did not write the works.

An effort was made yesterday to see Mark Twain, but he was not at his home in Redding, Conn., and could not be reached.

AN OVERSIGHT—MARK TWAIN.

**Tells Why Proper Credit Was Not
Given to English Author.**

Special to The New York Times.

BALTIMORE, June 9.—Mark Twain arrived in Baltimore late this afternoon and went to the Belvedere, where he denied himself to all newspaper men. Shortly before midnight, however, in answer to a note sent to his room asking if he had any reply to make to the complaint that he had incorporated in his latest book, "Is Shakespeare Dead?" a chapter from a volume called "The Shakespeare Problem Restated," written by George P. Greenwood, without giving credit, Mr. Clemens wrote the following:

"It was merely an oversight in not giving the proper credit."

Mr. Clemens will go to-morrow to Saint Timothy's School for Girls at Catonsville and make an address to the graduates.

Mark Twain's Alibi.

From The Brooklyn Eagle.

Mark Twain would do, or commit, or suggest, or abet, or connive at no unnecessary wrong—in the absence of Col. George Harvey, who is to-day delivering an address at the University of Kansas, in Lawrence, on "The Power of Tolerance."

The physical absence of Col. Harvey in Kansas establishes a moral alibi for Mark Twain whether in Manhattan or Connecticut or elsewhere.

TWAIN'S FOOTNOTE LOST.

**Wrote One, He Says, Crediting Author
and Publisher of Borrowed Matter.**

Special to The New York Times.

BALTIMORE, Md., June 10.—Referring to the charges of plagiarism, in connection with his book, "Is Shakespeare Dead?" Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) to-day said:

"In writing my book I took the liberty of using large extracts from Mr. Greenwood's book, 'The Shakespeare Problem Restated.' I made use of the extracts because of the great admiration which I have for that book, and with the full permission of the publishers. I added a foot note in which I gave full credit to both author and publishers. The book was put through the press in great haste, and somewhere, nobody seems to know where, the foot note was lost, probably in the composing room. That is the sum and substance of the whole story."

"But of course the John Lane Publishing Company of England, the publishers of Mr. Greenwood's book, are good advertisers. Now, one of Mark Twain's books, so they tell me, is considered worth while reading. I know, at any rate, that my books have always sold well. But to have a man like Mark Twain steal portions from another man's book makes that book something extraordinary.

"Messrs. Lane are well aware of this fact, and it is to be regretted that a mistake in the mechanical department of another publishing house should be made much of to accuse falsely one who has already won fame in the literary world and to put in a false light another who is the most modest and retiring of men."

WANTS MARK TWAIN TO EXPLAIN TO HER

Mrs. Ashcroft Hurries Back from
Her Honeymoon Abroad to Find
Out About \$4,000 Suit.

FORMERLY HIS SECRETARY

She Thinks the Attachment on the
Humorist's Gift House Is the Work
of His Daughter.

Mrs. Ralph Ashcroft, who until her marriage a few weeks ago, was Miss I. N. Lyon, secretary to Mark Twain, arrived yesterday on the Cunard liner Carmania to learn why Mr. Clemens had obtained an attachment of \$4,000 against the house in Redding, Conn., he gave her when she got married.

She is a demure-looking woman, but was wroth when she landed, for she had to leave her husband and cut short their honeymoon to return to America. She lays the blame for it all on Miss Clemens, daughter of the humorist, whose artistic temperament, she said, often led her in the wrong direction.

Mrs. Ashcroft was met at the pier by her mother, and after a day in New York she will board Mark Twain in his country home, Stormfield, to learn the true inwardness of the attachment and seek an adjustment of the matter.

"Two weeks ago in London I was notified that Mr. Clemens had sworn out an attachment against the house he gave me," said Mrs. Ashcroft. "I came home as soon as I possibly could, leaving my husband behind. I cannot think that Mr. Clemens is responsible for what has happened. He and I were the best of friends, and he has treated me almost as would a father.

"For seven years I was closely associated with him. I relieved him of every care I could, and he gave me the house, and later lent me the money with which to furnish it. This money, both under-

stood, was to be paid back when I could do so. Knowing him as I do, I cannot believe that he attached the property.

"I believe the whole trouble is caused by his daughter. Miss Clemens is of the artistic temperament, but in this affair I believe that she has been wrongly advised into taking a step she would never have taken had she the right understanding of the case."

Mrs. Ashcroft said she intended to take steps at once to adjust the matter. She thinks that the whole trouble must be due to some mistake. She said that no request had been made by her former employer for a return of the money. Indeed, she said, that several times she had refused suggestions from him that she consider the cost of fixing up and furnishing the house as a gift from him.

"If Miss Clemens knows all about the case, and I notice that she says she is fully informed as to her father's affairs, she must know that every step in the restoration of the house was done not only with her father's knowledge but with his approval," continued Mrs. Ashcroft. "She does not exhibit a surprising knowledge of affairs when she presented her case, for in spite of what is said to the contrary, every cent that was expended for renovation I incurred a liability to pay.

"Mr. Clemens has notes amounting to nearly \$1,000, which were signed by my husband when the first rough estimate was made of the cost of fitting up the place. Mr. Clemens made a written agreement with Mr. Ashcroft to accept his notes for the balance of the indebtedness outstanding upon the completion of repairs.

"The whole case will be settled, but the shame of it is that I should have been placed in an improper and false light."

Mr. Ashcroft was formerly financial secretary to Mr. Clemens. It is said that both left the humorist's service because of differences with Miss Clemens.

MRS. ASHCROFT NOT SEEN.

**Former Secretary, Whom Mark Twain Is
Suing, Did Not Call on Novelist.**

Special to The New York Times.

REDDING, Conn., July 15.—Mrs. Ralph W. Ashcroft, a former secretary of Mark Twain, who is being sued by the author for \$4,000, and who has just got back from England, where she was on her honeymoon, did not see Mark Twain to-day, nor has she yet come back to her home here.

Miss Clemens and Mr. Clemens's secretary saw a TIMES reporter at Stormfield, the novelist's home, and said that Mr. Clemens would have nothing further to say about the matter, which was in the hands of his lawyer.

CLEMENS SUIT A SURPRISE.

**R. W. Ashcroft Says His Wife Was
Prostrated by News of Author's Action.**

Among the passengers on the Caronia from Liverpool yesterday was R. W. Ashcroft, whose wife was formerly private secretary to Mark Twain, and was recently sued by the author for a return of the house he presented her with on her wedding day.

Mr. Ashcroft said that they went abroad on June 9 and spent some days at The Hague. On their arrival in London he was surprised to receive a letter containing clippings and a notice of the suit begun by Mr. Clemens and the attachment on the dwelling presented to Mrs. Ashcroft.

"It came like a bolt out of the blue," said Mr. Ashcroft, "and I was glad to hear that the matter had been settled, as my wife was completely prostrated by the news, and wanted to sail home at once to face the music. I persuaded her to take things calmly and come by the Carmania, which she did."

Mr. Ashcroft admitted that there might be some truth in the report that a wealthy friend of his father's had some influence with Mr. Clemens in settling the matter, but he declined to give his name.

ASHCROFT ACCUSES MISS CLARA CLEMENS

Says Mark Twain's Daughter
Made Charges Because She
Was Jealous of Her Success.

QUOTES HUMORIST'S LETTER

In It He Praised His Secretary and
Rebuked Daughter for Complaints
—No Diversion of Funds.

Ralph W. Ashcroft, manager of the Mark Twain Company at 24 Stone Street, whose wife, for years before her marriage was private secretary to Mr. Clemens, was sued by the humorist to recover \$4,000, gave out a statement yesterday in which he warmly defends his wife against insinuations that she misused Mr. Clemens's money.

Mr. Ashcroft, in his statement, accuses Miss Clara Clemens, daughter of the humorist, of having been envious of Miss Lyon's achievements as secretary to her father. Miss Clemens, he says, wanted to have Miss Lyon removed from her place.

Mr. Ashcroft declares that it was without the knowledge of the humorist's New York lawyers that the cottage at Redding, Conn., adjoining the Clemens estate, which he gave to Miss Lyon, was attached in

he gave to Miss Lyon, was attached in his recent suit. He gives excerpts from the author's letters to indicate the high opinion he once had of Miss Lyon. This is the statement:

"Since my return from Europe, a week ago, I have thoroughly investigated the occurrences connected with quarrels forced on Mrs. Ashcroft by Mary Twain's daughters, and have heard what both sides have to say in the matter.

"To understand the matter in its true light, it is necessary to hark back to the Summer of 1904, when Mrs. Clemens died in Italy. Mrs. Ashcroft (then Miss Lyon) was Mark Twain's secretary. When his wife died, Mark Twain was like a ship without a rudder, and, as Henry H. Rogers said to me a few days before he died: 'At that crisis in his life, Clemens needed just such a person as Miss Lyon to look after him and his affairs, and Miss Lyon came to the front and has stayed at the front all these years and no one has any right to criticise her.'"

Daughters Jealous of Miss Lyon.

"For two years or more after their mother's death, both girls were in sanitarium most of the time, and the younger daughter has been under the care of nerve specialists ever since. Under these circumstances, Miss Lyon naturally became Mr. Clemens's hostess and person of affairs, and how well she fulfilled the position is known to all who met her in those capacities. Both daughters, however, became jealous of her, were afraid that Mark Twain would marry her, and often endeavored to destroy his confidence in her. She probably would have been supplanted two or three years ago, but the elder daughter had musical and other ambitions, and thought more of them than of taking care of her old father and filling her mother's place.

filling her mother's place.

"One's vocal ambitions, however, sometimes exceed one's capabilities in that direction, and the bitter realization of this has, in this instance, caused the bawling of a woman who has earned and kept the admiration and respect of all of Mark Twain's friends. Mark Twain well has said of her: 'I know her better than I have known any one on this planet, except Mrs. Clemens.' When one of his daughters made an attack on her about two years ago, he wrote this:

I have to have somebody in whom I have confidence to attend to every detail of my daily affairs for me except my literary work. I attend to not one of them myself; I give the instructions and see that they are obeyed. I give Miss Lyon instructions—she does nothing of her own initiative. When you blame her, you are merely blaming me—she is not open to criticism in the matter. When I find that you are not happy in that place, I instruct her to ask Drs. Peterson and Hunt to provide change for you, and she obeys the instructions. In her own case I provide no change, for she does all my matters well, and, although they are often delicate and difficult, she makes no enemies, either for herself or me. I am not acquainted with another human being of whom this could be said.

It would not be possible for any other person to see reporters and strangers every day, refuse their requests, and yet send them away good and permanent friends to me and herself—but I should make enemies of many of them if I tried to talk with them. The servants in the house are her friends, they all have confidence in her, and not many people can win and keep a servant's friendship and esteem—one of your mother's highest talents. All Tuxedo likes Miss Lyon—the hackmen, the aristocrats and all. She has failed to secure your confidence and esteem, and I am sorry. I wish it were otherwise, but it is no argument since she has not failed in any other person's case. One failure to fifteen hundred successes means that the fault is not with her.

The Expense Accounts Explained.

"The only person, so far as I know, who has charged Mrs. Ashcroft with dishonesty is Clara Clemens. Mark Twain has not, and his lawyers have not. As is the custom in all large households, so it

has not, and his lawyers have not. As is the custom in all large households, so it was in the Clemens household—money was drawn from the bank in cash to pay the thousand-and-one debts and expenses that it is not convenient to pay by check. When Mark Twain placed all of his financial responsibilities on Miss Lyon's shoulders (in addition to her other manifold duties) he did not tell her to employ a bookkeeper to keep a set of books, and she simply followed the custom that had been in vogue under Mr. Clemens's régime, to wit: no books of account were kept (other than the check book) and no itemized or other record was kept of cash expenditures. Miss Lyon was never asked to keep any such record, and did not do so.

"Clara Clemens, now insinuates that Miss Lyon embezzled a large part of the money she drew from the bank in cash. Fortunately Miss Lyon is in a position to prove that the bulk of the money was paid to Clara Clemens herself for the expenses of concert tours and the delightful experience of paying for the hire of concert halls destined to be mainly filled with 'snow' or 'paper,' for the maintenance of her accompanist, Charles E. Wark, and to defray other cash expenditures that an embryonic Tetrezzini is naturally called upon to make. Returning home one day from an unsuccessful and disheartening tour Clara Clemens simply couldn't stomach the sight of Miss Lyon's successful administration of her father's affairs. So it became a case of 'get rid of her by hook or crook,' and she endeavored to enlist my sympathies and services along these lines, with the result that—well, I married Miss Lyon.

"Mr. Clemens's New York lawyers now state that Mrs. Ashcroft's cottage was attached without their knowledge or ad-

vice. They also now state that they did not know that Mr. Clemens and I had made an agreement regarding the money he advanced for the rehabilitation of the cottage, which agreement makes his suit against Mrs. Ashcroft for this indebtedness absolutely groundless and farcical, in that no one can sue for a debt which has been partially paid and the balance of which is not due.

"The agreement is as follows:

Redding, Conn., March 13, 1909.

Received from R. W. Ashcroft his notes for the sum of \$982.47, being estimated balance due on money advanced to Isabel V. Lyon for the renovation of "The Lobster Pot," this receipt being given on the understanding that said Ashcroft will pay in like manner any further amounts that his examination of my disbursements for the fiscal year ending Feb. 23, 1909, shows were advanced for like purposes.

S. C. CLEMENS. (Seal.)

I agree to the above and to make said examination as promptly as my other duties will permit.

R. W. ASHCROFT. (Seal.)

An Amicable Settlement.

"The matter has been settled amicably as far as Mark Twain, Mrs. Ashcroft, and I are concerned, and the adjustment will be consummated as soon as the proper papers can be drawn up, although it may be necessary for Mrs. Ashcroft to commence suit against Mark Twain to set aside the deed transferring the cottage to him, simply to protect her legal rights for the time being; as, while we believe that Mark Twain and his lawyer, John B. Stanchfield, will abide by their promises, still there is always the contingency of the death of either or both to be provided against. If Mr. Rogers had not died so suddenly and unexpectedly the affair would have been settled long ago without any publicity. It is an unfortunate occurrence all around. I am still manager of the Mark Twain Company, and shall so remain for the present. My contract has nearly two years to run."

Efforts to talk with Mr. Clemens at his home at Redding last night were futile. A TIMES reporter called up the humorist's home on the telephone, was informed that he had retired, and that, under no circumstances, would any word of Mr. Ashcroft's statement be conveyed to him. It was stated that Miss Clemens was at home, but that she, too, had retired, and that no communication would be taken to her until morning. It was also found impossible to reach John B. Stanchfield, Mr. Clemens's lawyer.

END OF CHILDREN'S THEATRE
East Side Playhouse Dissolved Because of Lack of Funds.

Supreme Court Justice Goff yesterday granted the motion for the dissolution of the Educational Theatre for Children at Jefferson Street and East Broadway, which was opened in 1907 in connection with the Educational Alliance. The President of the Board of Managers was Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain") and among the members of the Board of Directors were Robert J. Collier, the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant, and President Stanley Hall of Clark University.

It was expected to carry the enterprise along on voluntary contributions, but they were not forthcoming, and the matter of dissolution came up some weeks ago. There was no opposition to the decision of the Court yesterday. On November of last year Mr. Clemens took several hundred of his friends to the theatre where they witnessed a performance of "The Prince and the Pauper," a dramatization of his story. It is said that of late Mr. Collier has contributed most of the funds toward maintaining the theatre.

MARK TWAIN SUITS ALL OFF.

All Litigation Between Him and the Ashcrofts Is Finally Dropped.

The differences between Mark Twain and his daughter, Miss Clara Clemens, on the one side, and his former secretary Mrs. Ralph Ashcroft, and her husband have been settled without an appeal to the courts. All criticism of the conduct of Mrs. Ashcroft has been withdrawn and all suits have been dropped.

On their part the Ashcrofts ratify and confirm the conveyance to Mark Twain by Mrs. Ashcroft of the house, known as the Lobster Pot, which adjoins Mr. Clemens's estate at Redding, Conn., the gift of which to his former secretary on her marriage is understood to have been the beginning of the trouble. During the controversy it was contended by Mr. and Mrs. Ashcroft that the deed transferring the house back to the humorist had been signed by Mrs. Ashcroft under duress.

In addition Mr. and Mrs. Ashcroft have agreed to withdraw the suits which they brought against Mark Twain and Miss Clemens for defamation of character.

On the other hand Mark Twain has agreed to drop his suit against Mrs. Ashcroft for an alleged loan of \$3,050 and has removed the attachment which he had caused to be placed on the property of his former secretary at Farmington. Reparation has also been made for the hard things which the Ashcrofts alleged had been said of them by the author and Miss Clemens. Mark Twain has signed a document acquitting Mrs. Ashcroft of all blame for her conduct of his affairs while she was in his employ as his secretary. Miss Clara Clemens has also to the satisfaction of Mr. and Mrs. Ashcroft retracted the criticisms she is alleged to have made on Mrs. Ashcroft.

Meanwhile, Mr. Ashcroft continues to be Secretary and Treasurer of the Mark Twain Company, which manages the business connected with the publication and sale of the humorist's works. It is understood that on the exoneration of his wife he offered to resign his place, but Mark Twain requested him to continue to hold it.

MISS CLEMENS WEDS TO-DAY.

**Mark Twain's Daughter to Become the
Bride of Ossip Gabrilowitsch.**

Miss Clara L. Clemens, daughter of Mark Twain, will become to-day the bride of Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the Russian pianist. The ceremony will take place at noon at the bride's home in Redding, Conn.

About forty intimate friends of Miss Clemens and Mr. Gabrilowitsch have been invited to the wedding, and a special car for their use will be attached to one of the morning trains from New York. The Rev. Dr. Joseph Twitchell of Hartford, Conn., a life-long friend of Mark Twain, will perform the ceremony.

MISS CLEMENS WEDS MR. GABRILOWITSCH

Mark Twain, in Scarlet Cap and Gown, Sees His Daughter Married to Russian Pianist.

AVOIDS "CEREMONY DELAYS"

Humorist in Prepared Interview Says a Happy Marriage Is One of the Tragically Solemn Things of Life.

WEST REDDING, Conn., Oct. 6.—Miss Clara L. Clemens, daughter of Samuel L. Clemens, (Mark Twain,) was married at noon to-day to Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the Russian pianist. The wedding took place in the drawing room at Stormfield, Mr. Clemens's country home, with the Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Twitchell of Hartford, a close friend of Mr. Clemens, as officiating clergyman. The bride was attended only by her sister, Miss Jean Clemens, but her cousins, Jervis Langdon of Elmira, N. Y., and Mrs. Julia Loomis, wife of Edward Loomis, Vice President of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad, were present.

Miss Ethel Newcomb of New York City played a wedding march as the bridal party entered the drawing room. This room was prettily decorated with evergreens, Autumn leaves, and roses, and the bride and bridegroom stood beneath a bower of white roses and smilax.

While the ceremony was being performed Mr. Clemens was attired in the scarlet cap and gown which he wore when the degree of Doctor of Literature was conferred upon him by Oxford University. After the wedding he wore a white flannel suit.

Forty guests from New York City were present and attended a wedding breakfast which followed the marriage.

Mr. and Mrs. Gabrilowitsch left for New York this afternoon. After remaining in that city about a week they will go to Berlin, where Mr. Gabrilowitsch has taken a house. Later Mr. Gabrilowitsch will make a tour of Germany in concerts.

Mark Twain's Interview.

Mr. Clemens prepared the following characteristic interview "to avoid any delays at the ceremony," as he expressed it. Speaking of the bride and bridegroom Mr. Clemens said: "Clara and Gabrilowitsch were pupils together under Leschetizky, in Vienna, ten years ago. We have known him intimately ever since. It's not new—the engagement. It was made and dissolved twice six years ago. Recovering from a perilous surgical operation, two or three months passed by him here in the house ended a week or ten days ago in a renewal. The wedding had to be sudden, for Gabrilowitsch's European season is ready to begin. The pair will sail a fortnight from now. The first engagements are in Germany. They have taken a house in Berlin."

"Can you say a word or two about the Redding Mark Twain Library?"

"The village did me the honor to name it so. It flourishes. The people come to it from a mile or so around. We are all engaged in propagating the building fund, in a social and inexpensive way, through picnics, afternoon teas, and other frolics in the neighborhood, with now and then a full strength concert in my house at ostentatious prices. We had one last week with a team composed of Gabrilowitsch, David Bispham, and his bride, with me as introducer and police."

"We had an audience of 525. When I have a male guest I charge him a dollar for his bed and turn the money into the fund and give him an autographed receipt, which he carries away and sells for \$1.10"

Doesn't Work, But Takes Exercise.

"Are you at work now?"

"No, I don't work. I have a troublesome pain in my breast which won't allow it, and won't allow me to stir out of the house. But I play billiards for exercise. Albert Bigelow Paine, my biographer and business manager, plays with me. He comes over every day for two or three hours. He has a farm half a mile from here upon which he raises hops."

"Do you like it here at Stormfield?"

"Yes, it is the most out of the world"

"Yes, it is the most out of the world and peaceful and tranquil and in every way satisfactory home I have had experience of in my life."

"The marriage pleases you, Mr. Clemens?"

"Yes, fully as much as any marriage could please me or perhaps any other father. There are two or three tragically solemn things in this life, and a happy marriage is one of them, for the terrors of life are all to come. A funeral is a solemn office, but I go to them with a spiritual uplift, thankful that the dead friend has been set free. That which follows is to me tragic and awful—the burial. I am glad of this marriage, and Mrs. Clemens would be glad, for she always had a warm affection for Gabrillowitsch, but all the same it is a tragedy, since it is a happy marriage with its future before it, loaded to the plimsoll line with uncertainties."

Among the guests at the wedding were Richard Watson Gilder, Mrs. Gilder and three daughters, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Wright of Boston, Mrs. E. F. Bauer and the Misses Flora and Marion Bauer of New York, Miss Lillian Burbank, Miss Marie Nichols, Mrs. John B. Stanchfield, Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sprague, Miss Foot, Miss Comstock, Miss Mary Lawton, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Caillard, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hapgood, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bigelow Paine, and Miss Ethel Newcomb, all of New York.

113. November 6, 1909 - HUMOROUS BOOKS OF RECENT ISSUE [CAPT. STORMFIELD]
(This edited article includes only the portion related to Mark Twain)

HUMOROUS BOOKS OF RECENT ISSUE

Many a Good Laugh to be Found in New Volumes - Are We Growing More Serious?

[This edited article includes only the portion related to Mark Twain.]

Has there not been something of a slump of late years in American humor as regards both its quality and its relative quantity? The most of those who produce it nowadays seem disposed to work overtime and to spread out their more or less slender talent over an amazing amount of printed paper. But, notwithstanding their industry, the amount of humorous literature published in the United States as compared with the total output of books seems notably less than it did twenty years ago. Apparently we grow more serious as we mount the rungs of our second century. Here, however, is a bunch of Fall fiction, all of humorous intent, that has in it many a good laugh, even if its quality be not so highly and so finely flavored as it might be. First on the list must be placed Mark Twain's capital piece of half-serious

drollery, "Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven," (Harper & Brothers, \$1.) It is told in the first person, in the language of an uneducated old sea Captain from the Pacific Coast, who wings his way through space for thirty years, having meanwhile a race with a comet and doing other interesting things, before he reaches Heaven. There his discoveries and experiences are of a sort to make the orthodox gasp and the self-satisfied crave some new means of inflation. The humor depends mainly upon the juxtaposition of incongruous ideas - the method upon which Mark Twain has always depended for his effects. But underneath the drollery of Captain Stormfield's forms of expression there is an immense lot of philosophy of a shrewd and homely sort concerning the future life.

AMERICANS ACTIVE FOR TCHAYKOVSKY

500 Prominent Men Petition
Stolypin for a Fair Trial for
Him and Mme. Breshkovsky.

SIGNERS IN SEVERAL CITIES

The Movement Originated Among
Those Who Met the Revolutionists
Here—Their Trial Is Approaching.

M. Tchaykovsky, who has become known as "the Father of the Russian Revolution," until his return to Russia a couple of years ago, had been an exile for many years making his home principally in London where he earned a livelihood by his pen.

In 1907 he visited the United States. He was taken up by some of the most prominent men in this country and made an effective plea for the cause to which his life has been devoted.

He was watched here by Russian spies and upon returning to his native land was arrested and immured in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul.

For some time he has been at liberty on bail pending his trial, owing to a serious breakdown in his health under the rigors of prison life. No date has been fixed for his trial, but according to reports from the Russian capital, it is imminent.

Mme. Breshkovsky, who early in life underwent the hardships of Siberian exile for the cause of Russian freedom, also visited this country for the purpose of arousing sentiment for the oppressed people of her native land. She was imprisoned on her return to Russia. Mme. Breshkovsky is still in prison. The charges against both arose in part from their activities while visiting this country.

It was said last night that the latest effort, on behalf of the two distinguished revolutionists was not inspired by the "Friends of Russian Freedom," but was undertaken by men of prominence and influence who had learned to know and respect M. Tchaykovsky and Mme. Breshkovsky when they were here.

Among the other signers of the petition are: the Right Rev. William Lawrence, Bishop of Massachusetts; John D. Crimmins, Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), Robert W. De Forest, William Jay Schieffelin, Jacob A. Riis, Hamilton Holt, Oswald C. Villard, Horace White and R. Fulton Cutting.

MARK TWAIN DONE WITH WORK

Humorist Says There'll Be No More for Him in This World.

"I am through with work for this life and this world," said Mark Twain on his arrival yesterday from Bermuda. He had said a good word for the suffragettes, and his reply came when he was asked whether he intended to lecture for the cause of votes for women.

"I have often been asked to lecture for the cause of women, but I am through with lecturing," he said. "I can't do it any more. The state of my health will not permit it. The fact is I am through with work. I have no new books in contemplation. There are five or six

that were begun, but they are uncompleted. I have done almost nothing on them for the last few years. My health has not permitted it. Of course, I may do a trifle on my autobiography. There is still much to be done on it, but most of it will appear after my death as is known. I like to have some uncompleted work about me. It gives me something too when the humor for work seizes me. the last few years have found me seldom in the humor to write."

With Mr. Clemens was Albert Bigelow Paine. They were met by Miss Clemens, the writer's daughter.

TWAIN'S MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Humorist Says He Would Not Think of Dying at His Time of Life.

REDDING, Conn., Dec. 23.—Mark Twain to-day gave out the following statement as a result of various reports concerning his condition of health, following his recent return from Bermuda:

"I hear the newspapers say I am dying. The charge is not true. I would not do such a thing at my time of life. I am behaving as good as I can. Merry Christmas to everybody!

"MARK TWAIN."

MISS JEAN CLEMENS FOUND DEAD IN BATH

She Was Overcome by an Epileptic Seizure an Hour Before Her Body Was Discovered.

HAD PLANNED A HAPPY XMAS

On Wednesday Her Father Helped Her Trim a Christmas Tree—Mark Twain Now All Alone.

Special to The New York Times.

REDDING, Conn., Dec. 24.—Miss Jean Clemens, youngest daughter of Mark Twain, was found dead in the bathtub at Stormfield, Mr. Clemens's country home near here, early this morning. Her body lay submerged in water when the young woman's maid discovered it, shortly after sunrise.

An attack of epilepsy, to which Miss Clemens had been subject for many years, is believed to have rendered her unconscious while she was taking her morning bath, with the result that she drowned in the water of the bath.

Mark Twain, her father, while heart-broken at the blow which has taken away the one daughter who had remained single to be his mainstay in his declining years, is bearing up bravely under the shock, and says that, in spite of his sorrow, he cannot help feeling glad that death came to his daughter at home.

He had feared for many months that she might be stricken while on horseback, far away on the lonely country roads, and that she might be mangled beneath the horse's hoofs. He had many warnings that his daughter might be stricken down. Less than a month ago she suffered a violent attack of epilepsy, and for several years she had been under the constant care of an attendant.

For several months Miss Clemens was in a sanitarium, but in April last had come to Stormfield in order to be her father's housekeeper and to help him in

father's housekeeper and to help him in his literary work as his secretary.

Had Prepared for a Jolly Christmas.

Miss Clemens herself had no thought of death. Several days ago she invited one of her girl friends in New York to come to Stormfield to spend the holidays and elaborate plans had been made for a jolly Christmas.

This friend had been instructed to come to-day on the Pittsfield express, and Mark Twain had arranged with the New York, New Haven & Hartford officials to have the train stop at Redding, which is a flag station, at 5:19 this afternoon. A telegram was sent to her this morning, informing her of what had happened and telling her not to come, but she evidently did not get the message, for she arrived according to the arrangement, and was driven at once to Stormfield.

Miss Clemens and her father were up late last night discussing plans for Christmas Day and talking of the future. This morning about 6:30 o'clock Katie, one of the maids at Stormfield, who usually accompanied Miss Clemens wherever she went, rapped on her door and asked if she were ready to dress.

"No, Katie, you can wait an hour, for I am going to lie in bed and read," said Miss Clemens through the door. She often did this in the morning before arising, so the maid went away. An hour later she returned to the bedroom, which is on the second floor of Stormfield. Miss Clemens was not there.

Her Father Hears the News.

Katie went at once to the bathroom. One glance inside and the maid screamed in terror. She ran to the door of Mr. Clemens's room, who was still in bed, and told him that he had better come at once. Mr. Clemens hastily donned a bathrobe.

The servants were grouped around the bathroom door uncertain what to do. In a few minutes the body had been lifted from the tub, and a telephone call brought Dr. Ernest H. Smith, the family physician and County Medical Examiner, to the Clemens home. For a long time the doctor tried by artificial respiration to bring the young woman back to life, but it was useless. She had been dead at least an hour before he arrived, said the doctor later.

Soon after Dr. Smith arrived Mr. Clemens telephoned to Alfred Bigelow Paine, who has been assisting the author in writing his biography and who lives not far from Stormfield.

far from Stormfield.

Mr. Paine and his wife were soon at the house and did what they could for Mr. Clemens. The news of Miss Clemens's death spread rapidly through the countryside, and there were many messages of sympathy and offers of help over the telephone. Many of Mark Twain's neighbors also called in person, and soon the reporters arrived. Mr. Clemens met them and told the sad story of his daughter's death.

"My daughter, Jean Clemens, passed from this life suddenly this morning at 7:30 o'clock," he said.

"All the last half of her life she was an epileptic, but she grew better latterly. For the past two years we considered her practically well, but she was not allowed to be entirely free. Her maid, who has served us twenty-eight years, was always with her when she went to New York on shopping excursions and such things. She had very few convulsions in the past two years and those she had were not violent.

"At 7:30 this morning a maid went to her room to see why she did not come down to her breakfast, and found her in her bathtub drowned. It means that she had a convulsion and could not get out.

"She had been leading a very active life. She spent the greater part of her time looking after a farm which I bought for her, and she did much of my secretarial work besides.

Her Last Talk With Her Father.

"Last night she and I chatted later than usual in the library, and she told me all her plans about the housekeeping; for she was also my housekeeper. I said everything was going so smoothly that I thought I would make another trip to Bermuda in February, and she said put it off till March and she and her maid would go with me. So we made that arrangement.

"But she is gone, poor child.

"She was all I had left, except Clara, who married Mr. Gabrilowitch lately, and has just arrived in Europe."

In one of the downstairs rooms of Stormfield was to-day a half-trimmed Christmas tree, which the bereaved author pointed to while tears came to his eyes.

"My daughter was trimming the tree yesterday and I was helping her," he said. "She was so anxious that the lads and lassies of the neighborhood should have a tree, so we brought this one in and began to trim it for them. To-morrow they were to have trooped in

to see the tree and to get presents from it.

"It is all so very sad. Upstairs in my daughter's room are still a number of gifts which she had bought for some of her dear friends, and which were to have been sent out by her to-day. It will be a sad Christmas for poor old me."

Last Monday Miss Clemens went to New York with her maid to meet her father on his arrival from Bermuda. She took advantage of her presence in town to buy several Christmas presents for her friends. Some of these she sent by mail, and they will be received this morning about the same time that some of her friends learn of her death.

Death Was Clearly Accidental.

Dr. Smith, after leaving Stormfield, made out a certificate of death from accidental cause, which he sent on to Clifford B. Wilson, the Coroner at Bridgeport. In this the Doctor stated that the primary cause of death was epilepsy and the secondary cause drowning.

"It was a plain case and no mystery about it," said Dr. Smith. "There have been two other cases of epilepsy here recently which met death in the same way. It is very common for an epileptic to fall unconscious in the water while bathing. One of the other cases here recently was drowned in three or four inches of water after being rendered unconscious by an attack of epilepsy.

"The bath tub in which Miss Clemens met her death was nearly full of water when I got there. She simply must have lost consciousness and sunk down beneath the surface. Mr. Clemens is bearing up bravely under the blow, and he will survive it, I am sure. He is strong and healthy for a man of his years."

Miss Clemens had recently attended to much of her father's mail. Only yesterday she telephoned to the Associated Press a statement from her father, contradicting the newspaper reports that he was in failing health.

A cablegram was sent to-day to Mrs. Clemens's married daughter, who with her husband, is spending her honeymoon abroad. It told her of her sister's death.

Arrangements for the funeral have already been made. The body will be taken to Elmira, N. Y., and will on Sunday be buried from the former home of Mr. Clemens's wife. Miss Clemens will be laid at rest alongside her mother in the old churchyard at Elmira.

Mr. Clemens will not be able to attend the funeral. He is now 74 years old, and his physicians discourage the unusual fatigue that he would necessarily undergo on such a journey. For the present he will remain at Stormfield.

Mark Twain's Plans for His Daughter.

It had been Mr. Clemens's ambition for the past twenty years to provide a future home for his daughters, and to leave them a sufficient income to continue their existence after his death in the same comfort as they had before. As the copyrights on all his books are rapidly expiring, and soon will bring in no return, it occurred to him that if he wrote an autobiography, which might be brought

out, a little in each volume, in a new edition of his works, which the publishers should publish after his death, that he might secure a new copyright for these volumes.

Much of this autobiography is finished, and the home for his daughters built, but there seems to be no occasion for either precaution at present.

Miss Clara Clemens, who is a musician, was married last Summer to Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the celebrated Russian pianist, and the two are now in Europe. Miss Clemens had been engaged to Gabrilowitsch twice before, and each time the engagement had been broken. Last Spring the pianist was seized with a desperate illness and spent some time in a hospital near the point of death. At that time Miss Clemens spent a great deal of time with him and they were married soon after his recovery and left for Europe.

MARK TWAIN BEARS UP WELL.

Body of His Daughter, Accompanied by Household Servants, Taken to Elmira.

REDDING, Conn., Dec. 25.—Mark Twain has borne up well under the bereavement which came to him yesterday in the death of his daughter, Miss Jean Clemens. To-day he was fully composed and gave final directions for the removal of the body to Elmira, N. Y.

The coffin was taken from Stormfield this evening in time to be placed on the 7 o'clock train for New York. Several of the household servants accompanied it with a few of the most intimate friends of Miss Jean and of Mr. Clemens.

A great many messages of sympathy from friends in all parts of the country were received to-day by Mr. Clemens.